

THE  
**BOYS OWN PAPER**

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*  
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Chess. Correspondence. Poetry.

Frontispiece—RETREAT FOR CORUNNA.





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Add Reserve (Government Standard) .....	1,983,920 00

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The following is a brief extract from the Company's Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1888 :

Receipts .....	\$812,939 31	Disbursements .....	\$586,247 77
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#### BALANCE SHEET.

Assets .....	\$2,262,365 90	Liabilities .....	\$2,132,952 86
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Surplus.....\$ 129,413 04

Add Capital Stock.....\$1,000,000 00

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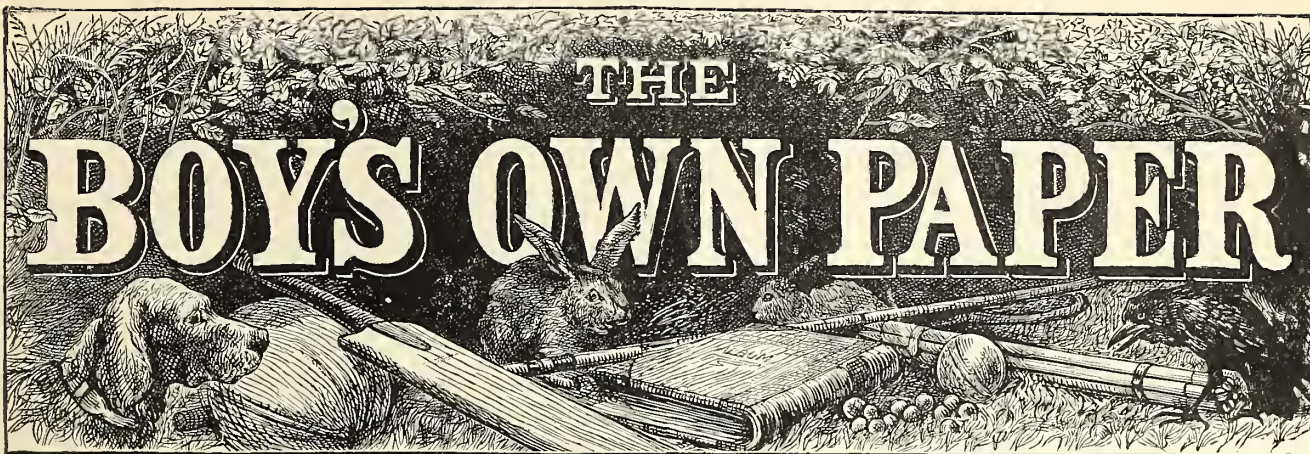
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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1888.

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## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XIV.—A BRILLIANT BUT UNEXPECTED ENGAGEMENT—DEAN'S MESS AGAIN—DICK ORDERED "REST" AND "QUIET" ON THE DIAMOND—PENISTON'S PROMOTION.

**E**VEN the crack ships of those stern old times did not have it all their own way. England was mistress of the seas, so far as nations were con-

"Next morning saw them posting up to town."



cerned; but though she might rule the waves, she could not rule the wind and weather.

After a week of tossing about, the Blazer arrived off the coast of Ireland, only to be blown away south again next day by a terrific gale that lasted for nearly a week, during which she had been drifted far into the Atlantic.

They were well "out of the way of the coaches now," as Paddy Lowrie said, and out of the way of ships too, it seemed, for, what with calms and baffling winds, it took them about three weeks to beat up again, and all this time they never saw a single ship.

They were now about in the same latitude and longitude in which the fight of the 1st of June took place—47° N. lat. and 19° W. long.

"Slow work, isn't it, sir?" said Spencer to the Captain, one morning, when once more the wind had gone round and was rushing through the rigging with an uncertain moaning sound that betokened a rising gale.

Captain Dawkins smiled.

"Yes," he said, in reply. "You see, Spencer, we have the honour to be considered a first-rate sailer, and so we pay for that honour as we are now doing. Well," he added, "I mean beating about here all my life if I don't fall in with a Frenchman."

"There are one or two not far off now, sir," said Spencer.

"Eh, what! Where away?" cried the Captain, quite taken off his guard.

"Why, sir," replied Spencer, laughing, "don't you remember where you are? Right down beneath us, snug enough, are the Vengeur and the Jacobin."

"True, true, Spencer; you have me right enough." He heaved a sigh as he added, "And over three hundred poor fellows were sucked down with Le Vengeur. Sad thought! What is the glory of war, after all, but a mocking phantom!"

The wind increased in violence as the day wore on, and sail after sail had to be reefed or taken in, till, when at last the sun went down behind the tossing waves like a red-hot shot, the Blazer was staggering along almost under bare poles.

It was towards the end of the middle watch; the wind had gone down considerably, but the sea still ran houses high. The sentries, muffled in their great-cloaks, stalked up and down like uneasy ghosts at their posts on the main-deck. The sentry in the cock-pit was taking it very easy, and sitting on a midshipman's chest.

There was a chorus of snoring in that cockpit that would have silenced a whole ditchful of Bombay frogs, for every one who could be in cot or hammock was very fast asleep indeed.

Suddenly a wild shout arose on deck, and next minute came a crash that jerked the men out of their hammocks by the dozen. What had occurred? The men were dressing speedily, and even rushing half dressed to their quarters, for a minute after the drum was beating to arms.

The Captain and Spencer were on deck, the former swinging his long sword around his head as he shouted, "Stick to her, men! stick to her! See about the grappling-irons, Spencer!"

"Heave aboard, and make fast by every rope, spar, or bolt you can get hold of! Cheerily does it! If she sinks we sink! All ready, Mr. Spencer?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then away, boarders!"

There was a wild cheer. Cutlasses gleamed in the light of lamps and fighting lanterns, and the dark figures of our fellows might have been seen leaping in scores over the bulwarks of a huge French line-of-battle ship, that had most unceremoniously ran into the Blazer in the darkness.

Taken thus suddenly, with armed British tars swarming on their decks, almost before those below had jumped into their pantaloons, the enemy made but a very poor show of resistance, and in less than ten minutes this strange fight was finished; and on the quarter-deck of his own ship the French captain, who only appeared about half awake, gave up his sword to Lieutenant Spencer, of the Blazer.

"Ah, sare!" he said; "this is terrible. I sleep in my cabin, when the accident come. I not know what he is, whether de rattle of de torn canvas or big dash of de waves. Den my ship is boarded and taken as if by fiends."

"Nay, sare," he continued, politely, "I do not mean by fiends; I would say, rather, as if by friends."

It was a busy day that followed. The Blazer and the Frenchman had been kept together till daylight; then damages were seen to. The jibboom was carried quite off the British ship, and the yards and rigging of the Frenchman were severely damaged. But all was temporarily repaired at last; a prize crew was put on board the prize, and—such are the strange events that happen at sea—that very evening both vessels were bearing up for Spithead under easy canvas and before a fair wind.

After this the Blazer came to be called a lucky ship.

When the men of Dean's mess first heard of the *sobriquet*, and it was Paddy himself who brought the news, there was no one spoke for a minute or two; all eyes were turned on Philip Dean.

He opened his lips at last.

"Humph!" he said. "Yes, we're a lucky ship; but how much of the luck comes our way. Within the last twelve months, mates, we've done a little fighting, and we've been knocked about a bit one way or another, and we've sunk an enemy's ship or two, and hauled others into port. Now I'll ask you fellows a question or two."

"I. Are any of you married men?"

"I am; I am; I am," from several.

"And I'm going to be!" This from Allan.

"II. Where does pretty nearly all the prize-money go to?"

"To the Admiral and officers."

"III. Is poor tarry-Jack's wife likely to be any better of it?"

A groan was the only reply to this.

Then Philip Dean held his peace.

Perhaps he had sown seed that might bear fruit some other day. It is but fair to the man, however, to say that he meant no harm. A happier ship on the whole than the old Blazer there was not in the service, nor one whose officers were better respected or better loved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another turn in the kaleidoscope of events, and we find Dick Trelawney transferred from the Blazer entirely.

How did this happen?

I will tell you. But must premise that although he had managed to effect an exchange from the Blazer to the Diamond, it was not a permanent one. He was lent for a time.

Dick, then, continued in the Blazer until the latter end of 1795, when a splinter-wound in the chest put him *hors de combat* for some months, part of which he spent in hospital, and the remainder of the time at home.

When one is *hors de combat* he has time to think. And just at the present time Agincourt Hall was somewhat dull for Dick. The chief charm that used to make him love the cosy old estate was gone—his father was away in the wars; and his mother, much though he loved her, spent most of her days thinking or talking of the absent one.

Dick got speedily strong, when, one day news was brought to him by old Hal, who had now retired finally from his service under Black Dick, that the Diamond was at Portsmouth, and that she was soon to sail under the command of the redoubtable Captain Sidney Smith.

Ever since he had listened to the story of Sidney's pluck and dash and daring, this officer had become Dick's hero.

So now his mind was made up. He bade his mother and sisters good-bye one fine morning, though the parting was not effected without tears and entreaties on their side, and determination, with—yes, with a few tears, dashed quickly away—on the other.

Captain Sidney Smith was living at the Fountain Hotel.

"A young gentleman to see you, sir," said the waiter. "And here's his card."

"Humph," said the captain, reading the card. "Midshipmen don't usually go in for this kind of refinement. Trelawney? Yes, George, show the young gentleman up."

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, you're dining, sir," Dick replied. "I must not disturb you now. I was going to ask a favour."

"Were you, really? Well, my lad, I've just finished dinner, and am in capital good-humour, so now is your best time. Bring yourself to an anchor."

Dick obeyed at once.

There was something about young Trelawney's manner that this bold Captain liked.

Dick came to the point at once.

"I belong to the Blazer, but have been hurt in a fight with a frigate. We sank her, though. I'm well now, and I've heard such a lot about you that I like you, sir, and want to go a cruise in the Diamond."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Sidney laughed. "Well, I never had so strange an application before."

Sidney's next actions were puzzling to Dick. He lit a cigar, stuck it in his mouth, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, then went and stood by the window fully two minutes, smoking.

Dick Trelawney's pride was touched,



and he was about to start up and ask permission to retire, when Sidney turned sharply round and confronted him.

"I know your Captain well," he said. "A right good plucky fellow as ever wore purser's shoes. I'll speak to him, and I've no doubt he'll let you exchange with my junior mid, who hasn't go enough in him for me."

Dick's heart beat high with joy. He was going to thank the Captain, but this gentleman held up a warning finger.

"No thanks, and no effusion, please. Let me give you a word of advice. Study to be calm under every circumstance, no matter whether of danger or pleasure. Calmness of mind goes hand-in-hand with courage to make a good officer."

Then the Captain's face relaxed, he threw himself into his chair, leant back for a moment with his eyes on the curling smoke of his cigar. Then he smiled.

"Yes," he said, "this will do. Let me feel your pulse, Mr. Trelawney. I'm a bit of a doctor myself, you know. Thanks. Now go and see your Captain, and tell him that your medical man advises *quiet* for a time, and that a gentleman has promised you a cruise down south in his yacht, where you are sure to obtain the *rest* that is so *needful* for the *complete restoration* of your health."

Dick went away in high glee, and took a boat off for the *Blazer*, which was now lying in Portsmouth Harbour.

The men were going to dinner as Dick stepped on board; there was so much bustle and stir, therefore, that he was hardly noticed until he appeared in the gun-room.

"Hurrah! my little hearty!" cried McNab. "You're just come in time. And looking well, too, though a wee bit white about the gills. Well, in twenty minutes the turkey will be on the table. Turkey? Yes, fact. We've been living just like fightin' cocks, man! and the good folks on shore have been sending us all sorts of things. Come in."

Peniston was at the other side of the table. He did not wait to come round, but sprang over, upsetting a plate of biscuits.

"I won't say I'm glad to see you, Dick; I'm rejoiced; and so is old Barry Hewitt. Here he comes. We heard you were dead several times."

"Haud your tongue, Peniston," cried McNab, pulling his hair. "How could he be dead several times. A brave man only dies once, and cowards every day. Sit down, Dick. There comes the soup. The steward's early, for a wonder. Hewitt, ask a blessing!"

Dick was overjoyed to find himself once more among his messmates, and every one round the table was merry as merry could be. It would be difficult to say which made the most noise, the clattering tongues or the clattering knives and forks.

"Now, boys," cried McNab, "pass round the pork. Peniston, help the lads largely, and put a big lump o' duff (suet pudding) on ilka plate, for the turkey, mind ye, gentlemen, is a delicawcy; it's no to be made a meal o'."

After dinner Dick took a peep into the ward-room; then, after having been

invited in and kindly received, Spencer told him that if he wished to speak with the Captain he had better go boldly to his cabin and knock.

Shyness was not one of Dick's besetting sins, so he found himself at the Captain's door in a few minutes' time.

The sentry saluted as Dick passed him, and even ventured on a smile of recognition, which said plainly enough, "I'm right glad to see you back again, sir."

"Come along, Mr. Trelawney, come along," said Captain Dawkins. "Take the easy-chair. You've not come to join yet, of course. No? I thought so. You are looking pale. Just come up to see me, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and to—"

"And how's your father when last heard from? I hear our army is not doing so well on the whole as we could wish. But we'll settle down to serious fighting before long, I don't doubt. Steward, bring the Madeira. Well, my boy, I'm positively glad to see you, and I assure you I felt sorry you were wounded. But, as I told your father, in my last epistle to him, you were a chip of the old block, and *would* expose yourself."

"Ah, sir, father would be pleased. I know he doesn't wish me to go to bed when a battle begins; besides, sir, I'm nearly a man now, nearly sixteen sir."

"Yes, and you've grown so. But there, can I do anything for you?"

"Thanks, sir. Yes; I think you can." "Give it a name, Dick, give it a name."

"I've been seeing a—a—a man, sir."

"A man?" said the Captain, wondering, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes; he felt my pulse and—"

"Oh, a doctor. Well?"

"Well, sir, this *man*, sir, said I must have quiet and rest, and change of scene and air; and he has offered to take me south with him in his ship, or yacht, as he calls it, if I can have your permission."

"Certainly you can, my dear lad. Go for six or nine months, or more if you choose."

"But now," he added, "who may this doctor friend of yours be?"

"He isn't exactly a doctor, sir, though he felt my pulse and gave me advice. His name is Captain Sidney Smith, of his Majesty's frigate *Diamond*, sir."

The Captain had to jump off his chair to laugh.

"Oh, you young dog," he cried, "to play such pranks with your Captain! I'll have my friend Sidney off to dinner to-morrow, and see if I can have a lark with him. It'll be diamond cut diamond; but really, Dick, rest and quiet, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Going with Sidney Smith for rest and quiet. Well, well, well—but there, you have my permission, and I don't mind telling you that I'm rather pleased than otherwise that the son of Colonel Trelawney has not been showing reluctance to serve, but rather seeks more brilliant service. Good-bye, dear boy. God bless you. But—rest and quiet. Ha, ha, ha!"

Some time afterwards, when Dick shoved off in his boat, he saw a group of officers on the quarter-deck, and among them the Captain, and from the merry peals of laughter that rose from

their midst, Dick judged rightly that they were listening to the story of rest and quiet.

All waved their hands to Dick as he pulled away; for all liked him.

Peniston was with Dick, and both had leave for a week. Dick from his new Captain, Peniston from the Captain of the *Blazer*.

After reporting himself at the Founttain Hotel, and telling the Captain of the *Diamond* the result of the interview with Captain Dawkins, much to Sidney Smith's amusement, he rejoined his friend.

"Well," said Peniston, "we can't eat another dinner yet awhile, at all events, so what do you say to go for a cruise? We've a whole week, you know."

"Good!" cried Dick; "I'm on for a gallop of any sort. Suppose we go to London City?"

"It's a long way, but I don't mind. We can both get a week's extension; I'm sure your Captain Blaze-away won't want you for a fortnight at least."

"Well," said Dick, "I happen to have cash."

"And I have prize-money."

"And I have ordered a suit of new clothes, and I believe they're made."

"And so have I; and I know mine are."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a marine, overtaking them at that moment. "A letter, sir. The Captain himself sent me on shore with it."

A thrill of joy went through the heart of Peniston Fairfax as he read it. He said nothing, however, but handed it to Dick.

Then Dick shook hands heartily with his friend, and wished him joy.

The letter was—Peniston's promotion to a lieutenantcy as a reward of good service and special gallantry in presence of the enemy. There was also a note from Captain Dawkins extending his leave to a month, to enable him to see his friends and make the necessary alterations in his uniform.

The marine went away with a golden guinea in his pocket, and as they walked along towards their outfitters, both these young men—we must say young men now, I think—felt walking in the air.

Next morning saw them posting up to town—not stageing, that would not have been appropriate to so joyful an occasion. They had even hired servants to attend them; and as for dress, why, they were quite "mashers" of the olden time.

And when they arrived in town they concluded to keep up their dignity for the sake of the service. Were they not servants of his Majesty George III.? God bless the King! Yes.

So they had rooms at the best hotel in Covent Garden, and during their fortnight's stay they visited every place and concert-room of note, dined every day as if they had been young princes, and even spent considerable sums in flower-bouquets.

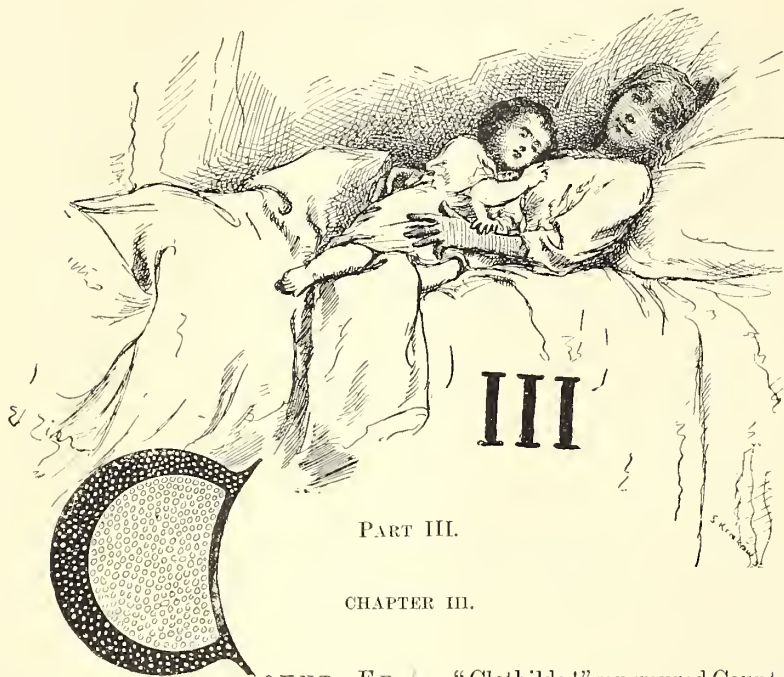
Well, after all, such a time did not come often to junior officers in the Navy in those days, so they must be forgiven if they went the whole hog, as the saying is, and tried to make the best of it.

(To be continued.)



# THE LAST OF THE PALADINS; OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



COUNT EFFLAM entered and looked round. The chamber, if it could be so called, boasted many pretensions to comfort if not to luxury. The walls and roof were entirely covered with bluish coloured woollen stuffs. A thick carpet of sea rushes covered the floor; and scattered about were a few articles of the rustic furniture then in use.

Evidently Morgana had treated her prisoner with more than usual consideration.

The chamber was lighted by the morning sun through a deep wide window which revealed the sea and sky. The ray was so bright that for a moment or so the count's eyes were dazed with it. It fell on a white bed whereon were harmoniously draped the finest linen and the fleeci-est wool that had ever been worked by Breton distaff.

On the bed lay a young woman fully dressed, holding in her arms a sleeping child.

The child was the count's; the young mother was Clothilda.

Efflam stood silent and still in contemplation. He even held his breath for fear of waking them.

The child opened its eyes. It was a handsome little boy about thirteen months old, of strong and sturdy build, with well-shaped head, rosy skin, and clear, keen outlook. He caught sight of the count and gazed at him in astonishment.

"That is my son," thought Efflam, proudly. "But he has his mother's eyes."

Seeing that the stranger did not move, but smiled on him, the boy began to laugh, and the mother awoke.

"Clothilda!" murmured Count Efflam—"Clothilda!"

At the sound of his voice she jumped up, ran from the bed, passed her white hands over his face to make sure she was neither dreaming nor mad, and fell half-fainting into his arms.

"Efflam! It is you at last, my dearly-loved knight!"

The count took her back to the child, and, uniting them in the same caress, he knelt before them. For some minutes neither dared speak.

"Pardon," said she, at length; "I had been told you were coming; but that was three days ago, and for three days and nights I have been watching for you, and it was only this morning that I yielded to sleep. Forgive me."

"Forgive you?" was the count's answer. "As if I had anything to forgive you! And, if I had, your forgiveness is here."

And he picked up the baby in his arms, who at once began to play with his father's beard.

Clothilda, radiant, watched the knight for a minute or so; and then the shade of sorrow passed over her face.

"Efflam," she said, almost in tears, "how worn and pale you are! And that wound on your forehead; and the furrows ploughed by care; and your hair nearly grey! Oh, I see it now; it is you who have suffered most!"

"I will tell you my adventures later on, my dearest; but tell me now about yourself."

"I could have told you of a long, terrible struggle if Romarik had not already done so. Romarik! I cannot keep from shuddering as I think of him; and often in my sleep I see his blinded phantom. Oh, I shall never

forget him! Unceasingly he watched, and unceasingly he fought. His devotion, his obstinacy, his valour, can only be rewarded in heaven. I will tell you some day of the defence of Glay—of a miracle of heroism that lasted for two years, every day and every hour. Poor Romarik! Not only was he a giant in stature, but a giant in heart, and gentle and smiling as this dear little child. And they tore out his eyes! It is all very fine for the woman who did it to surround me with incomprehensible cares, solicit my gratitude, and implore my pardon, but—never, never! I hear all the time the pitiless order she gave when Romarik was dragged away! I see the blood of Romarik on her hands! She gives me the horrors! She makes me afraid of her!"

And so the conversation was brought round to Morgana.

"Tell me, Clothilda!" said the count, putting his arms round the young mother as she shook with fear—"tell me, have you anything to complain of about this woman as regards yourself?"

"No," said she; "and that is very strange. From the first moment I found myself in her presence she has regarded me with a sort of restrained affection. During the whole of our journey to this mysterious retreat, the name of which I know not, nor the situation—for I arrived during the night, and blindfolded, and never since then have I passed that door—Morgana—there, I have named her!—Morgana has overwhelmed me with care and kindness. When we were crossing a river she herself guided the horse; when the air became chill she lent me her own mantle. I even think that when she threw it over my shoulders she clasped me for a moment in her arms. It seemed as though she brought me here in a sort of passionate, savage joy, as though she loved me—the wretch!"

"Go on," said Efflam, quietly.

"When we arrived here in this rock hung over the sea like the inaccessible nest of some bird of prey, I found this chamber all ready and furnished, fit for a queen. Look, Efflam, never in your castle of Glay was your wife so luxuriously lodged."

"That is true," said the count, who had not remarked all its beauties, and who looked round more and more surprised at what he saw.

Clothilda continued,

"The first morning of my captivity my horrible gaoler came to the door, and said, 'Ask, without fear, what you would like, and I shall be happy to give it you.' Immediately I answered, 'Take me back to my castle; give me back the love of those I love.' She seemed much disturbed at this outburst from my heart, and replied, in disappointment, 'That is the only thing I



cannot give you. Ask something else.' But one word escaped me—'Go!' And I maintained an obstinate silence. Was I right to do that?"

"Yes," said the count, "but proceed."

"She remained in the doorway, motionless, and looking at me. A broken-hearted sigh escaped her; and there were tears in her eyes. Yes, count, tears; and then she went away in silence. I remained insensible as a marble statue to all her advances, and each time she came again I turned away my head. One evening she exclaimed, in a tone of despair, 'You hate me! and what have I done?' This time I looked at her in the face and said, 'My religion forbids me to hate anybody—but you killed Romarik.' She tried to excuse herself; she murmured, 'Romarik exists and even—' I did not let her finish. 'He exists,' I said, 'yes, but he is blind, and if his punishment, crueller than death, had been ordered by the father of my child, by the unknown mother that gave me life, I would never again see my mother nor my husband, nor could I forgive them.' Then there was a long silence. I thought that Morgana had gone, and I turned round. She was here still, and she was crying. But as if ashamed of her tears, she got up and said to me, with a little smile, 'Be it so. I will not annoy you with my presence, but I will watch over you from afar, and force you to admit that Morgana is not your enemy.' Thenceforth she only showed herself at rare intervals; but never in my mind did I have a wish but the wish, as by the mysterious intervention of some good genius, was fulfilled—with the exception of my liberty. Of that I thought in vain. But everything else came to me in truly royal profusion.



"Janika appeared."

Dainty dishes, fruits, luscious and unknown, were brought to me every day, and things for my dress, and toys for our child. See, Efflam, the luxury that surrounds me, the beautiful birds in their golden cages, the

lovely flowers in the precious vases. Often I was almost happy in my solitude, and thinking of you I was surprised to find I came to love my blue nest. Did I not warn you I was going to tell you something astonishing?"

Assuredly, Efflam's astonishment increased. He could not believe his ears, he could not believe his eyes. He racked his brain to discover the secret intentions of Morgana. What could it mean? Was it all a dream?

With a different look and tone, Clothilda continued,

"Among all the presents to which I remained indifferent there came one day a surprise, which touched me deeply. I grieved much for the loss of my poor Janika, and I often missed her attentions, which were more those of a friend than a servant. Often I was surprised to find myself calling her in a loud voice. One evening, when I had just uttered her name, she replied, and appeared before me smiling and stretching out her arms—"

"But Janika was killed as she left Glay!" interrupted the count; "Janika is dead!"

"So I thought, and I thought so as she came towards me. But Morgana was behind her, and said, 'You wished to see your companion. She is here. She was mortally wounded. She was buried. But I have brought her to life again according to thy wish. To bring back a smile to your lips, Clothilda, to make you happy, know that there is nothing Morgana will not do.' And she left us alone together."

"Was it really Janika? Was it not a spirit?"

"No, it was really she, and when I had touched and embraced her, I heard from her own lips the explanation of the miracle. Morgana had sought for her, found her among a pile of corpses they had thrown into a grave, and giving new life to the last breath of life, had watched over her, cured her, and brought her back to me here. It is marvellous, but it is true. You do not believe it? Well, you shall see."

And turning towards the head of the bed, Clothilda called "Janika!"

A little door hidden by curtains opened almost immediately, and Janika appeared.

Although she was still weak, and her paleness was extreme, it was impossible to persist in believing her to be a shadow.

After thanking her for her care of her mistress, the count made her sit down and asked her several questions.

The servant confirmed all that the mistress had said.

"If you could only have seen how this woman, so pitiless and cruel to others, was kind and gentle to me! For more than twenty nights she watched by me, cherishing the least sign, and reviving every minute the poor little flame of life, and really forcing me to live. The woman is indeed a sorceress! But it was not for my sake she did this, but for the sake of my mistress. She herself told me so. When I felt I was sinking for ever in spite of all she could do, she laid her two hands on my breast, and looking deep into my eyes with hers, she com-

manded as if she were irresistible, 'Clothilda desires you to live! I will have it so! You must live!' and death recoiled from that time. And now I am here."

"Strange! Strange!" said the count. "You think, Janika, this woman has a



"Morgana entered."

sort of religious respect for Clothilda, an incomprehensible affection?"

"For your wife, master, and also for your child," replied the young girl, with a kind of mysterious hesitation. "Look! There is something that I have never yet dared to tell my mistress."

"Speak," said the countess and her husband.

"A few days ago, when the heat was very great, and the countess was sleeping for a little, I lay down on the couch, and also for a moment fell asleep. Baby was asleep, too, in his cradle, not in this room, but in mine over there. A slight noise awoke me, and the noise came from that side. I thought something had happened to him, or that he wanted me, and I ran across to him, but quietly, so as not to awake his mother. When I opened the door who should I see by his cradle but Morgana."

"Morgana?"

"How she had got in I know not. Maybe she is one of those creatures who can take to themselves bird's wings and fly through walls. I made a movement of surprise, and was about to call out, when she said 'Silence!' She whispered, 'She who gave you your life can take it away at a word. If you call you are dead.' Believe me, it was not the fear of being killed that kept me silent; it was the conviction that she loved the mother too much to separate her from her son; it was the love she was showing towards the boy, for her looks were bright with pride and pleasure. She was touching him, and fondling him with such tender adoration, that she was not the same woman as before. And the child let her do it, and played with her, and laughed. Certainly it was not the first time she had played with him. But in a mo-



ment or two she stood him back in his cradle, and holding her hand straight over him, said, in a prophetic tone, 'Child, you will be a king!' And then, with a last embrace, and her face in tears, she vanished."

"You will be a king!" exclaimed the count. "But that is what she said to me the day I set out from Glay. What is this fixed idea of hers? What is the revelation she promised me here?"

"You can ask her to perform her promise this very moment," said Clothilda. "Do you see that gold bell? She placed it there, and told me if I ever sounded it she would come."

The count took the ivory hammer held out to him by his wife, and three times struck the bell.

Soon the door opened, and Morgana entered. After a moment's silence, she asked,

"Count, are you satisfied with the way Morgana has treated her prisoner?"

"Yes," said he; "and, notwithstanding all the evil you have done, I thank you. But you ought to know what we have been talking about. The time for explanation has come. Speak! What is your will with me?"

(To be continued.)

## THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE:

### A MEXICAN STORY.

By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.,

Author of "Waifs and Strays," "On a Winter's Night," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—TWO AGAINST ONE.

AFTER leaving his brother to nurse his sprained ankle, Bob turned to that part of the mountain region where he had seen the track of the wild sheep. For a long time he searched in vain; tracks there were in abundance, but not a sign of the animals could he perceive.

Farther and farther he wandered from the camp, until he almost began to fear that he should have to return empty-handed. At last, feeling weary, he determined to sit down and eat some of the dried meat that he had with him, and wait until later in the day, when the wild sheep would be likely to descend from the summits of the mountains to feed.

Selecting, therefore, a convenient spot, with a smooth piece of rock against which to set his back, he sat down and commenced his meal. All seemed wild and solitary, and he imagined that, with the exception of his brother, he was the only human being within miles.

Every movement of his had, however, been eagerly watched by two gaunt, fierce-looking men, who had been lying hid in a cleft of the adjoining mountain. Their clothes were in tatters, and their looks showed that they were suffering from exposure and the want of proper nourishment; but their weapons, of which they had good store, were clean and in excellent order.

These men were Cifuentes and Half-hung Simon.

"There is one of the young spawn," cried the latter. "I told you we should come across him if we lurked about the mountains. I think we've got him now, and I can revenge this hole in my wrist." And as he spoke he touched the bandage which still encircled the lower part of his arm.

"Take care," answered his companion, with a sneer; "I see the same rifle by his side, and you may taste another of his bullets unless you speak lower, for the young caballero shoots straight."

"Yes, I know it too well," replied Simon, with a snarl. "But, look you, I'll creep round and get on the other side of him. That line of brushwood will hide me; and, once between two fires, he is ours."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed his companion; "quick, and we shall have him! But stay, he rises, and goes down to the rivulet. Look, he has left his rifle leaning against the rock! Run down, man, and secure it. I will shoot him if he attacks you!"

What the villain said was true. Bob, relying upon the solitude of the spot, had gone down to the stream to drink, leaving his rifle behind him; and as he returned to where he had left it he was confronted by Simon, who, with an evil grin upon his face, held his own weapon pointed straight at his breast.

Bob started back, and felt instinctively for his revolver; but he had left it at the camp, and had only his hunting-knife to contend with the two well-armed ruffians, for Cifuentes was descending the rocks towards his companion.

"Aha, my young friend!" cried the latter, with a scowl; "I think we have brought the game to bay at last, and you tall pine will serve admirably to hang you upon. Come, come, give up that toothpick, it won't avail you, and you shall have five minutes to pray in—quite as much as a heretic requires—before we settle accounts with you."

With the hunting-knife still in his hand, Bob slowly advanced towards the two robbers. It seemed to him that the end had indeed arrived, and that nothing but an ignoble death awaited him. He blamed his own folly in parting even for a moment with his trusty rifle, and as he neared his enemies he glanced round wildly in the hope of aid and succour.

"No good in looking about, young'un," cried Simon, brutally. "The eagles won't meddle with you yet, though you'll have plenty about you soon. Come, put down your weapon, and we'll make the stringing-up as easy as we can. Oh!" he cried, bending almost double in agony, for Bob, stooping suddenly, had picked up a large stone and dashed it at him, striking him with force in the pit of his stomach.

Cifuentes fired at once, but the sudden movement of Bob caused the bullet to sing harmlessly over his head; then, slashing at the robber, he dashed boldly

through the stream and up the side of the mountain.

With cries of fury both the men pursued him, firing at him more than once; but the bullets either whistled harmlessly over him, or splintered the rock upon either side.

Onwards he went, running as rapidly as the uneven nature of the ground would permit; but he felt that his case was hopeless, as a chance shot from either of his adversaries might at any moment disable him, and leave him at their mercy.

Some hundred yards to the right he caught sight, however, of a dark spot on the face of the cliff, which he fancied would prove to be a cave, in which he might be sheltered from the fire of the robbers, and he made for it with all his speed. He was right in his conjecture, and bending almost double he entered the low archway, a bullet from the rifle of Cifuentes striking the side of the portal as he did so.

"The young vermin," panted Simon, as he and Cifuentes arrived a few minutes later before the cave. "A nice run he has given us, but he is fairly earthed at last. I owe him something extra for that stone that so thoroughly knocked the wind out of me."

"Let's scalp him and tie him to a tree to be eaten by the birds of prey," said Cifuentes, who was equally enraged at Bob's escape; "but come, man, he has no firearms. Creep into the cave and lug him out by the ears."

"Ay, and get another such a pretty slash as you have from his knife," answered Simon, with a sneer. "No, no, I know a trick worth two of that. You keep guard at the mouth of the cave, and I'll cut enough brushwood to bring him out smart, or else to smother him like a rat in his hole."

In a very short space of time Simon had cut down and heaped up a large quantity of bushes in front of the cavern, and as soon as they were alight the wind blew the pungent smoke well into the depths of the cavern.

For more than an hour the robbers waited eagerly, but no sign or sound came from the cave.

At last the fire, which they had ceased to feed, subsided.



"He died game, at any rate," said Cifuentes. "Let us go in and bring out the body, he is past hurting either of us now."

But though they carefully searched the cave, which ran back for some thirty feet, they could find no traces of Bob's body; and being as superstitious as they were cruel, they hurriedly left the spot, casting terrified glances behind them.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE WHITE PRINCE.

WHILST Arthur was still enlaced in the coils of the gigantic reptile a strange-looking party of men, to the number of perhaps a dozen, cautiously approached the little camp. At a glance it could be seen that they were Indians, but both in form and appearance they differed widely from the Apaches, Sioux, and Dacotahs, races which haunt the mountains and plains of northern Mexico.

The new-comers were light in complexion, and dressed more fantastically than even Indians generally are; large lumps of what looked like gold, roughly pierced and strung upon wire, ornamented their necks and wrists, the long feathers of the mountain eagle were twisted into their scalp-locks and hung far down their backs. They were clothed in deerskin, beautifully dressed and ornamented with quaint designs in red and blue embroidered on the surface. In their hands they bore axes and lances, and in their belts knives; but all these weapons, though bright and serviceable to the eye, had no steel or metal in them, the heads and blades being composed of obsidian—a volcanic substance resembling common green bottle glass—ground to sharp points and edges.

Slowly and cautiously they advanced to the tent, and there the eye of the leader, a grey-haired warrior, with a plate of gold rudely representing the rising sun suspended from his neck, raised his hand to enjoin silence, and pointed to the insensible boy in the folds of the snake.

"The Great Father of Serpents," said he, in low guttural tones, "is on our side; he has tracked the pale-face stranger and held him until we could come up. And see, he delivers him into our hand," he added, as the snake, alarmed at the near vicinity of the Indians, relaxed his coils and glided swiftly away, leaving Arthur still insensible upon the ground.

"The extinction of the sacred fire warned us that intruders were near," continued the chief, "and the Great Father of the Serpents watched over the children of the Cacique. Stand forth, Otan Hari, Priest of the Sun, and say what shall be done to the pale-face who has come so near to the boundaries of the Sacred City."

As he spoke a short, thick-set Indian, whose temples were bound with a saffron-coloured fillet, moved forwards, and, striking a heavy mace armed with sharp blades of obsidian upon the ground, cried, in a harsh, strident voice, "Were the pale-face stouter and more fit to do battle with the braves of the City of the Sun, I would say, let him be taken to the Stone of Horror, there to

try the chances of battle; but he is weak and puny, and his senses fled at the grip of the serpent. Let him be sacrificed here, and let me read the signs in his heart, so as to guard us against the enemies of our race."

The grey-headed chief glanced sorrowfully upon the form of the senseless boy.

"Otan Hari has spoken!" said he. "Do you, my brethren, agree that the sacrifice be made?"

All the warriors bowed their heads in signal of assent, and directed the points of their weapons towards Arthur's breast.

"Stay!" cried the priest, striking back the points of the lances with a sweep of his heavy mace. "Let the sacrifice be consummated in due form, and let the magic inventions of the pale-face perish with him. Collect stones and wood for the fire."

At a sign from the grey-headed chieftain the warriors dispersed and busied themselves in their cruel task. A rough altar of stones was soon erected, and a large pile of brushwood raised, then the tent was torn down and all the property was collected together in a heap.

"Priest of the Sun," cried the old chief, "your bidding is accomplished! Say what next you require."

"Place the victim upon the altar and lay bare his bosom; but first throw water upon his face, so that the spirit may return to him, else the omen will be of no avail."

Water was thrown upon Arthur's face, and he began slowly to recover, but such was the shock his system had sustained that he was only dimly conscious of the figures surrounding him, and could neither resist nor utter a sound.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the cruel mandate of Otan Hari, the grey-headed chief was occupied in baring the boy's chest.

"What is this?" exclaimed he, as he drew out the deerskin scroll which Arthur always carried about with him.

"Cast it into the heap with the rest of the pale-face's sorceries, that they may all perish together," cried the priest, examining the edge of the obsidian knife which he held in his hand, and then advancing to strike his victim. Meanwhile the old chieftain was intently examining the scroll.

The knife gleamed above the boy's bosom, and in another instant it would have descended, when it was torn violently from the priest's hands, and flung to some distance.

"We have been near to committing a great sin," said the chieftain. "Do you recollect when the last of the Caciques left us to perform his weary penance, he told us that a White Prince should come to us, bearing the mystic scroll that our rulers always carried, and that to him, and him only, we were to surrender the treasures that we have kept such a careful watch over, and that then, our guard being over, we might leave the Sacred City, and mix again with our fellow-men?"

"We remember," uttered the assembled warriors.

"There," continued the chief, "is the scroll of the Cacique, and here is the White Prince. On your faces, warriors!

Do homage to your king, and hail him as Miko."

All the warriors, including the priest, at once prostrated themselves before Arthur; and, as he half rose from the stones upon which he was reclining, he saw the dusky forms stretched on the ground around him.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried he, unconsciously using the dialect in which he had been in the habit of conversing with the Cacique.

"The White Prince speaks our language," said the old chief, rising from the ground. "Prince, deign to receive back the mystic scroll, and come with us."

"But my brother will return, and will not know whither I have gone," urged Arthur.

"Two of the young men shall await his return and conduct him after us," returned the chief.

"I am lame, and cannot walk," said Arthur.

In a very few moments a litter was constructed and Arthur placed upon it. Then for a few hundred yards they pursued a rough mountain track, and then a halt was made at an opening in the hill half masked by rocks and brushwood. When these were cleared away, a broad tunnel was discovered, into which the party of Indians with their burden immediately passed; the entrance was then reclosed, torches, which were stored just within the entrance to the tunnel, were lighted, and they proceeded along a roadway which, from the inclination at which it ran, seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR OPEN COLUMN.

##### THE EARL OF MEATH (LORD BRABAZON) ON THE B. O. P.

"The large circulation which those two excellent magazines, the *BOY'S* and the *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, have attained, is a good example of the way in which moral influence can be exercised through the press over a special class of readers. In these papers, too, the 'goody-goody' type of writing, which repels more than it attracts, is entirely absent. The tastes of the readers are carefully studied, and every effort made to make the publication attractive; at the same time, all that is base, vulgar, or immoral is rigidly excluded, with the result that a boy or girl cannot well fail to rise from the perusal of such a paper not only entertained, but with moral principles strengthened."

"When we consider how numerous are the publications which exercise upon the public mind a distinctly contrary effect, we may rejoice that there are some, and those with a larger circulation, which represent vice and virtue in their proper colours."—*"Social Arrows,"* by Lord Brabazon, page 373 (a paper read at the Church Congress, Wakefield, 1887).

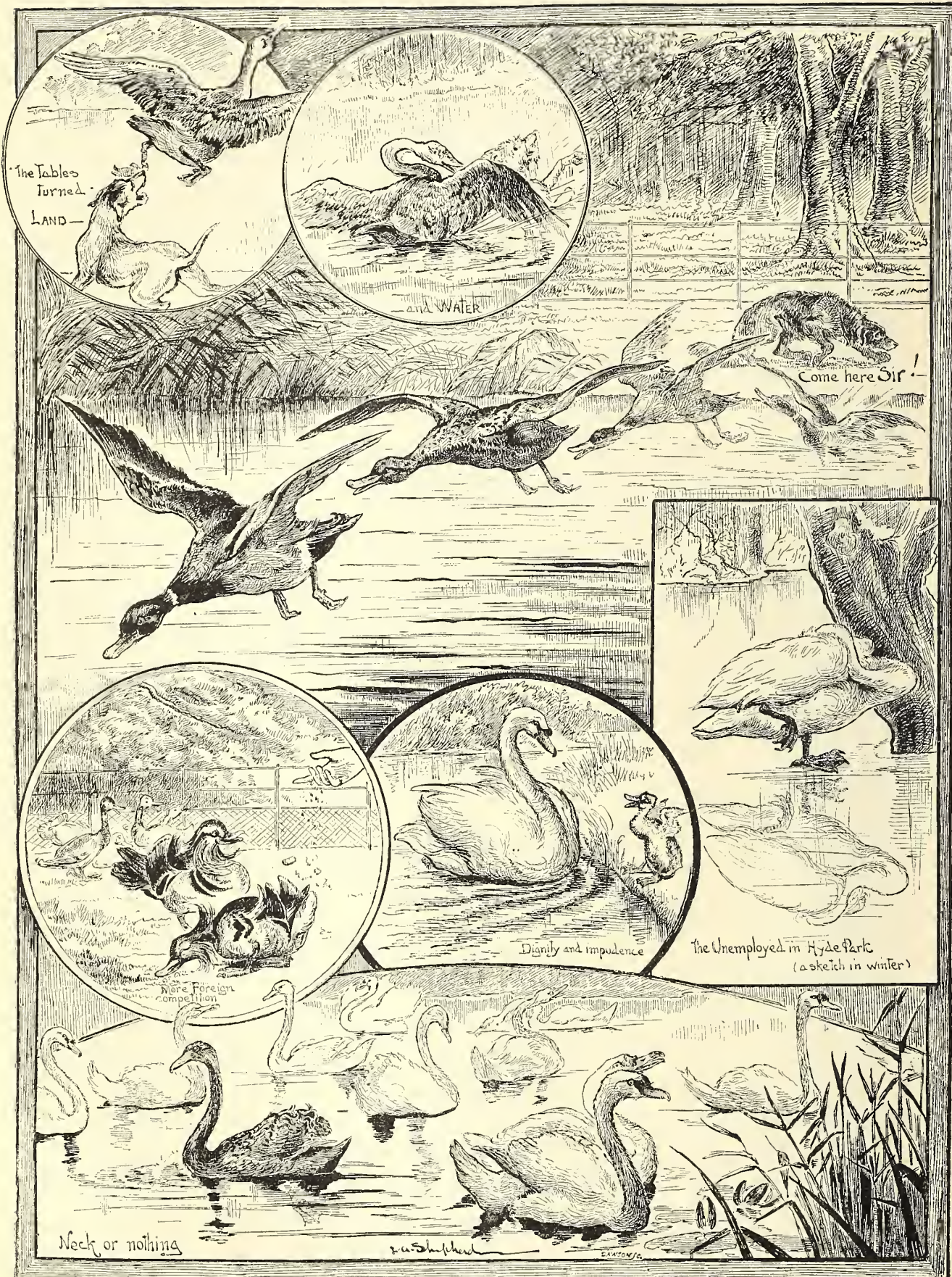
##### DRAKE AND SMEATON.

Upon the Hoe, o'erlooking Plymouth Sound,  
Two monuments are raised: the one, a tower  
Of stately beauty, that despite the power  
Of roaring tempests, dashing spray around  
Its slender minaret, once proudly crowned  
The Eddystone; and in the darkest hour  
Of tempest shone, howe'er the storm might lour,  
Gladdening the eyes of seamen homeward bound.

The other is the effigy of Drake,  
Who fought for England's honour on the sea;  
The waves have undermined what Smeaton wrought,  
And roll unheeded where Sir Francis fought,  
But till around our coast they cease to break,  
Shall Englishmen enshrine their memory.

B. R. W.





Sketches from Nature.



## THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—(continued.)

IN two days this document received the signature of every boy in the house except Felgate and Munger, who contrived to evade it. Ainger took no trouble to press them for their signatures, and indeed stated, not in a whisper, that the petition would carry more weight without these two particular names than with them. Whereat Felgate and Munger felt rather sorry they had not signed.

A deputation was then appointed, consisting of the head boy in each form represented in the house, to convey the petition to the Doctor. Arthur, not being the head Shell boy in the house, felt very sore to be left out, and prophesied all sorts of failure to the undertaking in consequence.

However, he was consoled vastly by a fight with Tilbury that same afternoon. Tilbury, though a signatory to the petition, was unlucky enough to brag, in the hearing of his comrade, that one reason he had signed it was because he believed Railsford had had something to do with the paying-out of Mr. Bickers last term, and was a friend to the house in consequence. Whereupon Arthur, crimson in the face, requested him to step outside and receive the biggest hiding he had ever had in his life.

Tilbury obeyed, and although the combat was not quite so decided as Arthur had boasted, it disposed of the libel which had originated it, and made it clear to the house that those who knew best, at any rate, were now as firmly resolved to defend their master's innocence as last term they had been to glory in his guilt.

The Doctor received the deputation politely, and allowed Ainger to read the petition and list of names without interruption.

When the ceremony was over, he said, quietly:

"The only fault I have to find with you is that you have presented your petition to me instead of to Mr. Railsford. It is perfectly open for Mr. Railsford to withdraw his resignation. In that case, it would fall to me to settle the question of his remaining here; and that would be the time for you to present your petition."

This was not very consoling; and the Doctor's manner discouraged any further explanation.

Ainger therefore left the petition lying on the table, and withdrew his men to report the doubtful success of their mission to their comrades.

The week wore on, and in two days Railsford's short reprieve would be up.

He had already begun to get together some of his things preparatory to packing up, and had written out a careful paper of memoranda for the use of his successor. He had allowed the work

of the house to be as little as possible disturbed by the coming event; and had even hurt Monsieur's feelings by the peremptory manner in which he discouraged any representation being made by the masters with a view to avert his departure.

He had of course sent a plain unvarnished account of his position to his "special correspondent," which happily reached her at the same time as a highly-coloured and decidedly alarming communication on the same subject from Miss Daisy's brother.

He received an answer full of courage, which helped him greatly. Yet as the day drew near he felt himself clinging desperately to his post, and hoping against hope, even at the eleventh hour, to see some daylight through his great difficulty.

Had he known that on that very last day but one Mr. Bickers had received by the post a certain letter, he might have felt tempted to delay till to-morrow the final strapping-up of his portmanteau.

For Mr. Bickers's letter was from Branscombe; and was as follows:

"Sir,—I have been expecting to return to Grandcourt all this term, but I am sorry to say I have been ill again, and the doctor says I shall have to go abroad for some months. Before I go, I feel I must make a confession which will surprise you as much to read as it pains me to write it. I was the ringleader in the attack upon you last term at the door of Mr. Railsford's house. I was very angry at the time at having been punished by you before all my house. But I am very sorry now for what happened, and hope you will in time forgive me. I know what trouble my conduct has caused, not only to you, but to Mr. Railsford, whose house has been unjustly punished for what was my offence. There were three of us in it. One was another boy of your house, and the other was in Mr. Railsford's house, only all he did was to show us the cupboard in which we put you. I should be glad to think, before I go away, that things are put right at Grandcourt by this confession. Please forgive me for my revengeful act, and, believe me, sir, yours truly,

"S. BRANSCOMBE.

"P.S.—Please show this letter to Dr. Ponsford and Mr. Railsford."

This startling letter Mr. Bickers read over several times, with great amazement and no less vexation. He was angry, not at the injury which had been done to himself, but because this letter had come just when it did.

To-morrow, in all probability, his enemy would have left Grandcourt, and then it would be less matter. For even if the truth were then made known, Railsford's offence in shielding the evil-doer would remain the same. But now this letter might spoil everything. It would, at any rate, postpone Railsford's departure, and might give

him an opportunity of reinstating himself for good at Grandcourt.

Mr. Bickers was in a quandary. He was by nature a vindictive, jealous, and fussy man, with a low opinion of everybody, and an extreme obstinacy in his own opinion. But he was not naturally a dishonest man. It was only when his other passions rushed out strongly in one direction and his integrity stood on the other side, that his honour suffered shipwreck and went by the board.

It did so now, for Mr. Bickers, having thought over the situation, deliberately put the letter into his pocket, and went about his usual avocations as if nothing had happened.

Any amount of excuses rushed in to his assistance. After all, there had been three culprits, and one of them belonging to the accused house. Railsford, no doubt, was shielding his own boy, and Branscombe's confession affected in no way his offence or the penalty attached to it.

On the whole, there was nothing to make Mr. Bickers uncomfortable, and it was observed in the masters' hall that evening that he made himself quite agreeable, and even nodded, in a half-friendly way to Railsford on the occasion of his last appearance at school-dinner.

After the Master of the Shell had retired to his house the Doctor asked his other lieutenants to remain a few moments, as he had a statement to make to them.

Every one knew what that statement was to be.

"It is only right that I should inform you," said Dr. Ponsford, "that I have considered it my duty to accept Mr. Railsford's resignation, and that he leaves Grandcourt to-morrow. I confess that I do this with great pain and regret, for I have the highest opinion of Mr. Railsford's abilities and character. But discipline must be maintained in a school like ours. I have no doubt that in acting as he has done Mr. Railsford considers that he is acting honourably. I do not wish to impugn his motives, mistaken as I suppose them. But the fact remains that he virtually admits his knowledge of the offender last term, and at the same time refuses to give him up to justice. Under those circumstances I had no choice but to accept his resignation."

For a moment Branscombe's letter burned uncomfortably in Mr. Bickers's pocket while the Doctor was speaking. But it cooled again, and when Mr. Grover said,

"I am sure, sir, you will not misunderstand me when I say that your statement has caused some of us the deepest pain," he felt himself able to join in the universal "Hear hear," with quiet fervour.



"We fully recognise," continued Mr Grover, "that under the circumstances you had only this one course left open to you. At the same time we, who know and esteem our colleague, feel that his removal will be a distinct loss to Grandcourt, and would like to add

our own opinion to yours, that in the course he has considered it right to take, he has been actuated by conscientious and honourable motives."

Mr. Bickers having said, "Hear hear" once, did not feel called upon to repeat it at the end of this short speech, and

was, indeed, rather glad to hurry back to his own house.

He had an idea that this time to-morrow he should feel considerably more comfortable

(To be continued.)

## LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

(SECOND SERIES.)

### IV.—THE HAMPER.

1.

THERE was quite a little scamper  
At the news of "Jonah's" hamper,  
Full of everything to pamper  
The most jaded appetite.  
As though flying from a famine,  
At the door the fellows cram in,  
All its treasures to examine,  
And to hail them with delight.

2.

For the open-handed owner  
(Though his *sobriquet* was Jonah)  
Was of "feeds" a frequent donor,  
Be it clearly understood.  
He would often treat his cronies  
To the finest of polonies;  
Such a relish you will own is  
Highly succulent and good.

3.

True there *are* a few who vote a  
Fascinating Yarmouth bloater  
A more excellent promoter  
Of a festive state of mind.  
Pickled lobster on the quiet  
Some consider chcerful diet.  
You're at liberty to try it,  
If you're really so inclined.

4.

Now (and nothing could be neater  
For the jingle of this metre),  
"Jonah's" proper name was Peter;  
And the hamper, you must know,  
Filled in every nook and cranny,  
Was a present from his granny,  
And his little cousin Fanny  
Helped to pack it, saw it go.

5.

*Such* a hamper—well I never!  
But the packing was so clever  
That it took a time to sever  
Certain aggravating knots;  
Then I won't attempt concealing  
The enthusiastic feeling,  
And the chorus of appealing  
For the apples (there were lots!)

6.

Though when it comes to pleasing,  
Or to some extent appeasing,  
Half a dozen who are teasing,  
On your patience it's a tax.  
Fancy podgy little Carter,  
Looking like a very martyr,  
Because "Jonah" wouldn't barter  
Juicy pears for scaling-wax!

10.

Ah, but Nemesis was nearer  
Than we thought. This marked an era;  
For our master, gaining clearer  
Views of what such licence meant,

Said it must not be repeated,  
And in time our friends were greeted  
With a notice, which entreated,  
*That no hampers should be sent!*

FRED EDMONDS.

## PRACTICAL ETCHING.

By ALFRED WITHERS AND FRED MILLER.

### PART VI.—VARIOUS PROCESSES.

#### 1.—DRY-POINT.

PERHAPS some of the most beautiful effects copper is capable of giving are to be obtained by dry-point—the utmost delicacy and the richest shadows. The plate must be clean and evenly hammered. A very sharp needle, composed wholly of steel, is best, as its own weight gives it greater cutting power. Dry-point needles are sometimes ground with a flat semicircular point. It gives a good result if held always in the direction of the line to be made, but is apt to turn, and so make an awkward scratch.

Begin by mixing a little olive-oil and fine soot into a paste (the soot must be soft, fine, and without grit, otherwise it is best to use printing-ink instead), then smear the plate evenly over sufficiently to give it a dull surface. You will then be able to sketch in your outlines with a fine lead pencil, so avoiding any great error in drawing. This done, cut these lines in delicately with the needle, which should be held at an angle of forty-five degrees to the plate. The burr raised varies with the pressure, and also with the angle at which the needle is held. When held upright it will give a

more lasting burr than if held very much on the slant. In this process you must try the effect of your lines as you proceed by smearing the plate with the paste, and then rubbing it partially off with the finger or a soft rag. When the subject is fairly sketched in, it should be printed, and, if necessary, delicate work added. If the lines are too strong they may be carefully reduced with the scraper. Great care must be taken with the printing, and in this a soft palm is invaluable. The chief objection to dry-point is that it will give only a very limited number of copies. When more



than a dozen proofs are required the plate should be steel-faced directly it has reached a satisfactory state, which will be, in all probability, about the third or fourth proof rather than the first. The pressure of the printing-press must also be carefully regulated.

## 2.—AQUA-MEZZO-TINTS.

The first is a process that we have ourselves used very successfully, and has this advantage—that you may use the back of old plates, unless they have received very ill usage. Scrub the plate from end to end, always in one direction, with the coarsest sand-paper you can obtain, till it is sufficiently roughened. Have a basin of cold water on the table, pour some pure nitric acid into a saucer, and then with a loose pad of rag tied to the end of a piece of stick rub the acid quickly and evenly over the plate till a uniform roughness is obtained, then plunge it into the water. During this process the window should be open, as the fumes are very choking, and, we believe, rather noxious. Flat evening or morning cloud-forms may now be sketched on the copper in pencil. The clear sky between must then be polished with the burnisher and a little salad-oil. This method will be found very pleasant for evening effects and soft distances. This done, lay a ground and proceed with the ordinary etching.

The second method may be used when a strong, dark ground is required. First etch in the outlines of your subject, bite in deeply, and then proceed in the following

manner. Lay a good strong ground on the plate, which need not be smoked. When cool put a piece of the finest sand-paper face downwards on the plate, and pass it through the press (*do not attempt to remove the particles of sand that adhere to the plate*). This should be done three or four times, placing the sand-paper in a different position each time so as to obtain an equal perforation of the wax. Back the plate with Brunswick black, as before, and put it into the acid bath till the required depth of tint is obtained. Remove the ground, and, using the scraper, begin with the broad half-tones, scraping off the tint, and so on to the high lights, where the copper should almost be restored to its original surface. A great variety of tone may be thus obtained, and with a strong ground the work can be strengthened afterwards with etched work. Frequent printing is necessary in this process.

## 3.—AQUA-TINT.

Pure aqua-tint is produced by allowing the acid, either pure or diluted, to remain for a few minutes on the surface of the copper, and may be used to help shadows in evening effects; but it cannot be strongly recommended, as it is merely a tint and does not last.

## 4.—SULPHUR TINT.

A stronger tint may be obtained by sulphur in this way. Oil those parts of the plate where the tint is required liberally with olive-oil, and blow flowers of sulphur

gently over. Where the sulphur is allowed to remain a soft, though rather dull tint is obtained. Great care must be taken to thoroughly cleanse the plate after this, or particles of sulphur will adhere, and, on the application of heat, discolour the plate and spoil the ground. This is useful as an auxiliary to support etched lines, but it has the same objection as the other: it is not lasting.

## 5.—SOFT-GROUND ETCHING.

For this a very delicate ground is used, made as follows. Common etching ground mixed with an equal quantity of tallow, and applied with a dabber and smoked in the usual way. When cool, place a sheet of grained paper over the plate, fixing it round the edge with drawing-pins. Put a rest, with pieces of wood at the ends, over the plate to support the hand, which must not touch the paper, as it would damage the ground. Then with a lead-pencil draw your subject on the paper. The paper, when removed, takes away the ground where the pencil has passed, and the acid in the bath bites the copper into a sort of grain like a lithograph. No work can be added after the paper is removed; and if the etching requires strengthening it must be done with line-work in the usual way.

By Mr. Seymour Haden's kindness, we are now permitted to give his description of the process used so successfully by him, known as the "continuous process."

(To be continued.)

## HUGH MILLER.

OF Hugh Miller, the stonemason, who became the King of the Old Red Sandstone, and one of the leading literary men of his time, all have heard; but the story of his boyhood, told so well in his "My Schools and Schoolmasters"—one of the most charming boys' books in existence—will always bear re-telling. There is no healthier or more interesting story than that of the great-grandson of the old buccaneer who had settled down with gold won from the Spaniards of the Main, and built himself a cottage in the little town of Cromarty; and the strange adventures of the buccaneer's grandson, Hugh Miller the First, the father of the geologist, would make a good book of themselves. He had been a sailor-boy, like his ancestors, a long line of skilful and adventurous seafarers, some of whom had coasted along the Scottish shores as early as the times of Sir Andrew Wood and the Bartons, and mayhap helped to man that "verie monstrous schippe the Great Michael," that cumbered all Scotland to get her to sea. From a sailor-boy on a coaster he had become a seaman on an East Indianman, and gone the long voyages to India and China in the days when it took as many months to do the passage as it now does weeks. He had been captured by a pressgang, and served in the Royal Navy.

At one time, when engaged in one of his Indian voyages, he was stationed during the night, accompanied by but a single comrade, in a small open boat, near one of the minor mouths of the Ganges; and he had just fallen asleep on the thwart, when he was suddenly awakened by a violent motion, as if his skiff were capsizing. Starting up, he saw in the imperfect light a huge tiger, that had swum from the neighbouring jungle, in the act of boarding the boat. So much was he taken aback, that, though a loaded musket lay beside him, it was one of the stretchers that he laid hold

of as a weapon; but such were the blows he dealt to the paws of the creature as they rested on the gunwale, that it dropped off with a tremendous snarl, and he saw it no more. On another occasion he was one of three men sent with despatches to some Indian port in a boat, which, oversetting them in the open sea in a squall, left them for the greater part of three days only its upturned bottom for their resting-place. And so thickly during that time did the sharks congregate around them, that, though a keg of rum—part of the boat's stores—floated for the first two days within a few yards of them, and they had neither meat nor drink, none of them, though they all swam well, dared attempt regaining it.

When not much turned of thirty the sailor returned to his native town with money enough to buy a fine large sloop, with which he engaged in the coasting trade. For a time he prospered, but the day that comes to most mariners—the day of the one storm too much—came to him. Beautifully is the story told in "My Schools and Schoolmasters" how the bad news came from the sea. "The sloop came not, and a second night had fallen, dark and tempestuous as the first. Ere morning the weather moderated, a keen frost bound up the wind in its icy fetters, and during the following day, though a heavy swell continued to roll shorewards between the Sutors, and sent up its white foam high against the cliffs, the surface of the sea had become glassy and smooth. But the day wore on, and evening again fell, and even the most sanguine relinquished all hope of ever again seeing the sloop or her crew. There was grief in the master's dwelling—grief in no degree the less poignant from the circumstance that it was the tearless, uncomplaining grief of rigid old age. Her two youthful friends and their mother watched with the widow, now, as it seemed,

left alone in the world. The town clock had struck the hour of midnight, and still she remained as if fixed to her seat, absorbed in silent, stupefying sorrow, when a heavy foot was heard pacing along the now silent street. It passed, and anon returned; ceased for a moment nearly opposite the window, then approached the door, when there was a second pause; and then there succeeded a faltering knock that struck on the very hearts of the inmates within. One of the girls sprang up, and on undoing the bolt shrieked out as the door fell open, 'Oh, mistress, here is Jack Grant, the mate!' Jack, a tall, powerful seaman, but apparently in a state of utter exhaustion, staggered rather than walked in and flung himself into a chair. 'Jack,' exclaimed the old woman, seizing him convulsively by both his hands, 'where's my cousin?—where's Hugh?' 'The master's safe and well,' said Jack, 'but the poor Friendship lies in spales on the bar of Findhorn.'

And then Jack told how the Friendship had been wrecked—but those who wish to know should get "My Schools and Schoolmasters" and read the noble story for themselves. The skipper was nearly ruined, but in time he built a new sloop for himself—a sloop that was once to go out into the North Sea and never return. "I remember," says his child, our own Hugh—"I remember I used to go wandering disconsolately about the harbour at this season to examine the vessels which had come in during the night, and that I oftener than once set my mother a-crying by asking her why the shipmasters who, when my father was alive, used to stroke my head and slip halfpence into my pockets, never now took any notice of me, or gave me anything? She well knew that the shipmasters—not an ungenerous class of men—had simply failed to recognise their old comrade's child; but the question



was only too suggestive, notwithstanding, of both her own loss and mine. I used, too, to climb day after day a grassy protuberance of the old coast-line immediately behind my mother's house, that commands a wide reach of the Moray Firth, and to look wistfully out, long after every one else had ceased to hope, for the sloop with the two stripes of white and the two square topsails. But months and years passed by, and

especial, the story of Samson and the Philistines, of David and Goliath, of the Prophets Elijah and Elisha; and after these came the New-Testament stories and parables. Assisted by my uncles, I began to collect a library in a box of birch-bark about nine inches square, which I found quite large enough to contain a great many immortal works—'Jack the Giant-Killer' and 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' and the

surpassing interest, and the wrath of critics, such I hold that of Pope to be—I found in the house of a neighbour. Next came the *Iliad*—not, however, in a complete copy, but represented by four of the six volumes of Bernard Lintot. With what power, and at how early an age, true genius impresses! I saw even at this immature period that no other writer could cast a javelin with half the force of Homer. The missiles went



A Peat-boat Adventure.—See p. 654.

the white stripes and the square topsails I never saw."

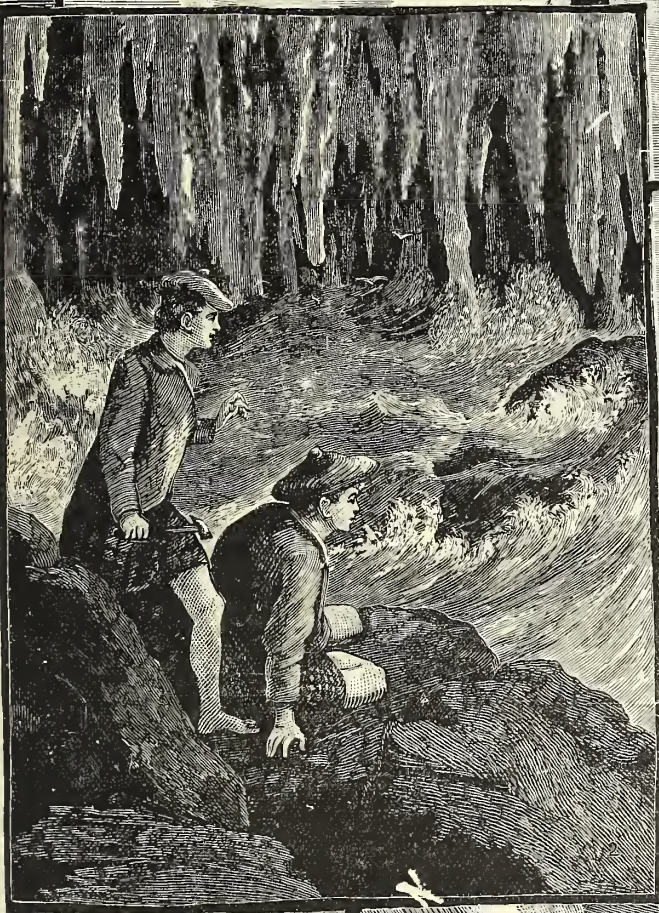
Before his father's death he had been sent to a dame school to learn his letters, and in his sixth year he made a great discovery. "I actually found out for myself that the art of reading is the art of finding stories in books, and from that moment reading became one of the most delightful of my amusements. I began by getting into a corner at the dismissal of the school and there conning over to myself the new-found story of Joseph; nor did one perusal serve. The other Scripture stories followed—in

'Yellow Dwarf' and 'Blue Beard,' and 'Sinbad the Sailor' and 'Beauty and the Beast,' and 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,' with several others of resembling character. And so from my rudimental books I passed on, without being conscious of break or line of division, to books on which the learned are content to write commentaries and dissertations, but which I found to be quite as nice children's books as any of the others. Old Homer wrote admirably for little folk, especially in the *Odyssey*, a copy of which, in the only true translation extant—for, judging from its

whizzing athwart his pages, and I could see the momentary gleam of the steel ere it buried itself deep in brass and bull-hide." "Pilgrim's Progress" was next tackled, then "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Ambrose on Angels," the judgment chapter in Howie's "Scotch Worthies," Byron's "Narrative of Shipwreck," and that best of the desert-island books, "Philip Quarll." "It was a melancholy little library to which I had fallen heir. Most of the missing volumes had been with the master aboard his vessel when he perished."

From the dame school Hugh Miller was





1 BAD NEWS FROM SEA  
 2 CAUGHT BY THE TIDE IN THE  
 DROPPING CAVE -  
 3 AN ADVENTURE IN THE  
 HIGHLANDS.  
 4 PORTRAIT OF HUGH MILLER

Q. R. H. W.



sent to the Grammar School, which was on the seashore. "As the school windows fronted the opening of the Firth, not a vessel could enter the harbour that we did not see; and, improving our opportunities, there was, perhaps, no educational institution in the kingdom in which all sorts of barques and carvels, from the fishing yawl to the frigate, could be more correctly drawn on the slate, or where any defect in hull or rigging, or more faulty delineation, was surer of being more justly and unsparingly criticised. All the herring-boats during the fishing season passed our windows on their homeward way to the harbour; and from their depth in the water we became skilful enough to predicate the number of crans aboard of each with wonderful judgment and correctness. In days of good general fishings, too, when the curing-yards proved too small to accommodate the quantities brought ashore, the fish had to be laid in glittering heaps opposite the school-house door; and an exciting scene, that contained the bustle of the workshop with the confusion of the crowded fair, would straightway spring up within twenty yards of the forms at which we sat, greatly to our enjoyment, and, of course, not a little to our instruction. We could see, simply by peering over book or slate, the curers going about rousing their fish with salt to counteract the effects of the dog-day sun; beavies of young women employed as gutters, and horribly incarnadined with blood and viscera, squatting around the heaps, knife in hand, and plying with busy fingers their well-paid labours; relays of heavily-laden fishwives bringing ever and anon fresh heaps of herring in their creels; and, outside of all, the coopers hammering as if for life and death—now tightening hoops, and now slackening them, and anon caulking with bulrush the leaky seams. It is not every Grammar School in which such lessons are taught as those in which all were initiated, and in which all became in some degree accomplished in the Grammar School of Cromarty!"

The school was entitled to a perquisite of twenty peats from every peat-boat arriving from the opposite side of the Firth; and the collection of this toll by force or stratagem was always a pleasing break in the school routine. "It was always a great matter to see, just as the school met, some observant boy appear cap in hand before the master, and intimate the fact of an arrival at the shore by the simple words, 'Peat-boat, sir.' The master would then proceed to choose a party, more or less numerous according to the exigency, but it seemed to be a matter of pretty correct calculation that in cases in which the peat claim was disputed it required about twenty boys to bring home the twenty peats, or, lacking these, the spar or sail held in pledge for them. We used ordinarily to divide our forces into two bodies, the larger portion of the party filling their pockets with stones, and ranging themselves on some point of vantage, such as the pier-head, and the smaller stealing down as near the boat as possible, and mixing themselves up with the purchasers of the peats. We then, after due warning, opened fire upon the boatmen; and, when the pebbles were hopping about them like hailstones, the boys below commonly succeeded in securing under cover of the fire the desired boathook or oar. And such were the ordinary circumstances and details of this piece of Spartan education, of which a townsman here told me he was strongly reminded when boarding on one occasion, under cover of a well-sustained discharge of musketry, the vessel of an enemy that had been stranded on the shores of Berbice."

And it was out of doors more than in that Hugh Miller's education was in pro-

gress—a wayward, high-spirited boy, with a turn for writing verses and making up stories, and leading his companions to reenact the scenes of which they read and heard; wandering about the seashore, armed with the old buccaneer's hammer, splitting open the pebbles and studying the crabs and lobsters and anemones and shellfish with his Uncle James, groping his way very much in the dark and under much difficulty through the rudiments of that science in which he was afterwards to excel. With his uncle he one day made his way into a neighbouring stalactite cavern, known as the Dropping, or Doocot Cave, to collect a few specimens for Sir George Mackenzie, whose curiosity had been excited concerning the rocks by a statement in a gazetteer.

Soon afterwards, Hugh Miller himself resolved to explore the cave for himself, and, accompanied by a boy not quite so old, set out one bright spring morning, in happy ignorance of the difference a neap tide can make in rendering caves approachable. The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. "The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the seagull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful."

But hour after hour went by, and there were no signs of the tide allowing them to leave. They tried to get out up the precipice, but could not; they tried each side, but the way was blocked. The sun went down; the rising wind began to howl mournfully, and the sea began to beat on the shore and boom like distress guns from the recesses. Towards midnight the sky cleared and the wind fell, and the moon rose out on the sea. Another hour went by, and a vessel crossed the wake of the moon—a large lighter, unfurnished with a boat. The boys shouted in vain. But the whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back; but, as the caves were inaccessible during neaps, it was supposed that one of the boys had been killed, and the other was lingering among the rocks afraid to come home. And so the two boats were fitted out, which eventually found them, and took them back to Cromarty late in the morning.

Young Hugh was always in some adventure more or less pleasant, and oftenest by the seashore. "In the course of my book-hunting," he says, "I had fallen in with two old-fashioned military treatises, part of the small library of a retired officer lately deceased, of which the one entitled the 'Military Medley' discussed the whole art of marshalling troops, and contained numerous plans, neatly coloured, of battalions drawn up in all possible forms, to meet all possible exigencies; while the other, which also abounded in prints, treated of the noble science of fortification according to the system of Vauban. I pored over both works with much perseverance, and, regarding them as admirable toybooks, set myself to construct on a very small scale some of the toys with which they spe-

cially dealt. The seashore appeared to my inexperienced eye an excellent field for the carrying on of a campaign. The sea sand I found quite coherent enough when still moistened by the waters of the receding tide to stand up in the form of towers and bastions, and long lines of rampart."

And as for men, there were periwinkles and purpuras for foot and dragoons, and turritellas for artillery. From the shore Hugh advanced inland and built a bolder fortress on a grassy knoll, complete even to ravelins, hornworks, and tenailles. "I was vastly delighted with my work; it would, I was sure, be no easy matter to reduce such a fortress; but, observing an eminence in the immediate neighbourhood, which could, I thought, be occupied by a rather annoying battery, I was deliberating how I might best take possession of it by a redoubt, when out started from behind a tree the factor of the property on which I was trespassing, and rated me soundly for spoiling the grass in a manner so wantonly mischievous. Hornwork and half-moon, tower and bastion, proved of no manner of effect in repelling an attack of a kind so little anticipated. I did think that the factor, who was not only an intelligent man, but had also seen much service in his day in the town links, as the holder of a commission in the Cromarty volunteers, might have perceived that I was labouring on scientific principles; but I suppose he did not, though, to be sure, his scold died out good-naturedly enough in the end, and I saw him laugh as he turned away."

But Hugh did not always stick to the shore. Sometimes he went to visit his relatives thirty miles inland, in the true Highlands, and once he tells how, jumping into a brook barefooted, he bruised his foot, so that it festered and was bad; and how with his bad foot he walked all the way home, "leaving at every few paces a blotch of blood on the road," and at last fainting away, and being found with his companion sheltering in a hayrick.

But of Hugh's boyhood we have here said enough—at any rate, for the present. When he left school he was apprenticed to a stonemason, and as a mason he worked round Cromarty until, in 1825, when he was in his twenty-third year, he went south to Edinburgh, where a new geological horizon—that of the Carboniferous System—formed his field. Stone-cutting for his living, fossil-hunting for his recreation, and reading for his home-work, he gradually became one of the best geologists in Scotland. On his return to his native district he was advised to leave off stone-work, and offered the post of accountant in a bank, which he accepted. Soon he published his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," his first successful book—his "Poems of a Journeyman Mason" had been a failure—then, taking much interest in the Non-intrusion controversy of the Scottish Church, he wrote a pamphlet which brought him to the notice of the projectors of a newspaper just starting, and he became the first editor of the "Witness." In that paper "The Old Red Sandstone" was being published, when in 1840 the British Association were at Glasgow, and Miller became quite the hero of the meeting. Henceforward he was one of the great ones. As a geologist his career was watched wherever geology was studied; as a journalist his essays and articles helped on a great advance in the Scottish press; and as a serious writer, broad in thought and pure in style, his books were welcomed everywhere. But in 1856 his brilliant career closed in shadow. Overworked, his brain gave way; and he died by his own hand.

(THE END.)



# A LESSON IN LACROSSE.

By E. T. SACHS, *Hon. Sec. South of England Lacrosse Association, President Middlesex Lacrosse Club, etc.*

## PART III.

FIGS. 6 and 7 depict the most difficult, but by far the prettiest catch of all. In the low front, side, and reverse catches, the fact that the ball is coming at a great pace

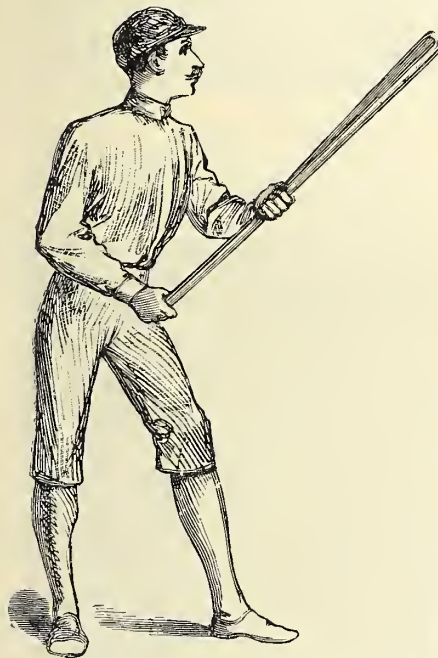


Fig. 6.—The High Front Catch (A).

does not matter, as it is falling right into the crosse; but the case is quite altered with the high front catch. The ball is coming straight at the player's face or chest—so high that he cannot raise his hands sufficiently to bring the broad part of the netting under it. In the ordinary way he will be content to beat it down on the ground, and then pick it up. But this means waste of time, which is measured by tenths of seconds at lacrosse. The alternative is to catch the ball. This is done by meeting it with the face of the netting as in Fig. 6, and simultaneously with the impact of the ball with the crosse, twisting the latter downwards towards the right, as in Fig. 7. Nearly the whole of the work is done with the Butt-hand (in this case the right), the left being a mere "journal," to use a mechanical term, in which the crosse turns. The harder the ball the quicker must the turn be made and the more exact

with the arrival of the ball; if it is the twentieth of a second late the ball has rebounded away from the player. Excellent practice can be obtained for this catch by twirling the crosse round and round whilst keeping the ball upon it against the wood. The catch should be practised at first with the ball thrown as gently as possible, the pace being gradually increased as the player grows expert.

In the foregoing illustrations the player has been shown with the left hand forward and the right hand at the Butt. But quite as many players adopt the reverse position to this, using what is called the overhand position. This is more affected by attack players, as it undoubtedly engenders a more rapid style of play, which is more needed on attack than on defence, where safety and power are more needed, although absolute slowness is no virtue—quite the contrary.

Fig. 8 shows a player in the act of catching the ball overhand. Nothing can be more simple than this catch, the ball being stopped by the Back, should it not be fairly



Fig. 7.—The High Front Catch (B).

caught on the netting. A double advantage is that it is in position for being thrown off

again immediately, the crosse being brought to the rear slightly, so as to get more power. In this throw the work is done by the lower or Butt-hand, the one at the Angle being nothing more than a movable fulcrum, so far as power is concerned, but it does the



Fig. 8.—The Overhand Catch.

guiding of the crosse, for direction. It is most important that the beginner should at once understand what are the separate functions of the two hands, in order that he may not waste time by practising the wrong thing. When the throw is made, the Butt-hand is brought past the left side of the body, so that a free swing is given to the crosse, the modulation of the pace, as well as direction, being given in the last part of the throw, the first part of which should not be violent, or the ball will be jerked off the crosse.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

### III.—Music Competition.

IN announcing this subject (*vide* page 42) we wrote thus:—

"We offer, as in previous years, TWO PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. IX.), or in the Summer and Christmas Parts of 1887. There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 13; Senior, from 13 to 24."

We now have pleasure in stating the results of our examination of the compositions sent into us. There was no difficulty whatever this time in deciding as to who should head the list, the first prize song being far in advance of any of the others in merit, though possessing the pretty general defect of being much too long. As there was no

thing to choose between the next two compositions, and as these first three competitors were all in the senior division, we have determined to award a special extra prize to both Edwards and Simpson, and give the junior prize to Townsend, who stands first in the junior division. We may mention that the *average* of merit in the first



class is not so high as it was last year. Two of the MSS., signed J. P. Gray, and Mathilde Brun, respectively, were copies, both words and music, from our columns. The competitors had apparently misread our offer.

Our Award is as follows, the numerals affixed to the names indicating the order of merit in which the competitors stand, irrespective of age.

#### SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

##### First Prize—Two Guineas.

1. SYDNEY HENRY THOMSON (age 19½), 3, Talcott Road, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

##### Special Extra Prizes—One Guinea each.

2. ARTHUR CHARLES EDWARDS (age 18½), care of Hugh Brooksbank, Esq., Mus D., Sunnyside, Canton, Cardiff.
2. H. FAULKNER SIMPSON (age 18½), The Vineyard, Abingdon.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

##### Prize—One Guinea.

3. GEORGE HERBERT HILL TOWNSEND (age 17), 457A, New Cross Road, S.E.

#### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT (First Class).

4. MONTAGU DE POMEROY WEBB, A.A. (age 18½), 56, Graham Road, Dalston, E.
5. VICTOR VAUGHAN (age 17), Church Hill, Handsworth, Birmingham.
6. JOHN THOMAS MCCALLUM (age 17½), 18, Emerville Avenue, South Circular Road, Dublin.
7. FRANK LLOYD (age 16), 46, Chatham Street, Liverpool.
8. JAMES HENDERSON (age 16½), 296, Leith Walk, N.B.
9. T. LEMMA (age 17), 64, Guildhall Street, Folkestone.
10. ERNEST HAROLD MELLING (age 18½), Singleton, Chichester.
11. W. VINCENT THOMAS (age 15), Rydal Mount School, Colwyn Bay.
12. EWART G. WEST (age 18), Lyndencote, Lillingston Road, Leamington Spa.
13. JOHN JOSEPH CULLEY (age 23), 7, Malvern Terrace, Park Lane, Tottenham, N.
14. JOSEPH P. LORE (age 20), 82, Wilbourne Road, Tottenham.
15. THOMAS CHARLES STOKES (age 15½), 5, Brooke's Terrace, Dixon Street, Limehouse, E.

#### CERTIFICATES (Second Class).

1. ARTHUR HANSON (age 20), 23, Starke Street, Keighley.
2. WILLIAM H. LONDON (age 17), Queen Street, Ross, Herefordshire.
3. WILLIAM MARTIN YEATES HURLSTONE (age 12), 21, Station Road, South Norwood, Surrey.
4. GEORGE HARE (age 19), 73, Bousfield Road, St. Catherine's Park, S.E.
5. GEORGE WALLACE MALIN (age 18), Stretton-under-Fosse, Rugby.
6. DANIEL JOHN COLLAR (age 15½), 6, Victoria Street, Whitstable.
7. HENRY WARD IRVINE (age 19½), 26, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.
8. W. AUGUSTUS MONTGOMERY (age 15), 16, South Street, Scarborough.
9. WALTER THOMAS JONES (age 15), 11, Myrtle Street, Mayfield Road, Dalston, E.
10. CHARLES EDWIN JOHNSON (age 15), 404, Stockport Road, Loughsight.
11. GILBERT FARQUHAR DAVIDSON (age 17), White Rock School, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
12. ALEXANDER DAMIENS REEVES (age 17½), 108, St. Stephen's Green West, Dublin, Ireland.
13. JAMES HENRY LAKEMAN (age 13½), 24, Richmond Villas, Holloway, N.
14. EDWIN LEE (age 14½), 92, Blackfriars Road, S.E.
15. E. OWEN RAMSAY (age 15), The Parsonage, Lochgilphead, N.B.
16. E. H. CHURCH (age 20), 18, St. Andrew Street, Cambridge.
17. WILLIAM JOHN PULLEN (age 15), 173, Bridge Street, Northampton.
18. ALLEN HUSSELL (age 18), 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.
19. OWEN JAMES JONES (age 14½), 5, Granard Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
20. EDITH A. B. GRANT (age 24), 2, Church Place, New Swindon, Wilts.
21. ARTHUR W. FITZSIMMONS (age 16), 10, Hilton Road, Tufnell Park, N.
22. HARRY LYNN (age 12), care of Rev. E. Blair-Allen, Winchcomb, Cheltenham.
23. WILLIAM HENRY BELL (age 14½), 20, Market Place, St. Albans, Herts.

23. VIOLET SPILLER (age 14), 1, Victoria Square, Clifton, Bristol.
24. CHARLES BLACKMORE (age 13), 4, Denbigh Terrace, Bayswater.
25. CHARLES THOMAS TAYLOR (age 19), Woodstock Villa, 37, Forest Lane, Stratford, E.
26. CHARLES ARTHUR MATTHEW (age 23), 1, Sir Garnet Villas, Hospital Road, Colchester.
27. ERNEST REEVES (age 14), Barford House, Churt, near Farnham, Surrey.
28. FRANCIS SAMUEL YOUNG (age 16½), The Green, Harlow, Essex.
29. JOHN ALLDRIDGE (age 19), 4, Meanley Road, Astley, near Manchester.
30. PERCY SCRIVENER (age 15), Silverdale, Alexandria Road, Reading.
31. JAMES W. BISHOP (age 16½), 37, Wostenholm Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.
32. JAMES WILLIAM BECKWITH (age 17), 10, Railway Terrace, Southend, Essex.
33. CHARLES THOMAS POWELL (age 15½), 18, Park Road, Southampton.
34. THOMAS N. EASTLAND (17½), Friars Thorns, Swaffham, Norfolk.
35. JAMES ROWEN THOMSON (age 13½), 2, Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.
36. WINIFRED MARY FAIRMAN (age 14½), 5, Atholl Place, Edinburgh.
37. FREDERICK ERNEST PACKER (age 13), The Firs, Norwich Road, Attleborough, Norfolk.



COMEDY (Bristol).—You will find the very thing you want in our Christmas Numbers.

H. J. MORGAN.—Young blackbirds and thrushes get tame enough if well fed and kindly treated. It is cruel, however, to deprive them of their liberty. Why not be content to hear them sing in the woods?

G. CROOK and Many Others.—Knock-knees can only be safely treated personally by a doctor.

L. C. C.—1. No; all plants want sunlight. 2. Grain and house-scraps for bantams, and a grass run. 3. No.

H. C. SMITH.—We know of no book on bantams exclusively.

LOVER OF PETS.—1. About a pound for a good little run for bantams. Make it yourself with wood and wirework. Any hen will bring out the eggs. 2. Yes; summer.

QUIZ.—It is owing to bad digestion. Get some ordinary bitter roots and herbs at a chemist's, and ask him how to make a decoction. Take two table-spoonfuls before each meal.

DOROTHEA.—1. You feed well enough, but give some green food, and put a teaspoonful of glycerine into the cockatoo's water daily. 2. Read back.

UGLY.—No; leave your hair alone. Red hair is not ugly.

A. J. FLECK.—The sentiment is good; the verses indifferent; but try again.

QUID PRO QUO.—Use Sanitas soap for the hands.

W. H. T.—Feed more naturally, and give dust-bath and grass run.

OLD VICARAGE.—1. Not unlike a blackbird's, though much bigger. 2. White. 3. White and red, streaked and spotted. 4. Jay's egg, a sort of brownish white, speckled with pale brown. 5. The egg you describe seems to be a robin's.

E. L.—Removing moles is dangerous.

MISS SYBIL P.—S.—You ask us to write more articles on snails and squirrels. We cannot. Sorry, but space forbids. *Re snails*—make a grass-floored house for them, with old planks of wood in the corner, cool and nice; and put all kinds of leaves, etc., in to them. Study nature, and follow it. We will have an article on the *Vivarium* before very long.

W. A. B.—Indigestion and liver. Take one or two Cocker's pills twice a week, and bitters. *Vide* answer to QUIZ.

J. E. F.—*Vide* answer to E. L.

H. E. S. G.—For blackbirds' food, etc. It is evident you do not take your B. O. P. regularly. Read back.

A. MOORE.—1. *Vide* reply to SYBIL. 2. Yes, give all animals pure clean water.

TAXIDERMIST.—Better not, perhaps, use corrosive sublimate; it is so deadly a poison. Use alum-paste instead.

DANDIE DINMONT.—The Rev. J. G. Wood's remarks referred to those collectors who attempt to pass off purchased insects as undoubtedly British. With regard to the ants, you cannot do better than procure a copy of Sir John Lubbock's "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," which will tell you all that you want to know. We cannot tell you how to obtain a "certificate that you are a naturalist." You can enter, of course, at one of the Universities with a view to taking a Bachelor of Science degree. To become a member of any society, you must generally be proposed by one member at least, and seconded by another, and balloted for at a meeting. After that it is a question of fees.

PISCUS.—The old cruel way of keeping goldfishes is to put them in a glass vase, change the water now and then, and feed them when you think of it. If you want to keep them healthy you must prepare a proper glass aquarium, with gravel, rock, and water-plants growing in it; and, when all is sweet and clean, put in a few pretty fish. Refer to our back numbers.

PHIL.—Seeds and German paste. The latter now is better bought than made. B. Soddy, 243, Walworth Road, S.E., would send you price. His is good.

IREX.—Put water in the cage, at all events. All birds drink.

JNO. MARTE.—We could not state the "best book" on Domestic Medicine. The largest is published at a g. sea by Cassell and Co. The smallest is Dr. Gordon Stables's "A. B. C. Guide to Health," Messrs. Hiffe and Co., publishers, Coventry, price one shilling.

RABBIT KEEPER.—Do not give damp cold greens again at night. Prevention is the cure for pot-belly. There is no other.

HENRY W. WHINTOCK.—Tricycle is supposed to be the best "growing" exercise for boys. But beware of using a cycle too big for you.

W. H. GREEN.—Begin cold morning tub in June, and keep it up all the year.

ADA WILLIAMS.—1. Yours is a sensible letter, and well penned, but rather long. 2. We wish you success with pigeons. You must breed your squeakers, then you will know they are squeakers. The eye must be educated by experience. Before you begin, get Wright's book, "The Pigeon Keeper," price 3s. 6d.

S. W. WELDER.—Dust a little sulphur into the squirrel's coat. Put in a clean cage, and see to better cleaning and bedding.

EDWARD.—Plenty of exercise, the morning tub, plain diet, and a teaspoonful of Parrish's Chemical Food thrice daily. You are a wise boy.

A. DONALD.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Tricycle or bicycle, and rowing and dumb-bells. 4. Two hours after a meal.

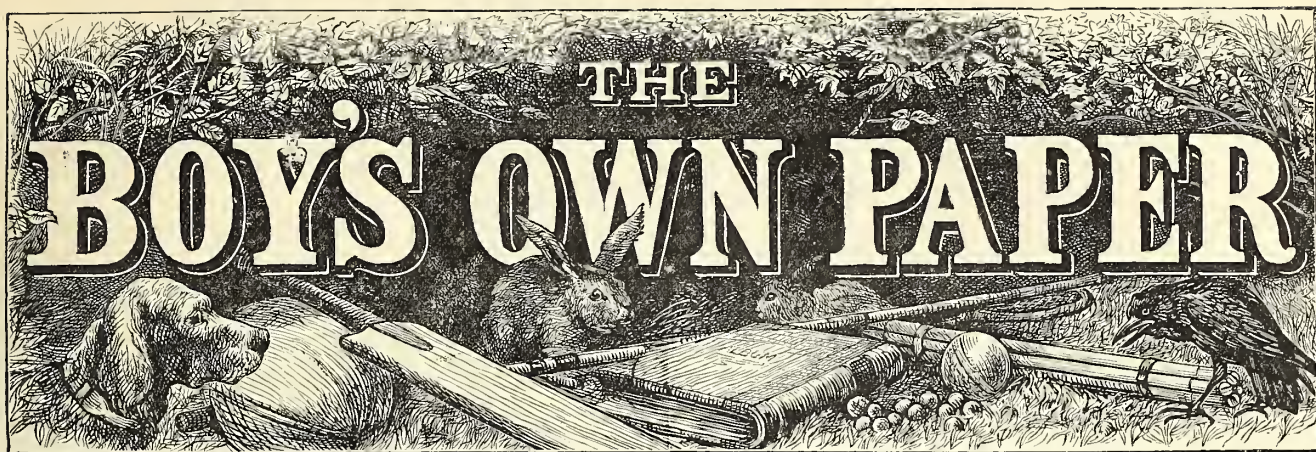
LIZZIE.—1. Buy the paste; it is *such* a bother to make and keep it else. 2. Mr. Soddy, 243, Walworth Road. 3. Blackbirds will eat this, but they want snails, and a stone to break them on; worms, shredded meat, etc.

C. J. H.—1. A cheap edition of Shakespeare is published by Dicks, Strand. 2. Plenty of exercise and plain food will increase the weight. Try the morning tub with a handful of sea-salt in it.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Just as you would polish horn. We refer you back to our paper on Bird-Stuffing and Taxidermy generally.

\* \* Our Special Extra SUMMER NUMBER is now ready, price 6d., and may be obtained through the booksellers. Every reader of the B.O.P. should endeavour to secure a copy at once.





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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

Price One Penny.  
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THE  
TREASURE OF  
THE CACIQUE:  
A MEXICAN STORY.

By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.,  
Author of "Waifs and Strays," "On a Winter's  
Night," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—A BURIED CITY.

As the smoke began to penetrate into the cave Bob felt that his hour had indeed come. He crept farther and

"All his efforts were fruitless."



farther back, but the suffocating vapour followed him closely, and soon he began to experience a difficulty in breathing.

At one time he almost made up his mind to make a bold dash on his adversaries; but then again he felt that, issuing from the cave half blinded by the smoke, he would have but little chance of escape, and would be beaten down in a moment.

All this time the smoke poured in thicker and thicker, and Bob's eyes began to smart, and his breath became more and more difficult to draw. The volume of noxious vapour now drove him to the extreme end of the cave; but the relief was only momentary, and he could hear the cruel laughter of Cifuentes and Simon as they exulted over their plan, and kept watchful guard at the mouth of the cave.

"All is over with me, I fear," cried Bob; and as the smoke poured in more densely he turned his face to the wall and prepared in prayer for death. Suddenly, to his extreme surprise, his hand slipped into a fissure in the rock, and feeling it eagerly, he discovered that it was about five feet in height, and almost wide enough to admit his body. With his hunting-knife he endeavoured to enlarge the aperture, and after a few moments' work a large piece of rock, which appeared to have been artificially placed in its position, slipped from its resting-place, and with a squeeze Bob managed to get his body into the fissure, which seemed of some depth. Utterly regardless of the tears and scratches which the sharp edges and points of the rocks inflicted upon his face and hands, the boy pushed onwards, for was not the deadly smoke still pursuing him closely?

By-and-by, however, as he proceeded farther, the suffocating vapour seemed to find another outlet, for it troubled him no longer, and a stream of cool air bathed his aching temples. Feeling his way cautiously, for the rocky passage was perfectly dark, and he greatly feared that every step might plunge him into some hidden pit, he pursued his way.

Occasionally the roadway was wet and slimy, and water dripped freely upon him from the roof; but now far away, at a great distance as it appeared, he saw a star which gleamed brightly through the darkness. A moment's reflection told him that this must be an opening at the other end, and that he was once again approaching the outer world. The welcome sight renewed his flagging energies, and with fresh vigour he pursued his way. Once or twice he thought he heard the dread sound which heralds the presence of the deadly rattlesnake, and occasionally his forehead was fanned by the wings of the loathsome vampire bats, which had apparently made a habitation of the cavern. Still, he pressed onwards until, bleeding and exhausted, he reached a large opening in the rock, and, blinded by the sudden transition from darkness into light, he sank half insensible upon the rocky threshold of the cavern.

But Bob's hardy nerves speedily recovered themselves, and in a few minutes he rose to his feet and surveyed with wonder the extraordinary scene that presented itself to his gaze.

In front of him a steep bank, composed entirely of smooth lava, stretched down to a lake of wide expanse, in whose blue waters were reflected the gilded minarets and domes of a city which was built round its margin. The buildings of the city were composed of some white substance, which shone like marble, and rose one above the other in a succession of terraces, whilst their roofs were adorned with gay flags and banners of all colours. It seemed as if some *fête* or gala was going on, for Bob could see crowds of the inhabitants, in brilliant-coloured dresses, moving about, whilst strains of music struck faintly on his ears. Elaborately-painted boats, gorgeous with gilding and ornate with purple sails, glided over the smooth surface of the lake, whilst all around the lofty mountains, with their inaccessible peaks, seemed to guard the city from the intruder's vision.

"Really," said Bob, to himself, "I do firmly believe that I have stumbled upon the City of the Cacique, and, in spite of Arthur and his wonderful scroll, have reached the wished-for haven the first. But softly! I must not venture amongst the Indians without the mystic safeguard. I suppose I shall have to wait a reasonable time until the coast is clear, and then go back through the cavern, though I don't half like the idea, and bring Arthur with me as soon as his ankle will allow of his moving."

But whilst Bob was making this excellent arrangement an unforeseen incident upset all his plans. Whilst too eagerly watching the strange scene he had drawn very close to the sloping bank of lava, and just then, his foot slipping, he fell, and began sliding down its polished surface. In vain he attempted to dig his heels and fingers into the lava to arrest his progress; all his efforts were fruitless. Faster and faster he slid down, and at last losing his equilibrium altogether, he rolled over and over until he plunged with a splash into the blue waters of the lake.

But more than one watchful eye had noticed the form sliding down the lava-bank, and hardly had he touched the water than a score of boats shot out from all directions to the spot, and as he rose to the surface twenty pairs of eager hands clutched him and drew him into a boat. With much outcry, in a language which he did not understand, and with many a gleaming weapon brandished fiercely in his face, Bob was hurriedly rowed to the shore, where his eyes were bandaged and his arms bound behind him.

He could tell from the sounds that he was passing through an excited crowd; then he felt himself propelled up a flight of steps, and at last, on the bandage being removed from his eyes, he found himself in a vaulted room, the walls of which were of glistening white, while a rude bed with skin coverings stood in one corner, and composed the entire furniture of the room. Then his captors unbound his arms, and one of them, bringing a few rude blacksmith's tools made of stone, riveted a set of light fetters on the boy's arms. A pitcher of water and some Indian-corn bread was next placed in a corner of the room, and without a word Bob was left alone.

As he recovered himself he glanced round the room, and then at the fetters upon his wrists, when, to his amazement, they appeared to be of solid gold.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE FAIR-HAIRED PRIESTESS.

THE shock that Arthur had received was very great—much greater, indeed, than his Indian escort imagined, and shortly after they had entered the tunnel he sank into a lethargic state, which was half sleep and half a swoon; nor did he awake from it until long after his arrival in the City of the Cacique.

On recovering his senses, it was some time before he could collect his scattered faculties and remember the events of the past few hours.

He found himself lying on a lofty bed, upon a number of deerskins, dressed so skilfully as to have attained the softness of velvet; lamps emitting a fragrant odour gave a soft light, and through an open doorway at the other end of the room he could see a vast chamber, in which the occasional gleam of arms showed that a good watch was kept upon the security of the White Prince. Near to the couch two handsome Indian boys were crouched upon the ground, and by their side stood a salver formed of some shining metal, upon which were placed cooling beverages and fruits of various descriptions.

As Arthur stirred wearily upon his couch, both boys started to their feet.

"Has the Prince need of anything?" asked the first, in the Indian dialect that Arthur knew so well.

"Hush, Arni!" said the other. "He is weary; disturb not his rest."

"Where am I?" questioned Arthur, turning towards Arni.

"In the Palace of the Cacique," was the reply.

At that moment a form appeared in the doorway, and the grey-headed chief who had headed the party that had brought Arthur to the city appeared and made a low obeisance.

"I have you to thank for my life," said Arthur, extending his hand towards him.

The old Indian took it respectfully, and, kneeling down, placed it on the top of his head.

"We but did our duty," murmured he. "And now let the White Prince listen to the words of his servant. For many weary years we have kept watch over this city and the treasure that it contains. Our Cacique had the misfortune accidentally to slay his son, the young Prince, and the Priests of the Sun told him that he must make expiation for his crime by becoming a wanderer upon the face of the earth until he should find a pale-face youth who would treat him well; to him he was to give the mystic scroll which he carried with him, and to the bearer of it we were to deliver the treasure which had for many years rested here. All is ready, we will escort you whither you wish, and then we shall be free to leave the city in which we have so long stayed."

"And is the treasure mine?" cried Arthur. "What have I done to deserve it?"



"The Cacique has willed it so," answered the grey-headed chief. "Are we not his servants, and bound to obey his will?"

"And when am I at liberty to depart?" asked Arthur.

"When three suns shall have risen and set, then all will be ready, and the White Prince shall go forth, and the watchers of the City of the Sun shall be free," was the reply.

"But why must I be detained so long?" demanded Arthur. "I have a brother who will be in despair at not knowing what has become of me; he will be wandering about the mountains, and will think that I have deserted him."

"The three suns must rise and set before the appointed time arrives, and the Stone of Horror must be moistened with blood before the gates of the City of the Sun can be opened to give exit to the Treasure of the Cacique," answered the old man.

"But can you not send out a party to search for and bring in my brother," urged Arthur.

"None of the sons of the Sacred City can leave it until the White Prince departs; so says the ancient writing in the hands of the priests," answered the Indian. "Would the Prince wish to converse with the fair-haired Daughter of the Temple?"

"Who is that?" asked Arthur; "but never mind; let her come in, whoever she is."

The old chief bowed and retired, and in a few minutes a young girl of some fourteen years of age entered the room, and saluted Arthur.

"Can this be an Indian girl?" thought the boy. "Impossible! those flaxen locks and blue eyes surely never came from Indian stock."

And, indeed, it would have been difficult to have taken the maiden for an Indian girl. She was fantastically dressed in gaily-coloured cotton clothes, it is true, and was absolutely covered with gold ornaments rudely shaped and engraved; but her long, fair hair hung down to her waist, her feet were encased in deerskin sandals, and in her hand she bore a rod of cedar-wood.

Such was the apparition that presented itself to the astonished eyes of Arthur.

"Has the Prince need of my presence?" she asked, speaking in the same dialect as had been used by the old chief.

Arthur gazed at her in speechless astonishment.

"She reminds me of some one," he said, aloud, in English. "Whoever can it be that she resembles?"

The girl started as the words struck upon her ear.

"What?" exclaimed she, with equal surprise, and in the same tongue. "Are you English?"

"Certainly I am," replied he; "but I little thought to find a countrywoman here. Who are you?"

"I and my mother," she answered, with a tone of sadness, "came out to join my father and brothers; our caravan was attacked by the Apaches, my poor mother was slain by an arrow, and I was carried off by the savages. A party of the braves of the Sacred City fell in

with my captors, routed them, and rescued me; and saying that I should be a fit attendant for the White Prince, who would soon come, brought me here."

"You came out to join your father and brother?" cried Arthur. "And your name is—?"

"Lily Sedgwick," answered the child.

"And your brothers' names?"

"Bob and Arthur."

"My dearest sister," exclaimed the boy, and in another moment brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

"And so our poor mother is dead?" said Arthur; "then we are indeed orphans;" and he told Lily the sad fate of their father. Both of them wept.

"And where is Bob," asked Lily.

"Wandering about the mountains in search of me, I fear," answered Arthur. "I wish he could find his way here."

"Do not wish anything of the kind," said Lily, with a shiver. "They would sacrifice him upon the Stone of Horror were he ten thousand times our brother. But when do you leave this?"

"In three days' time," answered he. "They said that certain ceremonies had to be performed before I could leave."

"But you will not leave me behind?" pleaded Lily, in tears.

"I would sooner abandon all the Treasure of the Cacique," was the reassuring answer. "But I have an idea. These queer people are evidently strangely suspicious; let us say nothing about our relationship, and so to them you will still be the Fair-haired Priestess, and I—"

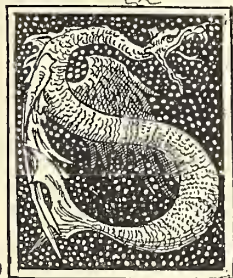
"The White Prince," said Lily, with a smile.

And so it was settled.

(To be continued.)

## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS; OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



### PART III.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As Udden was the appearance of the men-at-arms, Barthold and Amaury were prepared for them, and, with Romarik and Bugh in front, were waiting on the defensive, when one of the strangers rode out in front and came on alone.

As far as could be seen at the distance, he was a young leader of tall and powerful build, and proud and pleasant bearing.

As he neared the group of four he placed one of his hands on his left breast and lifted the other on high, with the palm turned towards them. This was

the usual salutation and sign of peace in Brittany.

Amaury and Barthold sheathed their swords, and, telling Romarik to keep behind Bugh, advanced a few paces to meet the young Breton.

"What a soldierly figure!" said Amaury, admiringly. "What a noble, truthful face! It must be one of their princes; but I never saw him before. I do not know him."

"But I think I know him," said Barthold. "Yes, I do! It is Nomenoe!"

The Breton heard him as he rode up. "Yes," he answered, "I am Nomenoe. My open hand is that of a friend. Is



Count Efflam with you? I have come in search of him. For his own sake I want to speak to him."

Barthold replied that the count was then absent, but that he and Amaury were acquainted with his secrets, and were ready to take his place in all that concerned his hopes or his honour.

Nomenoe seemed much disappointed that he had not arrived sooner, and asked the paladins to come and sit by him among some rocks close by.

"I know," said he, with graceful courtesy, "that all those who call themselves Count Efflam's companions are worthy of the confidence of their chief. Listen to me, then. What I am about to tell you is true."

Amaury and Barthold replied by a sympathetic gesture, and sat down in front of him. After a moment's pause to collect his thoughts, Nomenoe began:

"There is one name that must be mentioned between us at the outset—that of Morgana. It is my duty to respect her. I am not her enemy, but our ways are not the same, and in the interest of the Breton nation it is time I said something about my rights."

"Your rights!" exclaimed the paladins.

"The blood of King Morvan flows in my veins. I am his son!"

"You?"

"Yes, his son. A strange woman gave me birth during one of the distant expeditions of the great Armorican chief. He had me educated far away from his home, fearing, no doubt, the anger of Morgana. But as she remained childless, he himself proclaimed my origin, and said to me, 'Come out of the shadow and take your place on my right hand.' Although I was but a child, Morgana received me with repulsion, with hate. The year following she gave birth to a daughter, and in her joy she forgot me. Daughters, however, do not reign in Brittany; but Morgana hoped she would have a son. Then came the time when the Emperor Lodwig carried the war into the revolted territory, and my father and his people were massacred, and the child who was my sister was burnt in her cradle. The Emperor Lodwig showed himself pitiless on that day, and for years I had thought of reprisals on his race. But when I saw how he suffered I had pity, and seeing that Heaven had taken over his chastisement, Nomenoe forgave him."

"I know," said Barthold. "I saw it. I understand you now, and in the name of the heirs of the great Karl I thank you."

The Breton blushed, and, as if to excuse his generous forbearance, he said,

"My father's shade appeared to me at St. Médard, and said to me, 'Think not of the past, become the friend of him who conquered me.' That is why I had the courage to disobey Morgana, who until then had held me in absolute domination. If since our separation I have escaped her resentment, it is because God protects me and will make me king. Most of our warriors have recognised me as such. Can I reckon on an alliance with your emperor?"

"That alliance," said Barthold, solemnly, "I can promise you. We will

both undertake that it shall be granted; do we not, Amaury? And Count Efflam will join with us. But what is it you wish to say to him so particularly?"

"I have come to offer my services to the count to help him recover his possessions. I wish to be his faithful ally. Where is he now?"

Amaury consulted Barthold with a look, and then related the unexpected visit of Morgana and her departure with the count.

"Then," said the Breton, "this is no time for talk, but for action! I do not know what Morgana's secret design may be with regard to the count and countess, but I know how much she desires to get them into her power. We must get on the track this instant."

"Have you any idea," asked Amaury, "where the woman is likely to have taken him?"

"Morgana's haunts are many," said Nomenoe. "There is only one man who knows them all, and that is Ragnar, and he ought to be with her. Never mind! With the help of my companions and yours we shall, I hope, discover the road."

"But chiefly with the help of this guide," said Romarik, coming forward with Bugh.

"Oh!" said the late chief of the besiegers, with a smile. "Yes, I know the hound with the wolf teeth. We have been enemies."

Then, seeing that Romarik was blind, he continued, in a tone of sincere sympathy,

"What! has the brave defender of Glay lost his eyes? He did not deserve that! Morgana is cruel!" and taking Romarik's hand he pressed it cordially in his.

A few minutes later the expedition was on the march. It consisted of Amaury and Barthold, and the companions of Nomenoe, some fifty in all, all picked men, and mounted on active Breton horses.

At the head of the cavalcade went Bugh, dragging Romarik behind him. The order of march and the leisurely progress did not, however, suit the impatient Amaury.

But Romarik replied, "If I were not here Bugh would not go with you. I alone know his language. Do not deprive me of the feeble part that I am allowed to take in delivering my master."

"The blind man is right," said Nomenoe. "This is the only way we can go at present. When we find the secret of the trail, Romarik and I will be the first to cry 'On!'"

Notwithstanding his blindness, Romarik went along at a rapid pace, Bugh, with marvellous instinct, guiding him clear of obstacles. Soon they reached the place where Morgana had found her escort and Count Efflam had been placed on horseback.

Nomenoe then dismounted, and for about a mile walked along, carefully examining the footprints of the horses and men.

In a few minutes he had discovered the number of Morgana's followers, and told the paladins. A few yards farther on, where the ground was softer and the traces more distinct, he asked them to dismount and look at certain marks

he had just examined with peculiar care.

"Do you see the step of that horse?" said he. "It is halting, hesitating, irregular, unnatural—"

"Well?"

"Did you not say that Morgana made the count promise to be blindfolded?"

"Yes. Why?"

"That is the troubled step of a horse led by a man on foot. Do you not see the marks of the two sandals on the right side all along? Look here! The horse jibbed here, and the man had to turn round to him. This horse had some one on his back who could not guide him, and that means it carried the count."

Amaury and Barthold acknowledged the sagacity of the young chief, and the way was resumed at a quicker pace.

It was really marvellous to watch the attentive fashion, the complaisant subtlety, with which Bugh led Romarik and acted as his eyes. Without once straying from the trail, without halting once in his progress, the hound looked back every now and then at the blind man, and gave a gentle, almost noiseless, bark, to which Romarik replied in words only intelligible to the dog. It seemed as though they were talking together. And, thanks to his perfect understanding, the pursuit continued with as much speed as assurance.

Suddenly Bugh stopped and barked, and Romarik immediately exclaimed, "Go forward, knight; I do not understand the dog! See what he means!"

Nomenoe was by Bugh's side in an instant, and with him were Barthold and Amaury.

It was the place where Morgana had met Ragnar.

It was impossible to make out the leader's name, but it was easy to see how many men he led.

"She is now stronger than we are," said Nomenoe, suddenly become thoughtful. "It is better that we should be equal."

And he called by name two of his youngest men, who, as soon as they had received his orders, departed in different directions, at a gallop.

The rest of the cavalcade followed on after Bugh and Romarik.

"Son of King Morvan," asked Barthold, after a short silence, "can you not tell us what message you gave to those two horsemen?"

"Excuse me for having forgotten," said the Breton. "I sent them to two detachments of my followers, ordering them to join us as soon as possible."

"Here?"

"At first; but that they could follow us without hesitation. I am leaving them signs of our having passed, as you see."

And from time to time Nomenoe broke off a bough and threw it on the path, but it was always an oak bough.

Amaury was curious to know the reason of this precaution.

"I chose the oak as our sign of meeting, because it is the king of trees."

Soon they reached a second marshy plateau, which showed every footprint as clearly as it had been made. Nomenoe leapt to the ground.

But it was not to read afresh the

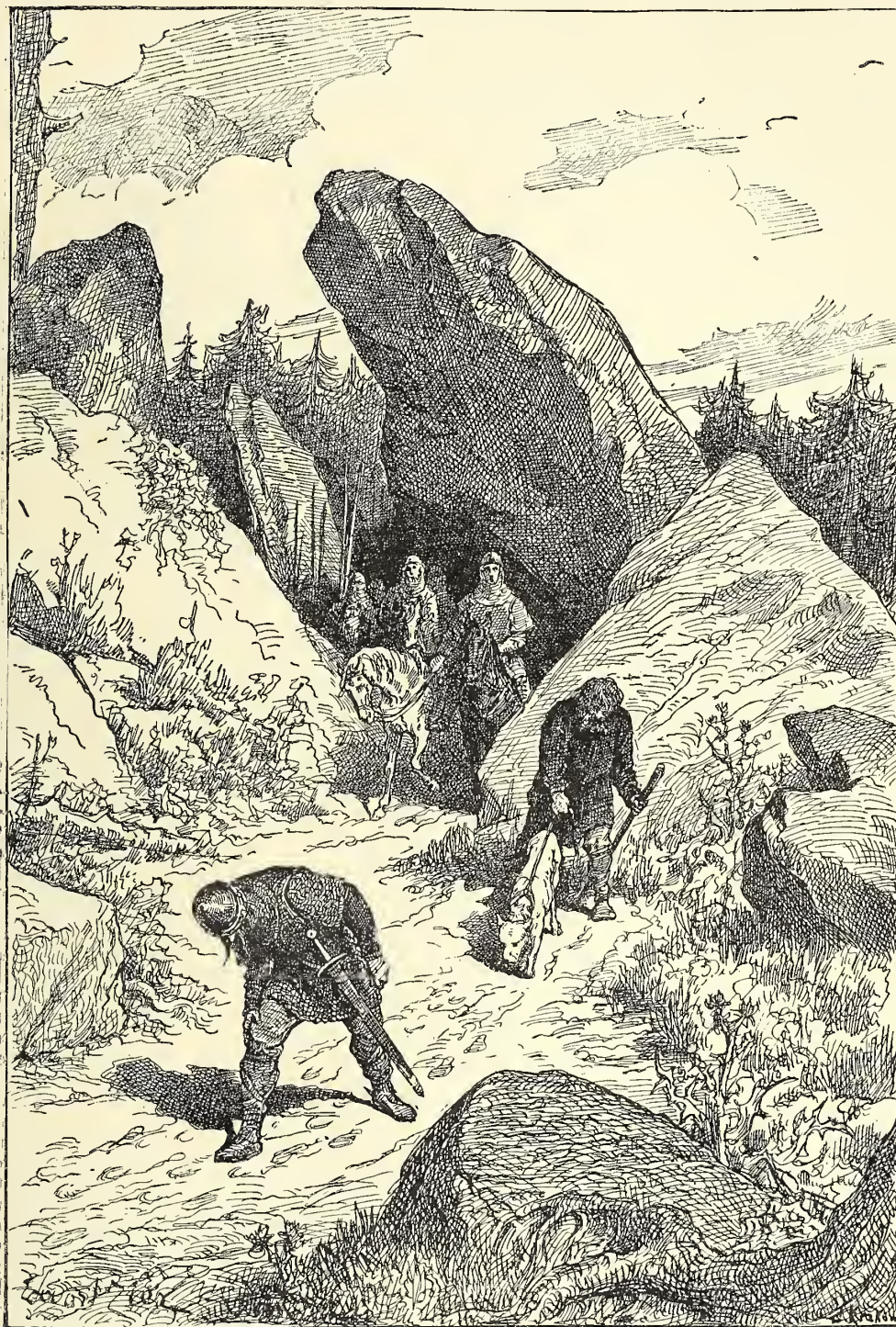


footmarks of the count's horse, but to make out the meaning of the steps of the two other horses, which now had evidently kept on its right flank.

been annoyed by the arrival of the leader of these horsemen, evidently; she has disputed with him as they rode together; she must have exer-

pered, furious fellow! If I did not recognise his hypocritical submission I should say it was Ragnar!"

The young chief's reasoning was, it



"Carefully examining the footprints of the horses and men."

"This is strange," said he, after a lengthy examination. "Morgana's pace is no longer the same. I fancy I can recognise her mark amongst these. It looks like the black hackney. But it seems here to be guided by an impatient, fevered hand, angry, as if in strife. This is not the calm, triumphant hand with which she started. She has

cised her authority, for here the step is firm and royal, but the gait of the other horse is penitent and laboured, and crushed into the ground. She must have been in a rage here. And here, farther on, are drops of blood! To ill-treat a horse like that, the rider must have been in a great and impotent rage! It must be some violent-tem-

pered, furious fellow! If I did not recognise his hypocritical submission I should say it was Ragnar!"

The young chief's reasoning was, it will be seen, almost as good as second sight. "King of the Bretons," said Amaury, whose anxiety was much increased by their conjectures, "the footprints can tell you no more. The time is passing, and our guide is disappearing in the distance. Come on!"

Nomenoe leapt into his saddle and



went on at a gallop, not without a last glance of regret at the enigma he could not completely decipher.

For an hour the ride was resumed, and then the sound of the river was heard, and Bugh made a dead stop and barked loudly. At the same time he scratched the ground and seemed to be furious.

"What is it, Bugh?" asked the blind man, feeling his way in front.

His hands touched a tree. From the tree hung a broken strap, the other part of which was now on Bugh's neck and served as his chain.

"I understand, my brave dog!" said Romarik. "Here you were tied; here you were attacked; here you conquered them! But your coat had been in the river—in that river, probably. Is that it, Bugh?"

The hound turned towards the stream and answered with an affirmative bark.

And then he came and rubbed against the blind man's knees and licked his face.

Then the dog found the ford, and the cavalcade crossed the river.

At the foot of a huge oak they found the grave dug for Ragnar. But it was empty. The corpse had gone!

Nomenoc, whom no indication escaped, noticed that on one of the branches there was a graze, as if caused by a tightly-stretched cord, and he asked himself what heavy object could have been hung to the branch.

Before crossing the river he had taken the strap off the tree and now held it in his hand. After thinking for a moment, he stood up in his stirrups and tried if the strap would fit the mark. It fitted it exactly.

Nomenoc looked at the open grave at the foot of the oak, and said to the dog,

"So much the better for you, Bugh, if what I suspect is true. The hangman's rope brings luck."

"What do you mean?" asked Barthold.

Nomenoc pointed to the branch and the grave.

"This strap, it appears to me, was not only used to tie up the dog, but first to hang a man. There is the dog. Where is the man?"

"Woe to them," said Amaury, "if the man was Count Efflam."

And, without waiting for his companions, he spurred on his horse.

"Be it so," said Nomenoc, galloping after him. "In case the trail fails, we can again call on the blind man and his dog. Stay here for a time."

The cavalcade disappeared in a whirlwind of dust.

"Ah," said Romarik, sitting down on the heap of earth thrown out of the grave. "To know that my master is in danger and that I cannot help him! To remain behind powerless and useless! No, Morgana! never will I be as cruel in my vengeance as you have been."

And, as if he understood, Bugh came and caressed him.

Amaury was rejoined by his companions on the banks of a stream, which they hastened to cross.

The trail continued plainly enough beyond. For a few moments they followed it. Then Nomenoc, who had evidently been musing, said,

"Does it not seem to you that these

footprints are not so many as they were?"

"What can it matter?" asked Amaury. "Let us get on."

Nomenoc did not insist at the moment, but in a few minutes he halted.

"Halt!" he said, "I must look into these marks more closely. Wait a moment."

Already he was on the ground, bend-

thicket all round. Romarik and Bugh will help you. We must find the body of the man that was hanged."

The men went off, Romarik and the dog following them.

"And what are we to do?" asked Barthold.

"We must wait. If our hands are not at work our brains can be."

He sat down on a hillock, and, with



"Bugh came and caressed him."

ing over the marks. Soon he stood upright, proud and convinced.

"There is no trace here of the count's horse, or the horse of the unknown chief, or Morgana's hackney. We must go back. We are on a false trail."

At the same moment they heard in the distance the bark of the hound.

"Listen," said Nomenoc; "the faithful dog has discovered the ruse, and is calling us back. Gallop!"

As they turned Amaury brought his horse alongside that of Nomenoc, whom he addressed with frank humility.

"I crave your pardon," son of King Morvan. "It's the duty of those of my age to act only under their chief's orders."

"My days are no more than yours," said Nomenoc. "But we are in Brittany, and I am a Breton."

On the other bank of the stream they found Romarik and Bugh.

The dog, with his intelligent head above the long grass, seemed to be barking up stream.

"That is awkward," said Nomenoc. "What can have become of them? Morgana may pretend to command the elements, but how could she carry away Count Efflam?"

"What is your advice?" said Barthold.

"Wait," said the young chief. "Let my men have a turn. Come here, Auden."

Auden, a handsome fellow of about five-and-twenty, came hastily forward to receive his orders. He was told to go two hundred yards or so up the stream, and in some way obstruct or turn its course.

With twenty of his companions he rode off to begin work.

"As for you," said Nomenoc, "go back to the foot of the oak under which we found the grave, and search the

his forehead in his hand, seemed lost in thought.

"The water is going down," said Amaury, chafing at the long silence.

"Oh, don't be uneasy!" said Nomenoc. "My men will soon raise a dyke that will pond back all this stream for as long a time as we want it."

In a few minutes it became so shallow that sand and pebbles in its bed could be seen, with here and there a patch of mud.

Amaury would have gone down to it, but Nomenoc stopped him.

"Patience!" he said. "We must not spoil the slightest mark until we have studied it."

In a few minutes the bed of the stream was dry, and all over it were traces of men and horses.

"See," said the Breton, triumphantly—"see if I am right! She shall not escape us, notwithstanding all her stratagems! I know them!"

Then, as if these prints, unintelligible to his companions, were clear enough to him, he added, "That is her trail, right enough! It is calm and regular and free, like that of a woman assured of success. I do not see the mark of the chief on the right, but there is Count Efflam's mark. Look!"

"And living?" asked Amaury and Barthold. "Was he living when they took him along, then?"

"We shall soon know," replied the Breton, pointing towards the oak. "There are our friends coming back."

In front of them came two prisoners, and behind them a sort of litter, on which was an inert mass like a corpse. Around the prisoners leapt Bugh, barking furiously. They were the men who had tried to kill him.

"Mercy!" said they, throwing themselves at Nomenoc's feet. "You alone are our king! Mercy!"



He repulsed them scornfully and ran towards the litter.

Amaury and Barthold were then before him.

The litter held a man half insensible, with a face purple in colour, and a red mark round his neck.

It was not Count Efflam.

His name escaped, like a curse, from Nomenoe's lips.

"Ragnar! Ragnar! I thought so!"

Then, as Morgana's fierce lieutenant was incapable of answering any questions, Nomenoe came back to the prisoners.

They told him what the reader knows, and that after Bugh's escape they had come back to bury Ragnar, and as they were lifting him into the grave, found that he breathed; and that they had been trying to bring him back to life until they were disturbed by the approach of the cavalcade, when they carried him into the thicket close by.

This story was true. Ragnar confirmed it himself. He had opened his eyes, and raised himself half up to speak.

"Nomenoe," said he, "you know now how Morgana has recompensed me for my services. And you understand that henceforth I am not your enemy."

"But I am always yours," said the Breton. "Never shall the loyal hand of Nomenoe touch yours."

"Be it so," said Ragnar; "but consider you may want me. I alone know Morgana's haunts; I alone can lead you to the one you seek."

Nomenoe hesitated as if struggling with an invincible repulsion.

"I will buy from traitors, but I will not ally myself with them," said he. "Tell me your secret."

"That is what I meant," said Ragnar. "And these are the conditions."

"What?"

"First, promise me my life and your protection."

"Provided you abstain from forfeiting it, remember that! Is that all?"

"No! There was a reward which Morgana promised me, and which at the last moment escaped me. You must promise it me in your turn."

"What is it?"

"That is my secret."

"And you want Nomenoe to pledge himself without knowing what or when you may call upon him to fulfil his promise?"

"Yes; for I offer in exchange not only the freedom and lives of Morgana's captives, but your assured triumph over this pretended queen. I know all her secrets, as you know. I offer you a crown. It is just that you yield to the ardent ambition I hide in my heart. I know why you hesitate. It is because you keep your promises to the letter. Will you promise?"

The ambitious Breton remained passive and silent with his hand on his chest. Suddenly, as if his hand touched some invisible object, the remembrance

of which decided him, he raised his head and said,

"I promise."

And while he uttered the words Amaury and Barthold, who were anxiously awaiting his reply, saw a strange smile pass over his lips.

But Ragnar, in his joy at his rescue and secret hope, did not notice his smile, and exclaimed,

"Then it is agreed that the day you are king you will give me what I ask as the price of my services?"

"Yes," said Nomenoe, dwelling on each word; "the reward that Morgana promised you, that you deserved so well, and that in the last moment you escaped. These are your own words, are they not?"

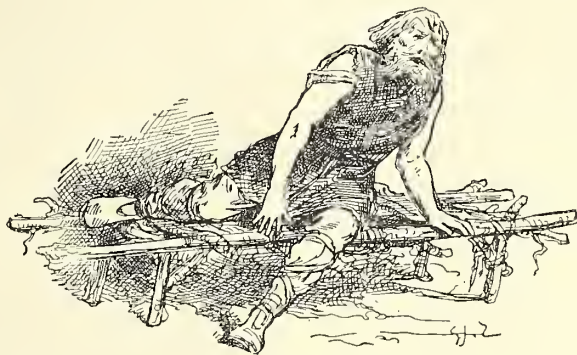
"Exactly. Well?"

"Well, that reward you shall have from me. I promise you!"

And he ordered his men to give Ragnar a horse, and, mounting his own, he said, in a loud, bell-like voice,

"Forward on the track, my friends."

(To be continued.)



## THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—CLEARING UP AND CLEARING OUT.

RAILSFORD'S farewell evening in his house was not destined to be a peaceful one.

He had scarcely returned from the masters' dinner, meditating a few final touches to his packing, when Sir Digby Oakshott, Baronet, waited upon him.

The Baronet was evidently agitated; and more than that, his face was one-sided, and one of his eyes glowed with all the colours of the rainbow.

"Why, Oakshott," said the master, "what is the matter? You have been fighting?"

"That's not half of it," said Dig, excitedly. "I say, Marky—I mean Mr. Railsford; please Herapath wants to see you. He's in a bad way upstairs. It's that cad Felgate. He's bashed us. He was in an awful wax about the dodge we played him over that sack, you know, and tried to

pay us out the other day; but we kept him out. But he's been waiting his chance ever since; and when I was out of the study this evening, he came in, and gave it hot to Herapath. When I got back, Arthur was about done, and then Felgate turned on me. If I'd been bigger, I could have got a stroke or two in at his face; but I couldn't do it. I barked his shins though, and gave him one on the neck with my left. So he didn't get it all his own way. But, I say, can't you come up and see old Herapath? You haven't got any raw beef-steaks about, have you? He'll want a couple to set him right."

Railsford hurried upstairs.

Arthur was lying on his sofa, blinking up at the ceiling with his one open eye—an eloquent testimony both to his friend's veracity and to the activity of his assailant.

"You see," he began, almost before Railsford reached the bedside, so anxious was he to excuse his battered appearance, "he caught me on the hop, Marky, when I never expected him, and gave me no time to square up to him. I could have made a better fight of it if he'd given me time between the rounds; but he didn't."

Railsford made no remark on the unequal conflict, but did what he could to assist the sufferer, and reduce his countenance to its normal dimensions.

Arthur was far less concerned at his wounds than at the moral injury which he had suffered in being so completely punished in the encounter. He feared Railsford would entertain a lower opinion of him in consequence.

"If I'd have only known he was coming I could have made it hotter for him," he said; "only he got my head in



chancery early, and though I lashed out all I could, he took it out of me. Marky, do you mind feeling if my ribs are all right? I sort of fancied one of 'em had gone."

His ribs, however, were all there; and, badly as he was bruised, Railsford was able to pronounce that no bones were broken, which greatly relieved both the boys.

The master helped the wounded warrior to undress, and then assisted him up to the dormitory, where, after carefully tucking him up, and advising Dig to turn in too, he left him and returned to his room.

His impulse was immediately to summon Felgate, and mete out to him exemplary chastisement for his dastardly act. But on second thoughts he remembered that he was, or rather he would be to-morrow, no longer master of the house. Besides, much as the chastisement might have relieved his own feelings, it would leave the house and every one in it in much the same position as heretofore.

Putting everything together he decided that his last official act should be to report the matter to the Doctor next morning, and leave him to deal with it.

Having come to which conclusion, he strapped up his portmanteau and sent an order to Jason for his cab to-morrow.

He was meditating an early retirement to bed, when a knock sounded at the door, and the three prefects entered.

It seemed a long while since their first embarrassed meeting in that same room at the beginning of last term. Much had happened since then. The house had gone down into the depths and risen to the heights. There had come disgrace and glory, defeat and victory. The ranks of the prefects themselves had been broken, and the master himself had ended his brief career amongst his boys. But as great a change as any had been the growing respect and sympathy between Railsford and his head boys.

It was long since he had learned the secret that sympathy is the golden key to a boy's heart. As long as he tried to do without it, sitting on his high horse, and regarding his pupils as mere things to be taught and ordered and punished, he had failed. But from the moment he had seized the golden opportunity presented by the misfortune of the house to throw in his lot with it, and make his interests and ambitions those of his boys, he had gained a hold which no other influence could have given him.

His prefects had led the way in the reaction which had set in in his favour, and perfect confidence bound them all together in no common bond.

"Do you mind our disturbing you, sir?" said Ainger. "We didn't want you to go without our telling you how awfully sorry we are. We don't know what will become of the house."

"I'm not sure that I much care," said Stafford.

"How good of you to come like this," said the master. "For I wanted to talk to you. You *must* care, Stafford, and all of you. You surely aren't going to give up all the work of these two terms just because a little misfortune has befallen us?"

"It's not a little misfortune," said Ainger, "but a very great one."

"All the more reason you should not be knocked over by it. Didn't we all set ourselves to work last term in the face of a big misfortune, and didn't we get some good out of it for the house? It will be my one consolation in leaving to feel sure you will not let the work of the house flag an inch. Remember, Railsford's is committed to the task of becoming cock house of the school. Our eleven is quite safe. I'm certain no team in all the rest of the houses put together can beat us. But you must see we give a good account of ourselves on prize day too. Some of the boys have flagged a little lately in work. We must keep them up to it—not by bullying—nobody will work for that—but by working on their ambition, and making the cause of each boy the cause of the whole house."

Railsford, as he uttered these words, seemed to forget how soon he would have to say "you" instead of "we." He had hardly realised yet what that meant.

"We'll try hard," said Ainger. "But what we wanted to say, besides letting you know how sorry we are, was to ask if it's really necessary for you to go? Is there no way of getting out of it?"

"None at all, that I can see," said Railsford.

"Fellows say you know who it was assaulted Mr. Bickers last term and won't tell. Perhaps it's to save some fellow in the house from being expelled. But—"

"My dear fellows," said Railsford, "don't let's spoil our last evening by talking about this miserable affair. I can't tell you anything at all, I can only ask you to believe I have good reasons for what I'm doing. They ought to be good reasons, if the price I have to pay is to leave Grandcourt, and all of you."

It was evidently no use trying to "draw" him further; and as the first bed bell sounded shortly afterwards, they withdrew after a cordial but dismal farewell.

"I shall see you again in the morning before I go," said he.

The prefects walked away abstracted and downcast. It was all very well for him to say "Keep the work up when I am gone." But how were they to do it? He was the pivot on which all their work had been turning; and without him what chance was there of keeping the house together for a day?

"Come in here a minute, you fellows," said Ainger, as they reached the captain's door. "We *must* do something to stop it."

"That's a very feeble observation to make," said Barnworth. "Is that what you want us to come in here for?"

"No, hang it, Barnworth, there's no time for chaff at present. What I want to say is, have we tried every possible means of finding out who scragged Bickers last term?"

"I think so," said Stafford. "Every one in the house has

denied it. If it's one of our fellows, it's probably the biggest liar among us."

"Which means Felgate?" said Ainger.

"Or Munger," said Barnworth.

"It's not Felgate," said Ainger, "for he has burnt his fingers in trying to fix it on Railsford himself; and if he was the real culprit you may depend on it he'd have kept very quiet."

"Munger *has* kept quiet," said Barnworth.

"Munger! Why he's a fool and a coward both. He could never have done such a thing."

"Let's ask him. I'll tell you why I mentioned him. I never thought of it till now. The other day I happened to be saying at dinner to somebody that that affair was going to be cleared up at last, and that the Doctor had been in consultation with Bickers and Railsford about it the evening before—you know, that's what we were told—and would probably come across—this was an embellishment of my own—with a policeman, and point the fellow out. Munger was sitting opposite me, and when I began to speak he had just filled his tumbler with water, and was going to drink it. But halfway through he suddenly stopped and put the tumbler down with such a crack on the table, that he spilt half the water on to the cloth. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but it occurs to me now."

"Well," said Ainger, "it's an off-chance. Staff, do you mind bringing him?"

"The one thing to do," said Barnworth, while the messenger was gone, "is to frighten it out of him. Nothing else will do."

"Well," said Ainger, "if you think so. You must back me up, though."

After a long interval Stafford returned to say that Munger was in bed and refused to get up.

"Good," said Barnworth; "I like that. Now, Staff, you amiable old boy, will you kindly go to him again and say that the prefects are waiting for him in the captain's study, and that if he is not here in five minutes they will have to do without him. I fancy that's true, isn't it?" he added, appealing to his colleagues. "Let's see if that doesn't draw him. If it does, depend upon it there was something in that tumbler."

(To be continued.)







"Isn't it good!"

## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

*Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XV.—DICK'S FIRST DOSE OF "REST" AND "QUIET"—THE FLEET OF SIR SIDNEY, "THE DEMON OF THE WAVES"  
—DICK ON THE BURNING FIRE-SHIP—PRISONERS AT LAST.

**F**EW smarter or more daring officers than Sir Sidney Smith ever belonged to our glorious British Navy. His whole career reads like pages from some romance of the olden time.

"Daring," I have called him, yet he was daring and clever at one and the same time. In the days of peace Sidney would have simply been called a smart

officer. Peace gave no opening for the display of gifts—I might even say genius—like his. But war did; and in every way and in every action, whether that action meant battle or deed, Sidney Smith was an honour to his country and our gallant Navy.

In person he was quite as much the paladin as in mind. His somewhat

aquiline features were undoubtedly handsome, and his countenance intelligent, open, and pleasant in the extreme.

The Diamond frigate was a kind of ubiquitous cruiser—not that her speed was anything extraordinary, as far as I am aware; it was the manner of handling her that made all the difference.



It was early in '96 when Sir Sidney set sail from England. He was undoubtedly pleased at the hero-worship of his devoted admirer Dick, and the midshipman became a favourite with him from the first.

Not that Sidney was a man to show what is called favouritism. He was a strict disciplinarian, but could not be called unreasonable. He saw his duty, and went straight for it, whatever was in the road. But his head was a clear one, and you know the old saying—

"Fortuna favet fortibus."

We have already been told of his wonderful adventure at Toulon. He cleared out of that without, strange to say, the loss of a single man.

Next we find him off the coast of France.

Some little distance from the harbour of Harqui, and safely ensconced therein were a French corvette and seven other vessels of smaller dimensions, namely, four brigs and two sloops-of-war, with one fast, rakish lugger.

And now I will withdraw the adverb "safely" from my last sentence. The word might have stood there right enough had the sworn foe of those vessels been any other ship in the British service except the Diamond, commanded by any other officer except our paladin Sidney Smith. As it was, we will presently see how safe they were.

The Diamond was not alone—in fact, she was the flagship to a tiny squadron—very tiny, indeed, seeing that, besides herself, it consisted only of one lugger and a 15-gun brig.

On the evening of the 17th of March, Dick being midshipman of the watch, his Captain entered into pleasant conversation with him, during which he said,

"How do you like your rest and quiet?"

"First-rate!" Dick answered, not knowing what else to say.

"Well, youngster, if the breeze holds, I'm going to show you some fun to-morrow that will put your pulse up a beat or two."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I'm going round the corner to pay a visit and light a bonfire. Fact, you'll see!" And Dick could hardly sleep that night for thinking of it.

The breeze did hold; and about seven bells in the forenoon watch, round the rocky headland swept the bold squadron.

It was going to be tough work; Dick could see that at a glance, for two batteries, very well served, opened at once upon them. To silence them appeared impossible. To proceed without doing so would have been destruction.

"Away boats!" was now the order.

There was a row and a rush now; and, to the surprise of the soldiers in the batteries, armed cutters, filled with sailors and marines, were seen to leave the ship's side, and commence dashing over the waters towards the beach. Down they rush, musket-armed, to repel so daring, nay, so insolent an attack. But British insolence went further still, for, at a signal from the

frigate, our boats, under the command of a lieutenant, two other officers, and our hero Dick, dashed on and quickly landed opposite the guns. Opposite the guns, I said; yes, and opposite a braeland, up which they had to clamber on hands and knees. So quickly did they do so, that before the soldiers could return, the guns in their batteries were spiked, and our fellows, carrying with them one poor fellow who was killed, had regained their boats.

Those Frenchmen looked like fools.

"What next, I wonder?" they asked each other.

They had not long to await the reply, for, see, the daring Sidney sails on, and the battle begins in earnest. It was probably one of the most brilliant and dashing engagements ever fought, and shed a lustre over the British naval arms that remains to this day, and never will be forgotten.

Our little squadron—the frigate, brig, and lugger, which, by the way, was a hired one—fought well, and although the fire they had to withstand was heavy, both from the enemy's ships and the soldiers on shore, every vessel fell into Sidney's hands, and were duly set on fire.

Before nightfall several had sunk; the others were consumed to the water's edge, though still sending up tongues of fire, clouds of smoke, and sparks as thick as falling snow, that went rolling over the brilliantly lighted-up hills.

When the tide served, giving one more ringing farewell cheer, Sidney weighed anchor and away he sailed, having lost only four killed and about double that number wounded.

For a lad like Dick, in whose veins the blood of generations of soldiers and sailors renowned in story was circulating, the life he now led was extremely captivating. Many of the adventures his Captain led him into were romantic in the extreme.

There were added to these all the troubles and dangers incidental to a life at sea—and, worse than all, a life in the Channel and Bay of Biscay. And the name of these is legion—gales of wind, half gales, dense fogs, collisions, storms, and squalls of all kinds, and from any point of the compass. But what chafed a man of so active a mind and so restive a disposition as Sir Sidney, were calms. To lie

As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean"

was to Dick's bold Captain galling in the extreme. But he was not idle even then, for ever when thus thrown out of the chase he was busily drilling his crews.

And he took care that the officers in charge of his other vessels did the same. These vessels were a motley crew, and consisted of floating craft of all kinds, sloops-of-war and gunboats, etc., with a few fire-ships; but, such as they were, in command of so clever and bold a spirit as Sidney's, they were the terror of the seas, as far as French cruisers went.

There were daring men among the enemy's privateers, however, and they had ere now done incalculable harm to our commerce; and although, before

Sidney's very rashness put an end for a time to his career, he had almost swept them off the ocean, there were a few that gave him considerable trouble still remaining.

By some Frenchmen he was called "The Demon of the Seas," and these believed him capable of anything, and I think they almost fancied he bore a charmed life. But this latter they swore they would put to the test, and if ever he fell into their hands, "Ah! they would sink his frigate, but hang her Captain, ay, as high as Haman."

One has to catch one's hare, however, before cooking it, and Sidney was not caught yet.

One beautiful summer's forenoon the Diamond, on rounding a point of land on the French coast, found herself suddenly in sight of three pretty French privateers. Sir Sidney's desire was to capture all; so, although the breeze was light, he proceeded to surround them. His sloops could sail well, there was hardly any getting away from them; and he had fire-ships in the centre, if the enemy cared to run the gauntlet of these by breaking through Sidney's lines. It happened on this particular day that Dick was commander of one of these fire-ships. He had with him but very few men and only one boat. The privateers were hotly pressed, and in less than three hours two had hauled their flags down. The third made a dash in between a couple of Sidney's most lubberly-looking vessels. As good or bad luck would have it, one was Dick's, and he managed matters so neatly that the privateer and he collided. This was precisely what Dick desired. In less than ten minutes, after firing a broadside into her and reloading the guns, he had successfully grappled her.

But he had not noticed the sudden hail-squall that came sweeping over the ocean. It was upon them in all its force just as Dick had lit his combustibles.

About the same moment, having settled scores with the other two French cruisers, the Diamond was bearing up towards them in all haste to pick Dick's boat up and get the prisoners off the prize.

Sir Sidney had, however, reckoned for once without his host; he was caught aback in that fearful squall, and all but foundered. A miss is as good as a mile, and in twenty minutes' time the Diamond was once more righted. But meanwhile, where was Dick and his crew. Not a boat was anywhere visible. The fire-ship was ablaze from stem to stern, and the third privateer, having somehow managed to wriggle off, could be seen a good mile down to leeward, taking advantage of the tail-end of the squall and showing a clean pair of heels.

Sidney's heart, brave though it was, gave an anxious thud. Where could his favourite middy be. He would any day have risked his own life to save Dick's. But—he was gone. Either he had failed to launch his boat and leapt on board the privateer to save himself, or, having launched the boat, it must have gone down with all hands. Now, the first surmise was right; Dick's boat was "stove," and sank in launching. Meanwhile the privateer got clear



away, and he was left with his poor fellows on board the burning ship. The fire had spread so rapidly, too. The privateer herself had a narrow escape, for hardly was she clear before the masts fell alongside, and as she was blown away the heated guns gave her a farewell broadside.

It was a time for action, but Dick was equal to the occasion. His men were hurried forward; a spare spar was lashed to the boom, its stays were cut, then the men clambered on to it, and, just as the flames had reached the upper deck it was cut away and fell into the sea.

Were they clear now? No; for the impromptu raft to which they clung got entangled in the wreck and rigging of the fallen masts, and defied all their art to get it clear.

The fire-ship would soon sink, and there seemed every probability of their being sucked down with her, when, suddenly, there came a ringing shout from windward. Their position had been discovered, and the Diamond's boat was bearing down to their rescue.

They answered the shout with a joyful ringing "Hurrah!" and ten minutes afterwards they were all safe on board the frigate.

"I've given up the command of that vessel," said Dick, as he reported himself.

"So it seems, lad," said Sidney; "but down you go and change your clothes. I'm precious glad I haven't lost you."

There was nothing whatever, it would appear, that Sir Sidney would not dare, and his coolness never forsook him.

Once, when sent to reconnoitre Brest, to find out whether or not the French fleet had put to sea, Sir Sidney, to make assurance doubly sure, crept in at night, though he had to pass close to a huge liner belonging to the enemy.

As soon as day dawned he took his notes and then his leave; but he was espied, and not only did two ships begin to give chase, but the line-of-battle ship seemed also on the alert, and prepared to cut off his retreat.

Flight under such circumstances was out of the question, but Sidney kept his wits about him; he turned coolly to one of his officers, and said,

"I'd like to bombard that beggar, Mr. Rae; but as I daren't, I'll bamboozle him."

He then at once altered his course, and bore down towards the great ship, and hailed her in French, having previously caused all on deck to throw off their jackets, and otherwise hide the British uniform.

There was but little light, at all events, and again fortune favoured this hero, for the great man-of-war was leaking like a sieve, was minus many of her guns, and had jury masts rigged; she had been badly dealt with only recently, that was evident enough. It was the Captain himself who answered.

"Seeing your distressed condition," cried Sidney, "we bore down to offer you assistance."

"Oh! Thanks, no," was the affable reply of the Frenchman, who was evidently quite off his guard.

Sidney lay astern of her for some

time, talking, and thus not only bamboozled the liner, but the two vessels that had prepared to give chase, who soon returned.

Fain would our paladin have given the Frenchman a broadside, but he deemed, for once in a way, discretion to be the better part of valour, made his bow, and sailed quietly away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The reader must be pleased to let every asterisk in the above line represent at least a dozen of the adventures in which Dick Trelawney took part while serving under the gallant Sir Sidney in the redoubtable Diamond.

I may not relate them, for space forbids—or rather, the want of space does. I wish in this over true tale to be as correct in my grammar as I am true to my facts.

Well, but Sidney's daring led him into a sad scrape at last—fixed him, so to speak, on the horns of a dilemma; or, if you like to put it so, Dick on one horn and he on the other.

Here is how it came about, at all events. There was among the French privateers who at this time preyed upon our commerce, one particularly fleet one, and just as daring as fleet. She had done so much mischief, and escaped so often, that Sidney looked upon her as a kind of floating disgrace to his honour and vigilance.

And so Sidney made a vow, or if it was not exactly a vow, it was a promise between himself and the binnacle, with Dick standing by as witness.

"I'll hunt her into port," said Sidney, "and capture her, wherever I find her. Take my word for it, I will!"

The binnacle did not reply, neither did Dick, except with a quiet smile; but he knew his hero-captain meant to do as he proposed.

Now where should Sidney fall in with this privateering lugger at last but at the mouth of the Seine, and close under a strong French battery.

"I don't care," said Sidney; "I'll cut her out!"

As early as two o'clock next morning, long before the stars had begun to pale before the dawn of day, Sidney himself led his boats to the action, he in a kind of bum-boat, Dick commanding a cutter.

The fight and capture was all over in about three minutes, and the crew prisoners below.

Then down went Dick and Sir Sidney with a rush for the cabin. The four officers were still in bed, but busy loading their pistols.

Sir Sidney lifted his hat as he entered. "I'm really sorry to trouble you so early in the morning. Now, pray, put down those pistols, for resistance is folly. *Your* fellows are all beaten below; *mine* are victorious. I command this

lugger! *You* are my prisoners. That's the way the matter stands at present. Nay, don't trouble to get up, there is no necessity; you are *safe* where you are. Besides, whatever doctors say to the contrary, *too* early rising is injurious to the health."

The Frenchmen had nothing for it but to surrender with the best grace they could muster. Meanwhile Sidney prattled away right pleasantly to them. But his tune was somewhat changed when one of his officers ran down to report that the lugger's cable was severed, and she was being carried up the river on the tide.

He ran on deck, after relieving the captured officers of their arms and stationing a sentry to guard the door.

Here was a pretty pickle to be in! It puts one in mind of the story of the cow that got into the boat to eat the hay-rope that attached it to the shore. Of course, when she had eaten the rope the boat ran off with the cow—or the cow with the boat.

And so Sir Sidney had captured his lugger, and the lugger was running off with him, while no assistance could come from the Diamond, she being becalmed.

The enemy were not slow in perceiving Sir Sidney's plight, and out came a whole squadron to attack him.

Sidney and his brave fellows determined to fight to the last, and the only wonder is that that last was not even more tragic than it turned out to be. Let Sir Sidney tell the rest of the story in his own words. He likens the whole adventure to a stage play, and in a letter to his family says:—

"The end of the second act, when my brave fellows collected round me on the enemy's closing on us, swearing to die fighting by me, was the most affecting and interesting scene I ever saw of the many which have passed under my eye. The servants behaved admirably, and the boys acted like men. In this disposition were we when the enemy, far superior in number, prepared to board us, refusing us quarter, with insults and imprecations. Our firm posture checked them, and my harangue to their chief lessened their fury, and turned their anger into admiration. I acknowledged we could not get away, and that further resistance was of no avail, but said we were determined to die with our arms in our hands if they refused us quarter; and this determination saved us. The menacing attitude of our enemy was instantly changed into that of cordial salutation. We met and shook hands."

They were taken away prisoners to Paris, and there for a time we must leave both Sir Sidney and Dick, and take our way, as sorrowfully as need be, back to Spithead and the Blazer.

(To be continued.)





## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

SIDMOUTH AND ABOUT IT.

IN last August part we had a few notes on our South Coast walk, dealing with Dawlish and the way there, and covering the ground between Exeter and Teignmouth—a singularly pleasant bit of country, but no pleasanter than that of the preceding stage from the Axe to the Exe.

Devonshire and Cornwall are, to us, counties of pleasant memory, for never have we been in them but what weather and company have favoured us royally. Only once did our journeying meet with a mishap, and that is hardly worth mentioning, for it merely consisted of a playful railway guard sending our clothes to Penzance instead of delivering them, as labelled, at Ilfracombe. That mishap, too, had its educational value, for it firmly fixed on our minds one of the great Euclidian truths, by showing how very much greater than the third side are the two other sides of a triangle. But on this particular trip, along the southern coast, no mishap marred our way.

We had slept the night at Seaton, a beautiful night, with the stars so thick on the blue background that not a hand-space was left clear of spray. We had come from Lyme Regis through Axmouth, and crossed the river after dark, so as to view the brilliant firmament in its glory, before we turned in. Do not let it be supposed we spent the night in star-gazing; we were far too healthily tired for that. Not that we should have been ashamed of doing so, but on this occasion we were heavily laden with fossils—ammonites, and other “ites,” such as the divinity student took for the ancient inhabitants of Palestine, which we had brought along with us from the Lyme lias. Every one knows Lyme: the town whose defence made Robert Blake famous, and which Mary Anning brought back to fame by finding in its cliffs the long animals with the long names that now, in cast or original, are represented in all museums. The names are full of meaning but are not extra sweet, though Professor Blackie has done his best to fit them into verse. Let us take a stave from his “Song of Geology,” that we chanted to lighten our load as we trudged through the landslip.

“Behold, a huge monster your wonder engages,  
A dolphin or lizard, your wit may defy,  
Some thirty feet long, on the shore of Lyme Regis  
With a saw for a jaw and a big goggle eye.  
A fish or a lizard, an ichthyosaurus,  
With a lump of a head and a very small brain,  
And paddles like mill-wheels, in clattering chorus  
Smiting tremendous the dread sounding main.  
  
And here comes another; can shape more absurd  
be?  
The queerest and oddest of vertebrate things;  
Who can tell whether this one a beast or a bird be,  
A fowl without feathers, a serpent with wings?  
A bird or a beast? an equivocal monster!  
A crow or a crocodile, who can declare?  
A greedy, voracious, long-necked monster,  
That skims o’er the billow and swims through  
the air.”

The quotation is not letter perfect, perhaps, but it can be set right by any one who has “Musa Burselicosas” at hand. The song gives an excellent marching tune, however, when the bag hangs heavy. Our fossils were but small fry; we were not transporting a plesiosaur or an ichthyosaurus—nor had we found one. If we had we should have been in a difficulty. Honour would have prevented us from leaving it behind us; but what should we do with it when

we got it out? Fortunately we were not fortunate enough to find one! But you said you were always fortunate? Yes, in Devonshire and Cornwall; and Lyme is not in Devonshire, it is in Dorsetshire, and you get into Devon as you climb the hill out of it.

From Lyme to Seaton, through Dowland’s Farm, is but eight miles, and after paying the sixpence at the farm, the road through the landslip is free from toll. If you do not know the landslip, go and see it. If we were to attempt to describe it here we should have room for nothing else. Seaton is a pocket seaside town, growing every year, and apparently chiefly prides itself on having once been a Roman station, the ancient name, *Moridunum*, being written in bold advertisement on the esplanade. Though it has not much of a sea front, being built by the river side, Seaton is so cheerful a place that we were sorry to reach it so late and leave it so early; but we had cut out our day’s work and had no time to spare.

We began the day with Beer—with a big B, please note. Beer is a noted village in these parts; it produced Queen Victoria’s pillow-lace wedding dress in 1839, and its hero is Jack Rattenbury, the smuggler. Jack’s haunt was at Beer Head in Beer Cave, now Beer Quarry, into which we, of course, went. Through a gloomy archway we groped for a quarter of a mile or more, three hundred feet underground, with bats flying about our ears, and caverns branching off from us on all sides, many of them new, some of them the old stores in which the goods that never paid duty were kept by the terrible Jack and his mates. It is not a quarry but a mine, like that of the firestone at Godstone, and the stone is not chalk but the same malm at the chalk base, used for the same purposes as the Godstone stone. The hill has been worked for centuries, and many of the carved slabs of Exeter Cathedral were quarried at Beer. The quarryman evidently thought more of Jack than we did, and was full of the adventures of the lugger; but as these consisted entirely of running away, they failed to interest us enough to be remeuerable. And unsmiling on the strange fate which, in Free Trade, made a smuggler’s watchword a nation’s policy, and killed the smuggler, we came out into the daylight, and dived down into Branscombe—another home of the pillow-lace makers. Up again we went to Salcombe, which gets its Regis, some say, from Canute, who gave it a charter; some, from King Charles, for whom it held out longer than any other town in Devon; and then we began the long and lovely descent into Sidmouth, whose blood-red cliffs glowed hot in the sunshine, and contrasted boldly with the green of the downs and the ever-changing hue of the sea.

Sidmouth is a beautiful spot, there is no gainsaying, seated, as it is, between the two green hills with the gloomy flanks, and the silver Sid, leisurely trickling through the slingle into the sea; and Salcombe Down to the east, Peake Hill to the west, both of the same height, both velvety green to the summit—Peake Hill is the boldest promontory in the Channel, except the Prawle, and right in the centre of the great bay, which stretches on the one hand to Portland, and on the other to the Start.

An old place is Sidmouth, once running farther into the sea, as the ruins under the shingle have shown. Harold’s mother, Ghida, possessed it, according to the in-

evitable Domesday, and the Conqueror granted it to the monks of St. Michael in Periculo Maris, otherwise, St. Michael’s Mount in Normandy, in token of his gratitude for the never-ceasing prayer those energetic monks kept going for the conquest of the hated English. Very kind was it of those monks of St. Michael to take so much trouble for our confusion, and richly were they rewarded, Sidmouth being not the only manor whose rent went to the saint in peril of the sea. But that was a long time ago. Henry V. stopped the tribute to Normandy, and gave Sidmouth to Sion, on the Thames, and Henry VIII. put matters on a different footing altogether at Sidmouth as elsewhere. In these days Sidmouth is noted as having been the home of our present Queen, when she lost her father. The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria came to live at Woolbrook Glen, the strange specimen of carpenter’s Gothic at the end of the esplanade. The arrival made a great stir among the local notables. The town authorities went in deputation to welcome the visitors, and the spokesman achieved an oratorical triumph. As he stepped forward to address their royal highnesses, confusion came over him, and his carefully prepared speech left him helpless. He stuttered, he stammered; what was he to say? Something he must say; the eyes of all were upon him. And this is what he said:

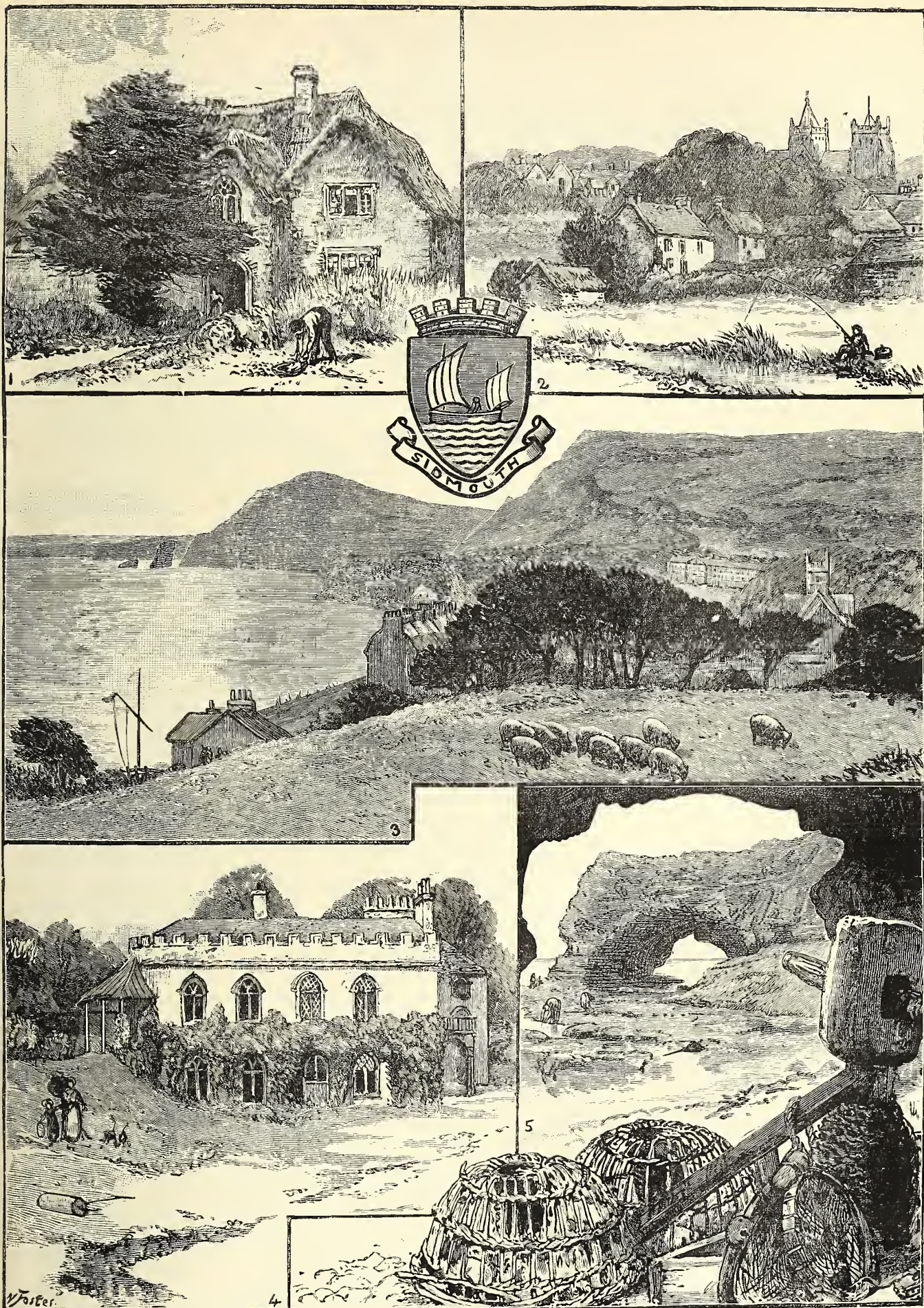
“I hope your lordship and Mrs. Kent are quite well, and also the baby!”

One Christmas some schoolboys went out shooting small birds and nearly shot the baby, for the gun went off unexpectedly, as schoolboys’ guns will do, particularly if had out on the sly; and instead of hitting a bird, the charge went through the Princess Victoria’s nursery window, and peppered the wall just over her head. Whereupon things became serious for the small boys, and there was talk of an assassination plot, and objects political, etc., etc., all of which has long passed into space, and is doubtless being converted into new forms of energy in some very distant region of the universe.

Sidmouth is not a large place, but it is a fine centre for lovely walks. The walk along the beach east or west is magnificent. Nowhere along the coast are such brightly coloured pebbles found as at the mouth of the Sid. Flints in all forms and hues, jaspers and chalcedonies are strewn in thousands, and the wet margin of the ebbing tide is a chain of jewels. Westward is Ladram Bay where the sea has bored an arched rock out of the red sandstone. Close by, inland a little, is Otterton, on the Otter, the reddest of red Devon villages, another cheerful little property of those praying monks of the Mount.

Another walk that we would not willingly have missed was the six miles to Ottery St. Mary, through the Harpford Woods and the thatched village of Tipton St. Johns, and by the side of the Otter, which is quite an angler’s paradise. Ottery has a grand old church with two towers at the transept, like Exeter Cathedral, being the only other instance of such a plan in this country; and it has an aisle with a groined roof like that of Henry VII’s chapel at Westminster, and many other attractions for those who can appreciate the beautiful in architecture. Almost in the churchyard is Lord Coleridge’s new house, enclosing a little of the old one in which Coleridge of “The Ancient Mariner” was born. The poet was not the only celebrity





In and round Sidmouth, South Devon.

1. Colaton Raleigh, where Sir William Raleigh first planted potatoes.

the county seat of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

2. Ottery St. Mary, birthplace of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and now

3. Sidmouth from Salcombe Hill.

4. The Glen, for some time the

residence of the Princess Victoria and of the Duke of Kent, who died there.

5. Arched rock and caves at Ladram Bay.



of Ottery birth. James Coleridge Patteson, the martyred bishop of Melanesia, whose story we told in our seventh volume, was a native of this picturesque place, as also was Richard Hurrell Froude, whose life has been written by Cardinal Newman.

Ottery St. Mary was once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh; and due west of Sidmouth, some three miles over Peake Hill, is Colaton Raleigh, approached through orchards and meadows and farmyards—a fine old house with a chapel over the front door, and a large garden with the usual high Devonshire wall made of red mud and thatched. A famous garden this, for here, the local legend runs, did Walter Raleigh plant his first potato, and here did he stroll, and smoke, and watch the green shoot grow, as does the present day allotment-holder with regard to his “taters.”

South-west of Colaton Raleigh, a mile or so, is Hays Barton, in a little room upstairs in the west wing of which was Walter Raleigh born. If it were only for that old farm-house Sidmouth were worth a visit. Between Colaton Raleigh and Otterton is Bicton, where the gardening is a wonder. So we were told; for there is no admittance without an order. Method and neatness are carried to such perfection that even the Chinese are outdone. Every leaf that falls is pounced upon and cleared away, and every blade of grass, from what we could make out by a peep, seemed to be made to grow the same height. From the mushrooms up to the orchids, everything has to flourish in order, and Bicton claims to be the best-kept garden in England. One of its chief features is an avenue of monkey-teasers

(*Araucaria imbricata*) that fruit as if in their native clime; it being a rare thing in this country to see a cone on an araucaria.

But the stage we spoke of was from the Axe to the Exe, from Axmouth to Exmouth; and Sidmouth is but the central station. On the Wednesday we were off on the tramp again by the cliff road to Ladram and Otterton Point, and then inland by the river bank to the plank bridge into Budleigh Salterton—a picture of a village, with sloping street, and rippling stream, and rustic bridges, and homely houses, set in such frames of foliage and bloom as can only be seen in fertile South Devon. From Budleigh to Exmouth is about six miles, by the walk along the cliffs, so that from Sidmouth to Exmouth, lurching at Budleigh on the way, was an easy day's work.

## COMMON SENSE ABOUT HEALTH AND ATHLETICS.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of “Health upon Wheels,” “Rota Vitæ,” “The People's A B C Guide to Health,” etc., etc.

### PART III.

**I**N my last chapter I spoke of Food and the Bath. These subjects are so important to judicious training that, if my young readers have not got a firm grasp of them they had better read the article over again.

I said nothing about Drink in my last, yet many boys do not know what is best in this way when thirsty in hot weather, especially in the field during sports, or while cycling. I am glad to be able to tell them that the best of all drinks does not cost anything—it is pure, cold water. Get off your cycle and bend your lips to a spring; or do as the birds do—dip your bill in a clear pool. And when drinking thus you can study natural history by noticing what is going on in aqueous life at the sandy bottom.

Next to cold water comes oatmeal water. Put a tablespoonful of *fine* oatmeal into a glass; fill up, stir, and drink. Then—there you are! You have quenched your thirst and made a drop of good blood at the same time. Buttermilk is excellent; so is whey, and lastly, for the lads who have plenty of cash, there are aerated waters—such as ginger ale and soda-water. Lemonade is only fit for girls.

**Clothing.**—No boy who does not dress with judgment will ever become strong. If you wear underclothing at all—and, mind, you ought to, if in any way delicate—it should be of fine, soft, thin wool. Even in summer this should be worn, and it may be extra thick in cold weather. Beware of sitting in a draught when your clothes are damp; keep moving about, and they will soon dry. Socks and stockings should always be wool.

Wear light clothes when exercising; heavy clothing has to account for a deal of illness in this country. Sleep on a hard bed, with no more bedclothes than will keep you warm at night.

The bedroom should be very well ventilated, and in summer have the windows open all night from the top—not a *little* bit, but thoroughly down; a small slit means a draught.

Out of doors, keep the feet warm and the head cool. A straw hat is better than anything else in summer. Those cricket-caps are handy and light, but the sun beats through them so. In very sunshiny weather put dock or cabbage leaves in the straw hat; this prevents sunstroke and headaches.

The neck should be as hardy as the cheeks or hands. Never muffle it up, therefore, unless driving against the wind. The lighter the muffler the better.

**Fresh Air.**—Man was not made nor meant to live indoors. An immense amount of illness could be prevented if people were only to breathe the pure air of heaven whenever and wherever they can. Here is a sentence from one of the works of Professor Ransome, M.A., M.D.:

“Remember that every breath of impure air endangers health, and takes away energy from the body; that we cannot breathe any portion of the air that has already passed through the lungs without harbouring the seeds of that fearful disease, consumption; and that a close, unozonised atmosphere necessarily weakens our powers and debilitates our systems.”

These words are worth much pure gold.

**Exercise.**—Before going in for athletics of any kind you must take a course of regular graduated exercise—graduated to the strength, I mean.

Now, how and when are you going to do this? That question is one for yourself to answer. You may be engaged in business all day, or during most of it, but surely you can find an hour and a half to yourself to spend moving about out of doors—not *mooning*, mind you, but *moving*. Well consider how best you can manage that. Take a quarter of an hour's spin before your breakfast at the very least. There is nothing like walking as a preliminary training to athleticism. But it is slow, heartless work unless you get some one to leg it with you. So I always advise two to commence training at the same time. The best time of day is two hours after breakfast or dinner (if the dinner be an early one, as it ought). But the exercise must be taken at precisely the same time every day. Begin with half a mile *there*, and half a mile *back*. I do not know where “there” may be, and I do not care, only it must be farther and farther away every day, till at the end of two weeks you are doing a nimble three miles *there* and three miles *back*. Do not walk quick for the first half mile, but when you find you can do the whole six-mile spin well and easy, heel and toe, you can take a spurt of a quarter of a mile now and then, if it does not distress you. When you come back home, it is a good plan to go and rub down all over with a rough towel, and get

inside dry underclothing, placing that which is damp where it can be well aired.

Take another good walk, not so long, some time before you go to bed. This will enable you to sleep soundly.

Fatty food should not be partaken of to any great extent while undergoing this preliminary walking training. Butter is not so deleterious, though it should be used sparingly, and so should sugar. Milk, eggs, cheese, and meat, with fish as a change, are the best training foods. Even bread should not be indulged in too much; it is fattening, and it is not fat you want, it is something harder and tougher. A tallow candle is stouter than a fiddle-string; but in which does the strength lie?

Just a word about beer and tobacco. I am addressing myself now to young men over eighteen. I have only one word to say: neither are necessities of life, and both reduce the staying-power and injure the nervous system.

Well, now, if you have taken about three weeks of good hard regular walking exercise; if you have during that time taken a cold bath every morning, and lived plainly, avoiding excitement and excess of every kind, your muscles, both internal and external, will be hard and useful already. At all events, you may now feel perfectly safe in adopting a more athletic form of exercise. There are a great many different kinds, and I will mention the best of these in my next and concluding article. Let me finish this by noting some of the minor ailments and troubles that often render boyhood's days far from pleasant. I will take a few of our letters to guide me.

“Dorset,” then, is under the impression he is suffering from heart-complaint. He asks if the heart beats fast after excitement or running, does it indicate heart disease? And if the heart is diseased, should we not feel pain there? Well, he can keep his mind easy. After running, and during that exercise, the heart is bound to beat faster, and in some forms of heart complaint there is little suffering; but there is nearly always distress of some kind, either in chest or head. Nervous boys often suffer from functional or emotional disturbances of the heart. The cure is, obedience to the laws of health, and plain living.

(To be continued.)



## A LESSON IN LACROSSE.

By E. T. SACHS, *Hon. Sec. South of England Lacrosse Association, President Middlesex Lacrosse Club, etc.*

## PART IV.

WHEN the ball is to be thrown a distance, the crosse must be brought well to the rear, and not allowed to come forward more than is shown in Fig. 9, first position, other-

This overhand throw possesses the great merit that great precision is easily attained with it, provided the throw be made with the crosse almost perpendicular. The more

in Figs. 3 to 7, as no change of hands is requisite. A player, prevented from throwing the ball from the position shown at Fig. 4, has but to turn round to find him-

First Position. Second Position. Third Position.



Fig. 9.—The Overhand Throw (A).

wise it will not have the proper trajectory. The more the crosse is brought over to the front the lower the trajectory. The second position would be used in passing a ball rapidly to a friend in such a way that he would be able to catch it; whilst the third position shows a player throwing his hardest for goal, low.

the throw is made at a side angle, the more difficult it is to obtain direction.

Fig. 10 shows the same throw, but from the left side of the body, and with the right hand at the Butt. This is the proper overhand throw for those playing with the right hand at the Butt, and catching as is shown



Fig. 10.—The Overhand Throw (B).

self as in Fig. 10, his checker being left at the wrong side of him for checking. If he could throw from the right shoulder only he would not be able to save himself except by superior pace. The player in Fig. 10 is depicted as throwing at goal, but the same principles as to trajectory apply as in the case of Fig. 9.

(To be continued.)

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

## HOW I WAS REFRIGERATED!

MR. SPRIGGS was an agent. At the street-door this interesting fact was boldly and emphatically stated in big square letters on a brass-plate; and, so that it should not easily escape public observation, the plate was (weather permitting) daily brought up to a high state of polish by worthy Mrs. Bobbs, the office cleaner, amidst much expenditure of proverbial philosophy and brickdust.

Away up four flights of well-worn stone steps, and you came upon a sort of painted apparition of the brass-plate looming out of the glass which comprised the upper half of the door of Mr. Spriggs's dingy little offices. Here the great man conducted his extensive agency transactions, and was prepared to supply the civilised world with anything, from a bottle of lubricating oil to a few thousand carcasses of refrigerated mutton.

If you had at any time between the hours of 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. looked into that portion partitioned off, and denominated "Clerks' Office," you would have observed a diminutive boy with a bleached face, big eyes, scraggy neck, and lank, tow-like hair, dressed in a shiny black suit, working a long pen. That was me. My father was a butcher in Bermondsey, my mother did a little charring, and I was in possession of a seat in Mr. Spriggs's office, upon which eminence I spent the halcyon days of youth. Each day I slid off the said eminence at one o'clock, when there was an interval allotted to "lunch," and all

the happy denizens of my department adjusted their top-hats, and glided automaton-like into the street below. I took a short cut down the baluster-rail, and repairing to a favourite coffee-tavern, devoured my usual quantum of sausage, weak tea, and "thunder" literature. There was no B. O. P. then!

Our stairs commenced their ramifications in a court in the vicinity of Lombard Street, and terminated in some misty regions in the roof, known as the housekeeper's rooms. From the earliest recollection of the oldest boy in the building, a sort of guerilla warfare had been waged between Mr. Bobbs, the housekeeper, and the boys who had commenced their commercial career on the lower floors. Pitched battles had been fought, and ambushes prepared; ears had been boxed, and tearful wails had responded; but now the hatred of the belligerents waxed more fierce than had ever been known. From the upper domestic establishment seductively tantalising smells of stews and ragouts, and stray whiffs of tobacco-smoke, were wafted to the nostrils of the scribes downstairs, all indicative of internal peace, prosperity, and serene contempt for the ever-watchful foe. Some of the boys, more venturesome than myself, affirmed that they had at sundry times penetrated to the interior of Mr. Bobbs's abode. Indeed, one of them had on a certain occasion discovered that gentleman and three other old pensioners drinking something hot, and roaring out

the patriotic air of "The girl I left behind me," on the very afternoon that Mr. Bobbs had obtained special leave to attend his grandmother's funeral. Owing to the dense fog of tobacco-smoke which enveloped the convivial party, and the continued thumping of glasses on the table, this boy, whose name was Peters, had been enabled to communicate with the boys of the second and third floors, and together they charged into this quiet retreat, and carried off sundry black bottles by way of booty. For a considerable time after this event there were very few deaths in Mr. Bobbs's family.

It was December. The feeble light, however, struggling down our dim court through the dirt-stained windows conveyed but little information as to the time of day or the season of the year. In truth, all through the long sunny days of summer, and the wet, sloppy City winters, the gaslight fought desperately with the dust, fog, dirt, and darkness. It seemed to me that the wind sometimes got the mastery, however, and pursued the gas right away down the pipes, and it was only coaxed back again with difficulty; and then, when it did make its appearance, it came with an angry hiss, and burnt blue for several seconds out of sheer passion.

One day—how vividly it all comes back to me!—the rain had descended since morning; and at 5 p.m., having finished some unusual peregrinations to the shipping-offices in Leadenhall Street, I hung up my



dripping garments, and vigorously toiled at the copying-press. The post-office in Gracechurch Street cleared for the North at six o'clock, and if I failed to catch the clearance I must travel round to the "General." From the interior of Mr. Spriggs's room came the scratching of his pen, travelling at express speed. One letter after another he whisked on to the floor for me to take out and copy. There were quotations for oil, boilers, and asbestos; there were letters about log-books and locomotives; there were memoranda re chains and charcoal; and there were orders for snow-boxes, fire-boxes, furnace-bars, and beef. In short, here, upon his basis of operations, sat the great agent for the refrigerating machinery of the Patent Petrified Produce type, which had astonished the world by bringing from the antipodes to Leadenhall Market thousands of frozen sheep, to be retailed to the hungry British public at temptingly low rates.

Presently Mr. Spriggs's shadow appeared upon the glass partition, resembling a human windmill as he swung his arms about in his struggle to pull on his coat. Having addressed all my envelopes, and reckoned my postage-stamps, I also prepared to cross the street to the letter-box, and, letters in hand, opened the door. The landing was in darkness, but a figure sped past me just as I closed the door, and the light through the frosted glass revealed to me the features of Peters. The next instant the attic stairs above me were illuminated by a brilliant flame. Looking up, I saw a huge squib stuck in a flower-pot in full play against Mr. Bobbs's door. Dense clouds of smoke and myriads of sparks enveloped me. The fierce visage of Bobbs loomed out of the haze, and I caught a glimpse of a thick stick. Then followed an explosion, which nearly threw me off my legs. Shouts and cries of "Catch him!" "Stop him!" rang in my ears, menacing figures grabbed at me, and, quick as thought, I slipped my leg over the stair-rail and slid away for liberty. I was innocent of the practical joke which I knew Peters must have perpetrated, but circumstances were against me, so I did not stop to explain. Multitudinous feet pattered down the stairs in hot haste. Away across the muddy street I fled, hiding my letters from the rain under my jacket; there was no time, however, to struggle through that group gathered round the box, so I turned up into Leadenhall Market.

I looked back, and Bobbs was close in my rear. To my right stood one of the doors of a large poultry and game dealer's establishment. I knew the premises well, for Mr. Spriggs had here introduced the Patent Freezing Process, and regularly called every four-and-twenty hours to see how it worked. I ran up the entry into a large square sale-room, in one corner of which stood the office. A few of the men were clearing up for the night, and, having turned out most of the gas-jets, did not notice me in the shadow. I saw a trap-door opening in the floor which led into one of the freezing-chambers, and I crept down the ladder into a corner, and lay still and listened, with my foolish little heart thumping my ribs like a small steam-hammer. Presently I heard one of the men call out, "No, sir, there ain't been no boy 'ere, sir," and the next moment the square aperture was closed with a heavy thud, and I was alone in silence and darkness.

My first thoughts were that I had been made prisoner until the main body of my pursuers had arrived; but, no, the minutes dragged slowly away without any movement of the trap-door. I felt cold, now that the warmth resulting from my run had passed off; and, leaving my corner, I groped about the chamber. Stretching out my hands, they came in contact with the carcasses of sheep suspended in rows from the ceiling. The coarse canvas they were wrapped in felt cold and clammy. I shivered. Farther on I felt the soft flesh of some rows of poultry stripped of their feathers. The smell of the meat was suffocating, and my head seemed to swim. At length I found the ladder, and determined to lift the trap myself. Up I crept, and tried to move the door, first with my hands, and then with my shoulder, without result. I felt wild and frightened now, and struck at it with my fist, and shouted. The room was only six feet high, and was insulated all round, floor and ceiling, with five inches of charcoal, so my cries felt back smothered and deadened.

With trembling hands and choking sobs I pulled off my boots and struck madly at the door, but the non-conducting stuff with which it was also lined gave back no response. What could that thumping noise mean? Was it my head throbbing? I could now hear a regular beating sound somewhere, each moment becoming more and more distinct, and a cold rushing blast of air seemed to be sweeping along the sides of the chamber. It came in regular shooting gusts, and chilled me to the bone! They were refrigerating me! I knew the stroke of the engine too well to be mistaken. I had often seen the bright wheel spinning round, and the piston-rods working like the arms of a giant. I could imagine, as I stood there in my terror, that I could see the men with whom I had so often chatted getting up steam on that big boiler, then I thought of them coming next morning and finding me frozen to death—wouldn't they be sorry!—and Mr. Spriggs—here I broke down again. Wouldn't Mr. Spriggs be vexed to find his letters had not been posted? They had become scattered, so I stooped and gathered them together in a little heap once more, for I seemed to be getting weary and drowsy. My head was so hot, my body cold, wet, and numb. I sat down in a corner, and remembered no more.

Mr. Spriggs's clerks, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbs, Peters, and some of the enginemen, were all sitting round a big fire. I was lying on the hearthrug before the fire, wrapped in blankets, and one of the men was pouring something hot down my throat, while another would keep rubbing me with his big, hard hands, which made me feel quite sore. Then when I spoke about it they all laughed, and talked, and seemed pleased, and shook hands with me. Mr. Spriggs came in with his shiny top-hat, and his head on one side, and said I was a good boy. Finding everything very comfortable, I went to sleep again.

It afterwards transpired that I had dropped a couple of letters in the sale-room in my flight, which one of the men had picked up as he was going away, and seeing Mr. Spriggs's address on the leaf of the envelopes, he took them across to the office. This led to a search being made, and my subsequent discovery. The men had just begun to lower the temperature for the night when my position became known.

My mother's opinion on the matter was obscure, but the next day she put on her Sunday bonnet (which was of alarming proportions), and "interviewed" Mr. Spriggs.

So my commercial career was "nipped in the bud," and now, instead of driving a long pen, I drive a tramcar; and, although it's cold work sometimes, I never let myself get so near freezing-point as I was on the night I was refrigerated.

### Play Straight.

If in cricket you'd win fame,  
And for scoring make a name,  
You'll discover it's essential to play straight;  
And if this you should forget,  
On the pitch, or at the net,  
You will find your stumps upset  
As sure as fate.

Duffers bend their knees and mow,  
Miss the ball, and out they go,  
And they know not 'twas because they'd  
not played straight;  
For their bat was very far  
From the perpendicular,  
And in consequence they are  
Disconsolate.

To hit hard you should contrive,  
If you block or if you drive,  
But your bats should be quite straight in  
doing so:  
Or you'll fail to stop them all,  
And a curly-well-pitched ball  
To your lot to play may fall,  
And out you go.

And this maxim's best you'll find,  
When, your school days left behind,  
You've to take your place upon the field of  
life.  
Don't forget the grand old rule  
That you practised when at school;  
Stand up strong, and firm, and cool,  
Amid the strife.

You'll be called on to withstand  
Sneaking things and underhand;  
And the best way you can do it is to play  
Just as straight as straight can be,  
Letting every body see  
That these won't with you agree  
In any way.

There, my boys, my lecture's o'er.  
You'll have set me down a bore  
I've no doubt, because you think I prose  
and prate;  
Praps I do, but don't repel  
Sound advice, when you I tell  
Nothing pays you half so well  
As playing straight.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

## Correspondence.



**INQUIRERS.**—The back numbers, etc., of the B. O. P. still in print, and obtainable from our office direct or through the booksellers, are as follows: From commencement of Vol. VIII., all the numbers; from Vol. IV., all the parts; and from Vol. V. bound.

**MUGGINS.**—1. Yes; sawdust. 2. Dormice? Perhaps at a future date.

**A LOVER OF BIRDS.**—You can buy cockatiels from Abrahams, 192, St. George's Street East, London, E.; or from Jamrach, in the same street; if, however, you prefer to buy from an amateur, you might put an advertisement in the "Bazaar" newspaper, 170, Strand, which would, doubtless, elicit some replies. The place you describe should do very well to lodge a pair of these birds in, but you must provide them with some hollow receptacle to lay their eggs in, as they build no nest, and the eggs would roll about on a flat piece of wood, and, most likely, get chilled and perish.

**W. A. WILSON.**—1. Yes, pigeons can fly by night. It is a fog that bothers them. 2. Wash pans carefully.

**E. C. MCK.**—For scurf: lime-water, four ounces; glycerine and tincture of cantharides, of each half an ounce. Rub into scalp twice a day.

**HARROVIAN.**—1. Spring time to breed all animals. 2. "Nauticus in Scotland," published by Messrs. Hiffe and Son, Coventry.

**NERRIP.**—Dog manure, very strong. London gardeners use it.

**NO NAME.**—1. Yes, stuff big moths. 2. Tiny bits of cotton wool. 3. Mites; hang camphor in case, but, before putting in the moths, go well over all the case with carbolic acid in water. 4. Try Routledge; or Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, for book on moths.

**VIOLIN.**—Yes, the varnish is most important. You can do nothing yourself. Take it to a good man.

**F. K. N., HAMMERSMITH, and Others.**—1. Why do you not read DOINGS? you then would not have to ask the food for guinea-pigs. All kinds of garden roots, apples, grass, dandelion, chickweed, etc.; and bread-sop now and then.

**DELIGHTED READER.**—Buy your German paste of Mr. Soddy, seed merchant, Walworth Road, London.

**WATTY B.**—No; you may keep a few birds in your bedroom, but have them extra clean.

**O. S. WILCOCKS.**—Take a small teaspoonful of Fellows' Syrup twice a day in water, a cold bath every morning, and plenty of exercise in the open air.

**T. LAMB.**—Poultry will lay wind eggs if they are deprived of gravel, old lime, and a grass run.

**ABN. MCCREADIE.**—1. Spratt's cakes. 2. Only a photographic toy. What can you expect for the money?

**GERMANY.**—You must not send live-stock by post.

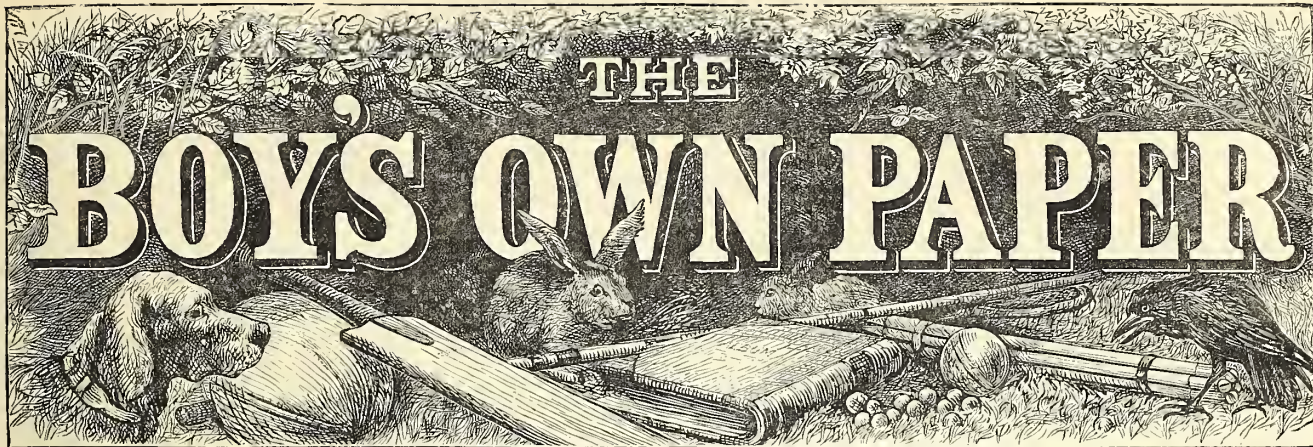
**ROWLAND DAVIS.**—Guinea-pigs: straw or hay for a bed. Yes, leave the buck with the doe. He attends to the young.

**BIRD, HORNS, and Others.**—Read our back numbers on Taxidermy. Any bird-stuffer will give you hints and sell you eyes.

**D. C. SMART.**—Buy "Cricket," price two shillings, in our "Boy's Own Bookshelf" series. It contains a very full selection of cricket songs in addition to its other valuable matter.

**ESSAYIST.**—We should say that the first battle fought by the British army on the Continent was the Battle of Lyons in 197, when, under Clodius Albinus they got thoroughly thrashed by Severus. But perhaps you do not go so far back as that?

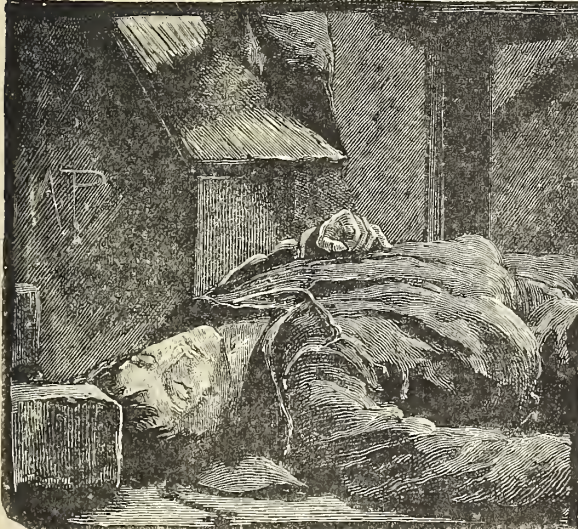




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## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XVI.—JUST BEFORE THE BURSTING OF THE STORM—THE STORY OF POOR ALLAN GRAY—THE MEETING OF THE MUTINEERS.

It would be a rare pleasure for an author to write a tale that from beginning to end was nothing but sunshine. But whoever did so would be giving no realistic and true

"The fellow rolled from his seat."



picture of life. For grief and sorrow, shade and sunshine, are about equally mixed in this world; and this is as true as regards the history of navies as of individuals.

I know that my tales and books find their way into the hands of many young seafarers; and of boys who will by-and-bye be afloat on the oceans blue, let such of those as read this chapter devoutly thank Heaven that, while both men and officers of our navy are still the same "hearts of oak" they were in the brave days of Hood and Nelson, tyranny finds no longer a berth on board, but has had, years and years ago, to walk the plank.

Peniston, after his promotion, was gazetted to the Marlborough, but managed soon to effect an exchange into his old ship, the Blazer.

McNab had also been promoted. The kindly old Irish surgeon had got a berth in a hospital at Malta, and the Scotchman reigned in his place, being now, of course, a ward-room officer.\*

Aft, the Blazer was still the same happy ship, but over the fore part of her a cloud had settled.

And I am sorry to say that the cloud first arose in Dean's mess, and though it was no bigger than a man's hand, it grew and spread only too rapidly, alas!

The Blazer was not a flogging ship, but strict discipline had to be maintained on board, nevertheless, and her Captain, though averse to the lash, sometimes found it impossible to steer clear of it.

In his own mess Philip Dean used to condemn the use of the cat in no measured terms.

"It is brutal," he would say, "brutal and cowardly—a remnant of the barbaric past. Shoot a man, run him through with sword or cutlass, but do not tie him up and lash him in a way you would not lash a dog."

I fear Philip objected to a good many things that he had no right to talk about at all. With the best of intentions he was somewhat of a firebrand.

The distribution of prize money—which, it must be confessed, was a very unfair one—was ever with Dean a sore point.

"I hate to think of it," he would often say. "It riles me, makes me mad for the moment."

Surely, sailor never went on shore to see his lass more blithely, or with a heart more filled with innocent joy, than did Allan Gray one lovely spring morning in '97. Nor did he ever look handsomer; and he had leave for six days, a little bit of money in his pocket, more than enough, indeed, to buy his Peggy a handsome present, and pay his fare to Plymouth—where his Peggy lived—and back again.

He entered one of the best shops he could see.

"A string of nice blue beads," he said to the girl behind the counter. "Must be of the brightest blue, just like your eyes, my pretty lass."

"What is the price of these little chaps like bits of coral—though who ever saw blue coral? Only a shilling?"

Ha, ha! but they're awfully cheap. Now, look 'ee here, lass; wouldn't five sets of these all alongside of each other, as it were, look charming round my Peggy's throat?"

"I'm sure they would," said the girl; "though I have never seen your Peggy, you know."

"No more you have—I forgot; but if you're good you shall one of these fine days. Yes, I'll have the five lots, and chance it."

And away went Allan, singing.

The shop-girl put past the rest of the gewgaws with a sigh.

"What a happy lass," she thought, "his Peggy must be!"

The day was very lovely, and so, outside and in, the stage was crowded. There seldom was a very great deal of mirth on the coach; but that day there was, for Allan was in the best of form, told stories and sung songs, and kept every one in such good-humour that the miles flew past as if they had been but furlongs.

Plymouth at long last; and, late though it was, Allan must row across to Mount Edgecumbe, where, in a little fisherman's cottage not far from the shore, yet half-buried in the woods, lived with her father the one being whom Allan loved better than any one else in all the wide world.

It was very quiet and still among the trees through which the sailor took his way; and the moon was casting patches of light and shadow over his path, but the cottage is reached at last. And, look! is that not Peggy yonder at the gate? It is, and she rushes to meet him; and the kindly-visaged, though seared-faced old father comes to the door presently and welcomes Allan in.

How swiftly the six days fled away! How innocently happy and gay were this sailor and his lass; and before they parted Allan and she—his Peggy—were, with the father's consent, betrothed.

They must be married in summer, Allan said, when the trees were green, and the flowers all springing, and the birds all singing, and nature everywhere as happy and gay as they should be.

"And," added, Allan Gray. "I am going to have a whole six weeks' leave, all in a lump, Peggy. Won't it be delightful?"

"Yes," sighed Peggy. "But, oh, Allan! how long the winter will seem! And—and—"

"And what, my lass?"

"There is a cloud at my heart; something hangs over us, I know. Last night our Spanish cock crew twice at the dark midnight hour, and I had such dreams."

Here poor Peggy burst into a fit of sobbing that quite alarmed Allan. But he managed to cheer her up, and before they parted she was as bright and happy again as the summer's day is long.

So Allan returned to his ship, being on board early on the Saturday afternoon.

He was as gay and merry as mavis in spring-time that evening. He was the life of the mess; he sang songs, told yarns, cracked jokes, and kept all hands laughing.

He was even kindly in talk to his sworn enemies, the Transoms, and shared his grog with them freely, though he never touched it himself.

"Here's to your merry wedding," said Tim Transom, with an ugly leer, just as Allan had finished a blithesome song with a rattling chorus.

"The same to you, Tim, old bo'," replied Allan, "and many o' them."

"Bless you," said Tim, turning round and addressing one of his messmates in a low voice, but one that was really meant for Allan's ears. "Bless you, Bill, I knowed Peg long afore he did. I wish him luck of her; but if he knowed her as well as me and my mate does, he'd steer clear o' that craft."

Dark lightning seemed to flash from Allan's eye.

"Liar and scoundrel!" he shouted. "Stand out here like a man, and defend yourself."

But Tim Transom had no such intention.

"Liar and coward, then," cried Allan, who now seemed in a frenzy of rage. He struck Peggy's calumniator in the jaw, and the fellow rolled from his seat. His head came in contact with the iron stanchion, and there he lay in a pool of blood.

What a change now from the joy and merriment of a few minutes ago!

Allan stood meekly by, side by side with the master-at-arms, and as pale as the wounded wretch whom McNab was bending over; and his messmates looked silently and sorrowfully on.

"Cheer up, mate," whispered Dean to him, "the blackguard isn't dead."

All the livelong night Allan walked backwards and forwards in his cell, never once lying down, while in through the scuttle shone the rays of the moon; that moonlight which had helped to make him happy but the night before, seemed now but to mock him in his misery.

"How is Transom, Dr. McNab?" said Spencer, next morning at breakfast.

"He'll be all right in a few weeks," was the reply, "though I had a few arteries to cut and tie."

"Confound the fellow!" cried the lieutenant. "I pity Allan—in my heart I do—one of our best men too. If he had but reported Transom I'd have flogged him. But now—"

No one spoke any more on the subject. All knew what the dreadful *now* meant.

Allan Gray was kept a prisoner until Transom was out of danger and nearly well.

Then came the dread ordeal of a court-martial. How very pale and sad poor Allan looked now, as he stood before the president of that solemn conclave. His month's confinement and anxiety of mind had worn the fine fellow to a shadow of his former self.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the president, a stranger Captain, by the way, a stern disciplinarian of the old school. "Anything to say for yourself, or anything to ask the witnesses, or yonder wounded man?"

Allan meekly bowed his head.

"Nothing," he murmured.

But Spencer spoke up. "There were extenuating circumstances, Mr. President—"

\* All surgeons are nowadays ward-room officers from the very first.



"Stay, Lieutenant Spencer," interrupted the presiding officer. "Stay, sir, the service will not under any circumstances permit a man to take the law into his own hands, and attempt to murder a messmate. The prisoner himself, sir, in this case shows his good sense by remaining mute."

Spencer bit his lip, but dared not reply, though thus rudely rebuffed.

Why Allan Gray should have been tried and condemned for attempted murder is more than I can say, but such is the fact. Perhaps a slight clue to the affair might be found in some words we find in the report of the President's speech. Briefly, they are such as these: "We have to do our duty; in this case we see it clearly. The service needs an example; the mess to which this man belonged is little more than a *hotbed of mutiny*. May the fate of the unhappy prisoner tend to check it."

Had the prisoner anything to say now that the sentence of death should not be—

"Sentence of death?" cried Allan. No terror about this brave seaman; not even a shadow of paleness in his countenance. He stood as erect as a king before this court.

"Sentence of death!" he cried. "Thank you, President; thank you, gentlemen all. Oh, believe me, it was not death I feared; *it was the lash*. To die is but the fate of all men; but to be condemned to a life of ignominy, scarred, disfigured, unable any more to look a man in the face. Oh! that I could not have borne."

He paused for a minute and the tears filled his eyes. "I was to have been married. That man yonder, that crouching coward, belied my lass, and I struck him to the deck. I acknowledge the justice of the sentence, and—welcome—death."

The court was dismissed, but not before Spencer, still burning with anger at the rebuff he had met with, seized Allan's hand and shook it; then, with one haughty glance towards the head of the table, resumed his seat.

Allan was led below, and a sentry set on his cage, or den, which was away forward on the orlop deck, and through the bars of which a condemned man's every action could be seen by night or by day.

\* \* \* \*

From this gloomy, barred prison the scene now changes to a long, low room or cellar in a house on the outskirts of Gosport. The house stood back from the road, and was partly sheltered in front by trees, though the road itself was so well frequented that the appearance on it of an extra bluejacket or two could at no time excite much suspicion.

One evening early in April, Dean, being then on leave, left the ditches and ramparts behind, and, arriving at the gate of the aforesaid house, an altogether dilapidated-looking building, he gave one quick glance up and down the road, then entered.

Two sharp taps, then a pause of a second, then a louder one, and the door turned silently on its hinges.

"You are?" said a sentry.

"Justice."

"Pass on, Justice."

The room was lighted by candles stuck in wooden sconces, and at each side of a long table sat many men, both sailors and marines. They did not look like evil men by any means. Each countenance was as easy and open as one could wish to see it. And yet, the truth must be told, every man there was not only a conspirator, but a leader of conspirators.

Dean took the chair at the head of the table, quietly, and without the slightest hesitation.

"Men," he said, "one of our number is missing; there is an empty chair."

"It is Jim Transom," said a low voice.

"The Transoms are traitors."

"One traitor," said Dean, "is safe in hospital, too cowed at present to think of mischief; the other I have seen to."

"Dead?"

This question came from several lips. "No, men, not dead, but a prisoner in the smugglers' cave. Hal Arkwright will see to him till all is past."

"I'd cast his dirty body over the rocks to feed the crabs!" hissed a marine.

"It is already ruled," said Dean, "that we commit no deed to disgrace us as seamen and as men. We shall not command the death of the traitor Transom unless he escapes. But I have news. The Admiralty have received intelligence of our manœuvres and intentions. Yes, Transom was the villain. It was on his return journey I arrested and secured him."

Hisses and groans went round the table, and more than one clenched fist struck the deal.

"Secondly, poor Allan Gray is to die at sea on the 18th."

"At sea?"

"Ay, men, ay, at sea, for the fleet will be ordered off before then."

There was a murmur of astonishment now, and several men began to talk in low tones to each other.

"Listen, men," said Dean, quietly. "I have tried fairly and squarely to lead and conduct my branch of this business in the only way which can gain us justice. I am thought lenient, and there be friends around me who would counsel murder—murder of officers and men in high estate. *I* will have no blood spilt if it can be avoided. *You* have elected me president; am I to be obeyed, or shall I now vacate the chair?"

The conspirators sprang to their feet even as one man, and with arms extended and eyes uplifted.

"We swear to obey you!" was the solemn chorus.

"It is well," said Dean. "Now, men, the time for action has nearly come. Our good old Admiral, Black Dick—bless him!—has gone from among us. We loved and obeyed the man, we looked upon him as a father. Because *he* was our Admiral, we have borne and suffered much. Our pay is inadequate to support us—ay, and pittance though it be, aggravating, thievish stoppages of all kinds are scored against it. Those among us who are married must go to sea and leave our dear families to starve. The very prize-money we trust a little to, and fight so hard and bravely for, is denied us; our food is uneatable,

the men impressed from the merchant service turn from it with loathing and disgust, until compelled by the pangs of hunger to devour it to save their lives.

"In a word, men, our ships' stewards cheat us at all times, our pursers plunder us, and our officers treat us as if we were dogs. If we do but look displeased we are lashed; if we speak but an angry word we are hanged. Yes, and even the British public—the nation at large, of which we and we alone are the sheet-anchor—are callous of our welfare, and ungrateful for all we are doing and have done.

"To make matters worse, our war-worn Admiral—now in but poor health, and whom we may never see again—seems to have turned his back on his children, and will not listen to our petitions.

"The time, then, I say, is come for action. How it will end I know not, but—be ready."

"Ay, ay, sir. We are ready."

Dean ceased speaking, and resumed his seat.

He sat with his face buried in his hands for fully ten minutes.

When he looked up he was alone.

One by one, or in twos and threes at most—to avoid suspicion—the sworn conspirators had melted away.

Then Dean rose slowly from his seat. He extinguished the candles, one by one, till he came to the last. This he took in his hand and went out into the cold passage, carefully shutting and locking the door behind him.

He went quietly up two flights of stairs, and knocked at a door.

It was opened almost immediately by a cheerful-looking, though aged man.

"Come in, sir," he said: "your meeting is over?"

"Hush! Arnold, hush! The very doors have ears."

"Sometimes, sir, there are ears at keyholes, but there isn't a soul in the house to-night but myself. Behold the cheerful fire and the steaming kettle; why, the very clock on the mantelpiece is ticking you a welcome, Mr. Robert."

"Hush, good Arnold; not that name now. The day may come. Heigho!"

"You are tired, sir."

"I am sad; I am sorrowful. My poor friend Allan lies waiting for death. Even Black Dick's efforts for a pardon may be unavailing. Then he dies."

"Let us hope for the best, and—"

"Hist! Some one opens the gate. It is he. It is my brother. Bless him, I'd know Jack's voice anywhere."

Jack was singing aloud as he came carelessly rattling up the stairs, and flung open the door. The combined light of a pair of candles and a roaring fire of wood fell on the face and well-knit figure of a young man of soldierly bearing, arrayed in a loose military cloak.

The brothers advanced and shook hands with much warmth of affection.

"It is like your good, honest, open heart, Jack, to come to me. All my brothers, ay, and sisters, have turned away from the poor prodigal son, all but you, Jack."

"Well, sit you down, lad," said the young officer, smiling. "Arnold, old man, move those timber-toes of yours.



Bustle about and make us a brew, and bring yourself a tumbler. Any tobacco, Robert?"

"How I love to hear you talk. Ay, Jack, a bit of real navy, too."

"By the way, Robert, they do say at

head-quarters that the navy is almost in a state of revolt. I trust, lad, there will be no rope dangling over your head."

"Never fear, brother; never fear. But I must tell *you* nothing."

"Pray, pray say nothing to me. Now let us dismiss that subject and talk of dear old times. That's the style, Arnold. Now, the kettle, and bring yourself to an anchor."

(To be continued.)

## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS; OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

By CHARLES DESLYS.



### PART III.

#### CHAPTER V.

LITTLE did the Morgana that now stood before Efflam and his wife and child resemble the fierce Druidess, the cruel and haughty sovereign we have hitherto known under that name. She looked but a poor suffering woman, with a face of livid paleness, marked with the deep furrows of grief. All her fantastic attire had disappeared, and she wore only her robe of mourning, which fell round her in heavy pleats and folds.

With slow, hesitating step she advanced, hardly lifting her eyes; her hands shook and her bosom heaved.

It was evident that one of those decisive hours had been reached in which the most resolute hesitate; that the confession hanging on her lips was her last effort against fate. The hope or despair of her life was about to be accomplished.

Sinking on to the first seat she came to, she hid her head in her hands as though to collect her thoughts. Surprised and affected by this unexpected scene, Efflam and Clothilda remained silent, and did not move.

But not so the child. He recognised his daily visitor, and, before any one noticed him, ran to her side and pulled at her robe.

"Ah!" exclaimed Morgana, taking him on her knees, and fondling him

close, "you give me the courage that failed me. Now I will speak. I will speak to you!"

And, seating him on her lap, she raised her voice, and in a tone and with a look of great kindness she began,

"Clothilda, Efflam, you are this boy's mother and father. Judge not too harshly those whose union was cursed; and who would not, perhaps, have learnt to hate if they had not suffered so much. For thus it was with me. I was only thrice this child's age when I knew all the bitterness of tears. My tribe had been destroyed. My relatives had all disappeared, except my grandfather, an old man, who had reached the limit of life, and was the holiest and the last of the Druids. We took refuge in the woods, where for ten years I had to find him in food, and suffer with him cold and hunger. But there I began to learn the secrets of a religion that ignorance persecutes in vain, of a religion that may perhaps again rise from its ruins."

"Woman," interrupted the count, "do not blaspheme. There is but one God, and He is our God!"

Morgana appeared painfully affected by this reply, and it was with bitter resignation that she resumed.

"Let us not argue about our beliefs;

let me continue. I had grown in solitude, having no other shelter than a wild beast's den, and like a young savage seeking my food in the forest. One day, when we were out in search of food, a troop of horsemen surrounded us. Their chief was no other than the destroyer of my tribe, the enemy of my family—King Morvan! My grandfather threw himself at his feet, confessed who we were, and implored the conqueror's mercy. Morvan looked at me; I was already beautiful. 'Shame on me,' he said, 'if I do not spare the blood of the Druids! The Supreme God seems to have put a divine ray in the glorious dark eyes of that young girl. She must be educated in the sacred rites, and become the Breton Velleda.' And so saying he ordered my grandfather and me to be taken to the College of the Druidesses on the Island of Sein. A few days later the door of this gloomy dwelling, beaten eternally by the raging ocean, closed on me. I had never known the joys of childhood, those of youth were also to be cut out of my life. Oh! it is only after a long and painful initiation, a terrible and severe apprenticeship, that one can penetrate the secrets of science, and rise to the formidable height where sits Taram, the Spirit of Thunder; and those whom he favours dearly purchase their power. By work and watching I became one of the few Sisters of the Mistletoe on the Oak. My hand could raise or calm the tempest. I received the golden sickle, and, to do me the greatest of honours, in the wicker statue on the hill of Karnac there were burnt a hundred human victims."

Efflam and Clothilda did not attempt to hide the horror with which this avowal inspired them.

Morgana noticed it, and, as if in excuse, continued:

"The sacrifice brought me misfortune. King Morvan wished to see me, and, admiring me, he made me his queen. Alas! the love of kings lasts not for long! My husband's love soon died away, and I grew jealous. Oh what days of torture, what nights without sleep! And I had nothing to keep near me, not even a child! Not content with increasing the number of my rivals, Morvan one night said to me, 'Another woman has borne me a son, and here he is; I wish you to look upon him as yours!' The child still lives! You see that Morgana knows how to forgive, and deserves to be forgiven!"

Efflam and Clothilda regarded her in silence.

Morgana continued,



"Then for a time all that came to me was to see my future enemy growing at my side, and cherish in my bosom this serpent with a man's head, this No-

animals the lioness is noted for the strength of her maternal love; and it was as a lioness that I loved my daughter."

given me back my husband's love, the Emperor Lodwig invaded unhappy Brittany. In one day—a day for ever accursed!—the flames devoured the



"Between a bodiless head and an empty cradle."

menoe! But Heaven had other sorrows in store for me. I had prayed continually to my gods and been constant in my sacrifices, and I was heard, and became a mother; but, alas! the mother of a daughter! I clung fiercely to my last hope. 'The law of man can be put aside; this child shall be queen!' I said to myself, and I loved her. They say that among the

Till now Morgana had held Clothilda's child on her knee; but, frightened, perhaps, at the vehemence of her last words, he slipped down and ran to his mother.

But such was the emotion of the Druidess that she did not notice he had gone.

"Six months," she continued, "after my daughter's unexpected birth had

last refuge of the conquered king, who fell living into his enemy's power. On the morrow I stood between a bodiless head and an empty cradle! Now, Count Efflam, do you understand why Morgana seeks revenge?"

It was in no tone of anger that she asked this, but with sobs and tears.

Then, as no voice interrupted her—for each respected her great sorrow—



she seemed to fall into a sort of melancholy ecstasy.

"Through all the troubles and fevers of my fatal task," she murmured, "I kept deep in my sorrowing soul one little corner, as it were, for joy. Constantly before my eyes there was a vision of the future. I dreamt!"

"And the dream?" asked the count.

"My daughter was not dead; she had been saved from the fire by a young chief of the victorious army; she had been taken to his castle and brought up, and I said to myself, 'Patience, Morgana, patience! Do you not read in the stars that she is beautiful, and that he will love her?' What else could I do but wait? Why should I carry away my child into a whirlpool of peril? Years went on; my prediction was fulfilled; my hope was not a false one; and now my dream is realised—here, before my eyes . . . Clothilda, I am your mother!"

"My mother? You—my mother?" exclaimed Clothilda, appalled.

"No! It is impossible!" said Efflam.

"Remember, she was found eighteen years ago!" replied the Druidess, with terrible assurance. "Remember the general opinion that she was the daughter of one of the chiefs killed in the battle—a chief whom I knew well. She is the daughter of King Morvan! What I say I can prove. She has on her arm a tattooed mark you have never been able to understand! It is a sickle surmounted by a crown, the emblem of Morvan, and my emblem. Morvan himself put it on the child's arm soon after she was born, as fourteen years before, on my wedding-day, he had put it on my left arm. Would you see that the two signs are alike? Look!"

And, throwing back her sleeve, she showed on her naked arm the crowned sickle of the Druidess.

"That is true!" the count was forced to acknowledge.

Morgana turned in triumph, but anxious, towards her daughter.

"Clothilda!" she exclaimed, and the word seemed to come from her very heart. "Clothilda! Do you not remember the woman veiled in black who often in the days of your childhood came from behind the thicket in the park at Glay and clasped you in her arms, and then suddenly slipped away? Need I tell you of the mysterious shadow that everywhere followed your footsteps? Clothilda! My Clothilda! Can you not read in my eyes, now full of tears, in my voice that trembles, in the thrill in your own heart, that I am indeed your mother?"

And Morgana rose and staggered towards her, holding out to her her eager arms.

Clothilda fell on her bosom, calling her by the sweet name she longed for. But it was not without a shudder, without a murmur of, "Romarik! Romarik!"

For between her and her mother rose the phantom that haunted her dreams; the phantom of the faithful defender whose eyes Morgana had torn away.

The unhappy mother overheard the words of protest, and stepped back in consternation.

"It was a necessary crime," she said,

hoarsely. "He would have found you and taken you away. And that I would not allow! You punish me for the crime. Be it so! I will wait till you understand me and love me. For you will love me. Yes, love me—in time. Am I not used to waiting and suffering? Was I made for happiness? No! Ambition is my only lot—ambition! That is all that remains to me!"

Count Efflam availed himself of her last words, and, as if entering the lists in turn, said to her,

"Morgana, your secret is now known to me; but I know not your plans. What are they?"

"Have you not guessed them already? My love for your son. The words that escaped me as I embraced him, did you not understand them?"

"You promised me a frank and complete revelation. Explain yourself clearly."

"Well! If I consented to separate myself from my daughter, it was because the voices of the future spoke to me. And this is what they said: 'It will not be the blood of a rival, of a stranger, that will reign in Brittany, it will be your own blood, the child born of Clothilda!'"

"That child?"

"Yes, your son. Did I not say to him, 'Child, you will be a king!' The future will fulfil the word; the stars affirm it! Did I not say so to yourself, 'Yes, Count Efflam, Morgana offers you a crown'?"

"Offers me?"

"Yes, you, the bravest of the brave, the invincible paladin who alone will be powerful enough to set aside the old Armorican law, who alone can conquer this Nomenoe, who alone can raise the glorious banner of King Morvan. The oracle of the sacred oak has taught me so a hundred times, and that oracle is never wrong. Shall I proclaim you to-day, as the husband of my daughter, as my heir by adoption? Will you have your son sole sovereign of Brittany after you? Say! Is it your will?"

The count thought for an instant. His decision was taken at once, but on his answer he knew would depend the freedom of his wife and child, their reunion, and the happiness of all, and he did not yet dare to make the sacrifice.

"Morgana!" he said; "you forget my two companions."

"They will join you," said she, quickly, "and some rich appanage, Nantes or Rennes, will reward them. We will make them all-powerful among the children of Hesus!"

"Deny our God?" exclaimed the count.

"Wait!" said Morgana, knitting her brows, and speaking as if ashamed of what she said. "Such is my love for this child, for his mother, such is my desire to see the realisation of the dream of my life, that I consent to your keeping to your Christian religion. I will do more. I will announce to my people that the time has come to imitate the other Gauls and renounce their gods. I alone, although I am thus betraying them, will remain faithful. You see, count, I offer you the chance of conquering a people and a religion."

Efflam replied,

"You are clever, Morgana; and your savage diplomacy might tempt another than me. But I am one of those who do not bargain with duty, nor prove traitor either to earth or Heaven. It is said in our Divine law, 'Render to God the things that are God's'; and also 'Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.' The Cæsar of our nation was Karl yesterday; it is Lodwig to-day. Karl took care of me, adopted me as his son, raised me to the highest rank among his peers. On the bed of death he chose me for one of the executors of the sacred task he left behind him. To that task I will remain faithful; that duty I will accomplish to the last drop of my blood—the last breath of my life. Do not ask me to desert my work, to betray my sovereign, to turn my arms against the country of my adoption!"

"Your country of adoption," interrupted Morgana, "is that in which you spent your childhood—in which you became a man—in which you loved. It is Brittany!"

"Brittany belongs to the descendants of Karl the Great."

"By the right of conquest, you mean? Ah, Count Efflam—Count Efflam, you who pretend to be so just, dare you tell me that every nation was not made to be free; that the right of the strongest is always right?"

"Morgana," he replied, "it is not to you I would speak, but to your daughter."

And, turning towards the mother of his child, he said, with tender solemnity in his voice,

"Clothilda, you have heard what has been proposed to me in your name; to this child a king's crown; to his father the abandoning of the noble cause he has hitherto served, the cowardly apostasy, the dishonour. What do you think?"

Clothilda came closer to him, and leant proudly on his shoulder.

"Think of your honour first. Let our boy remain poor and obscure—let our separation be eternal—but do your duty!"

"Clothilda! My daughter," said the Druidess, eager to gain her ends by threats, if not by supplications, "think of my resentment—my tears!"

"Enough!" said Efflam, embracing his wife. "We refuse! I refuse!"

"I do not take that for your last word," said Morgana, hesitating in her heart. "You will think it over; you will not force me to become your enemy, to rend an impassable chasm between her and you."

Efflam and Clothilda both started.

Morgana smiled.

"You both understand? Count Efflam, you will come back with me. Clothilda, you must remain with your mother! But spare me the trouble of keeping you here by force. Tell me that you do not hate me, that you forgive me, that you do not want to leave me. Think of the little time I have had to call you my daughter."

And, as if to invite her to her embrace, Morgana held out her arms.

In Clothilda's look there was not so much the signs of a struggle as of a sorrowful hesitation, a compassionate, generous regret.



Advancing towards Morgana, she allowed herself to be embraced. Then, gently disengaging herself from the passionate caress she had received,

"Mother," she said, "I have no longer the right to judge you or to hate you. I

face in her hands; then, in a voice broken and almost conquered, she said, "Leave me at least the child! I only ask you for him to bring him up as I will, to make him a king!"

"My son!" exclaimed Clothilda, snatching up the boy, who smiled at her. "Separate me from my son? Never! Oh, Morgana! if you really had a mother's heart you would know that a mother would cling to her child, even if she had to forsake everything else."

"Morgana," said the count, "that answer from your daughter is your condemnation. It is not affection that speaks in you, but ambition, always ambition!"

"Well, be it so!" said she, rising suddenly to her full height and assuming her true character. "Be it so! You can go! But your wife and son belong to me—by right of conquest! You yourself found out where they are, and I will keep them to answer for your obedience in the future! They are mine! Go, I say to you, go! I will keep them!"

"And if I take them from you?" asked the count. "If I take away now the two treasures that came to me from Heaven, which you took by treachery, which you stole from me?"

Already Morgana had blown a silver whistle that hung from her belt. Through the door, opened by the dwarf Cormoran, a number of her fierce followers leapt into the chamber, sword in hand.

"Try!" said Morgana, superbly. "Dare you assassinate me?" asked Efflam, before whom Clothilda had thrown herself. "Do you attempt to hold me prisoner? I have your word!"

"And I have yours," said the Druidess, ironically; "the word of a knight, of a paladin, which without these worthy guardians you would have broken! I will keep mine better. They will take you back as I brought you here, with a bandage over your eyes. They will give you back your arms; you can find your companions, and other allies perhaps, and we can enter on open strife, I to keep my prisoners, you to rescue them. Such was our agreement, and I can only repeat—Try!"

"Yes, I will try. I will fight, and I will win! You know what Karl's godson can do!"

"Madman!" said Morgana. "The struggle can only convince you of my power and your impotence—to bring you conquered, submissive, and suppliant to my feet. That is why I let you go from here; that is why I do not despair of the future I have dreamt; that my gods have assured me, and that, in spite of you and yours, will be realised."

Hardly had the words left her lips than the sound of a trumpet was heard without, and Cormoran appeared.

In a moment Morgana saw what had happened. At her orders the count was seized, his eyes were bandaged, and he was hurried away down the corridor.

In a few minutes he found himself alone outside the cave. He tore the bandage from his eyes, and, before he had taken a dozen steps, beheld his friends, who received him with shouts of joy.

But at the same moment Nomenoe pointed out on the sea a boat running full sail before the wind, and in its stern stood Morgana!

(To be continued.)



"She allowed herself to be embraced."

am sorry I am not yet able to tell you I love you; but I shall love you—if you will give up your ambitious designs, and be kind to me, and come with us and live under the law."

"Never!" said the Druidess, fiercely. "Never! Morgana was made to give orders, not to receive them. Morgana is not one to follow others, but to be followed."

A look of keen sorrow clouded the suppliant face of Clothilda. She remained for a minute silent; then she went to a marble table and took from it a voluminous parchment, which she turned over till she found the leaf she sought, and this she pointed out to Morgana.

"You have allowed me to remain a Christian," said she. "Here is the Divine law which regulates the conduct of Christian women. Read, mother, read!"

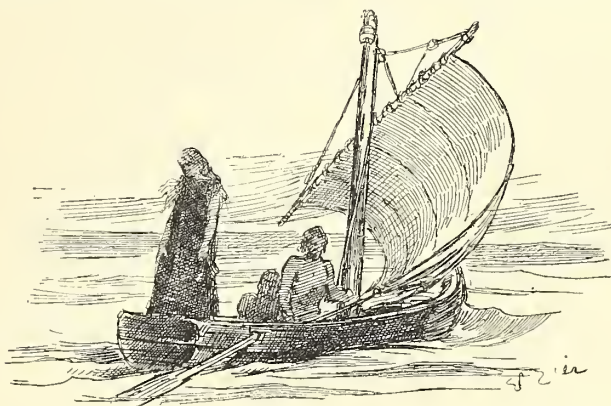
The book was the Bible, and the Druidess had herself brought it there, and she read:

"The wife shall leave her father and mother, and follow her husband."

Clothilda returned to Efflam.

"Mother," she asked, "can we go?"

For a few moments Morgana hid her



## THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE:

A MEXICAN STORY.

By SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.,

Author of "Waifs and Strays," "On a Winter's Night," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE STONE OF HORROR.

FOR a long time the novelty of his position kept Bob awake. At last, however, his wearied limbs were lulled to repose, and he slept peacefully until the clash of arms aroused him from his slumbers. He started from his couch.

"What do you want with me?" exclaimed he, addressing a gaily-accounted Indian who, at the head of an armed escort, stood by his couch.

"Is the pale-face able and ready to reply to the questions which the council

has ordered me to put?" was the reply.

"Able I certainly am," answered Bob, using the broken Spanish in which he had been addressed. "But whether I am ready is another matter. By what right am I detained here?"



"The pale-face is here to answer questions, not to ask them," was the calm reply. "He was caught like a thief and a robber within the precincts of the Sacred City, and he must *die*!"

"Die!" cried Bob, half springing from his couch. "And why?"

"The pale-face has yet a chance of life," said the Indian. "In an hour he will be placed upon the Stone of Horror, and if he can drive from it in succession three of the antagonists allotted to him, his life will be spared; but if he cannot, he will be sacrificed as an offering to the White Prince."

The Indian made a sign, and immediately two of the guard removed Bob's fetters, whilst another, leaving the room, returned with a dish of savoury meat and a basketful of *tor-tillas* (a kind of maize bannock).

"In an hour the pale-face will be conducted to the Stone of Horror, and then let him do his best!" and his guard withdrew.

Hunger acted as good sauce, and after a time Bob finished what had been placed before him.

By-and-bye the guard again entered his prison, accompanied by two venerable men, whom Bob took for priests. In spite of his resistance, they stripped him to the waist, covered his body with perfumed oil, and then, placing him in the centre of the guard, led him away by a narrow, winding passage from the cell that he had occupied.

After a long tramp a door was suddenly thrown open, and Bob found himself in what appeared to be a large amphitheatre.

Upon the seats, which rose tier upon tier, was a gaily-dressed throng, who saluted his appearance with loud plaudits, and as they raised their hands Bob could see their rings and armlets glisten in the sun. In the centre of the arena was a huge slab of lava, about twelve feet in length, raised upon blocks of the same material, some three feet from the ground. At about three feet from one end a ring of gold was firmly let into the surface. The guard hurried Bob towards this slab, placed him upon it, and immediately fastened his ankle by a leather rope some two feet in length to the ring. They then withdrew, and fresh plaudits burst from the audience.

The two priests then approached and delivered a long harangue, of which Bob could not comprehend one syllable; and then, placing in his hands a heavy war-club, the head of which was studded with sharp blades of obsidian, withdrew right and left with many strange gesticulations.

The Indian who had visited Bob in the dungeon now approached, and briefly informed him of the terms of the coming combat.

"You will be attacked by one adversary at a time," said he, "armed like yourself. If you succeed in driving him off the stone the victory is yours, and you will have to cope with a fresh antagonist; but should he prostrate you, he is the victor, and you will at once be taken and sacrificed to the White Prince."

"But I have never done any one here any harm," urged Bob.

"Such is your weapon, and such are the rules," said the Indian, senten-

tiously. "Behold your first adversary."

And almost as he spoke an Indian made for the stone, brandishing in his hand a similar weapon to that with which Bob had been supplied.

The boy sprang forward, and, forgetful of the thong which confined his ankle, fell at once upon his face, thereby escaping a right-to-left blow from his antagonist's club.

Before the Indian could recover his balance, Bob was once more upon his feet, and a fierce struggle ensued. Accustomed as the Indian was to the use of the weapon, Bob's agility almost counterbalanced that advantage; and, had it not been for the rope that hampered his movements, the Indian would not have stood upon the platform long.

After a little cautious play, Bob's adversary made a forward rush; the boy avoided it, and in another moment had brought his own club down. For a moment the Indian strove to recover his balance, but failed; and, with a heavy thud, rolled off the platform.

A wild shout of applause arose from the assembled multitude.

Hardly giving Bob time to take breath, another Indian leapt upon the platform. He was a shorter but perhaps more muscular man than the last, and made the club play round his head like a reed. The conflict was too unequal to last. A blow upon the side of his head prostrated Bob, and as he essayed to rise the heavy foot of his adversary crushed him down, until the war club, with its sharp blades of obsidian, was brandished above his head.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—A SHOT IN TIME.

ALL the weary morning Arthur had been lying almost exhausted upon his luxurious couch, and had been longing for the appearance of his sister Lily, who, moved by prudential reasons, had debarred herself from the pleasure of seeing her brother.

In spite of all his questions as to the unwonted noises, and the tramp of the populace, his guard invariably returned evasive replies. At last, in despair, he asked for the Fair-haired Priestess of the Temple, and to his surprise his sister was at once ushered into his presence.

"Can you tell me, Lily," he asked, "what is all this disturbance, and why I am kept a prisoner here, or how the whole population seem to be so full of mirth?"

"Easily," she replied. "In honour of your arrival they are about to sacrifice a poor victim upon the Stone of Horror, and I believe that they caught an intruder yesterday, who is to be the one." "How can you talk like that, Lily?" asked her brother. "It seems so hard-hearted."

"I have seen so much of it," answered she, sadly. "After all, it is only a chance; and perhaps it is not a white man, after all, but a Shotononi or a wandering Apache."

"But what are they doing?" asked her brother; "for you must have seen a lot of this during the time that you have been with them."

"They have bound him to the Stone of Horror," answered the girl; "and

if he cannot overcome three of their warriors he will be sacrificed to the sun, and to your honour."

"The heathens!" muttered Arthur, in indignation. "And can you tell me, Lily, who they have caught now?—to be sure I do not want any man, black, red, or white, to be sacrificed for me."

"I will find out," answered Lily; and after a few more words she glided noiselessly from the room.

The excitement and worry of the past few hours had nearly taken away all Arthur's energy, and he had almost relapsed into a state of lethargy, when his sister Lily came flying back with the startling news,

"It is, I believe, our brother. Oh! can we not save him?"

"Bob!" cried Arthur; "how has he come here? And what am I to do to save him?"

"He has followed you, and been captured by the guards," cried the girl; "and he is now bound upon the Stone of Horror."

"And what is that?" cried the boy; "for though I heard the name mentioned repeatedly during my journey hither, I have not the slightest idea of what it means."

"It is simply this," answered Lily, breathlessly. "He is fastened by a short cord to a ring in the stone, and has to contend with three of the bravest warriors of the city; if he defeats them he is free—that is to say—to choose his own death; if he is defeated he is sacrificed to the sun."

"And do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Arthur, springing up, "that Bob is there, and I am not of the least assistance to him? No, no! let me do something, Lily, or my heart will break. What *can* I do?"

"Let us hasten to the stone; I can take you there by a short route, and perhaps your presence may enable you to save him."

"Yes, yes, come quickly," said Arthur. "Stay, though. Where is my rifle? Ah, there it is, and my other things." And, snatching up his weapons, he followed his sister from the room.

Lily led him through the temple, with all its barbaric ornaments, and through many dark and devious passages, until at last they emerged into a street which appeared to be quite deserted.

"Hark!" said Lily, raising her hand, as a loud cheer burst upon their ears. "They are at their cruel work; I know too well the meaning of that shout."

"Hasten, oh, hasten!" cried Arthur, "or we shall be too late."

"In another moment," replied his sister, "we shall be there."

It was as she had said, for as they emerged from the street the whole scene burst upon their view—the gaily-dressed spectators, the white slab spotted with blood, the upraised club, and their brother lying prostrate at the feet of his conqueror. Arthur did not pause for an instant. Like an arrow from a bow, he sprang forward, burst through the ranks of the astonished spectators, and in another moment was bestriding the body of his brother, whilst the Indian, dropping his club, recoiled before the revolver which was pointed full in his face.



A loud shout rose from the multitude. "The White Prince! the White Prince!"

Lily had followed her brother, and, stooping down, raised Bob's head and wiped the blood from his face.

"Men of the Sacred City," cried Arthur, raising his voice to its highest pitch, "is this the way in which you treat the brother of your Prince? Do you not know that in striking him you strike me? Release him, and bear him at once to my room!"

There was a moment of hesitation, for it was a bold stroke of the lad's. Then the white-headed chief and his guard advance, and, severing the thong that bound Bob to the stone, raised him in their arms.

But a frantic figure rushed forward. It was the priest Otan Hari.

"The pale-face belongs to the sun!" yelled he, with wild gesticulations. "The sacrifice must be accomplished! The pale-face was vanquished, and must die!"

"Stand back!" cried Arthur, laying a hand upon the breast of the frantic man, "and respect your Prince!"

But with a fierce shout Otan Hari rushed past him, and his knife gleamed in the sun as he raised it above Bob's breast. Immediately was heard the sharp crack of a revolver. The knife dropped to the ground, and the arm that had held it fell powerless.

Then at Arthur's commands they bore Bob back to the palace.

(To be continued.)

## A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

"Now, then, Jack Spratt, what are you doing up there?"

"Hsh! cave, you ass!"

This reply was whispered with considerable emphasis, and its immediate effect was to make old Hercules\* squat down on his haunches like an overgrown frog. He had come round a corner to a portion of the playground where for some time past builders had been busy with bricks and mortar. The new wing, destined to be studies for the senior boys, was in course of erection, and it was only natural that we should take a lively interest in the operations.

It was good sport to climb up the perpendicular scaffold-poles, and then circle the horizontal ones; it was pleasant to get into the bucket used for raising materials to the upper storey, while some willing hand hauled you up

pendulum; and then, when the oscillation was sufficient, to clutch hold of the frame of a window or the angle of a wall, and so gain a standing-place. All this was sport enough, but it had to be indulged in cautiously, for in one quar-

motherly regard for our necks and limbs made her tremble whenever she happened to see any of us suspended in mid-air, and "risking our precious lives," as she was pleased to term it. That good lady would sometimes



"Jack caught sight of Miss Porchester."

by the rope which passed round a small wheel above; and when you got to the top it was exciting to push and struggle till the basket began to rock like a



"Walked and trotted round the field."

ter such recreations were by no means regarded with approval.

The Doctor did not much mind our extemporising gymnastic feats upon the scaffold-poles. He liked us to be active, and said it was good practice to climb the long pole in the gymnasium. Neither did the workmen offer any objection. They were friendly disposed, and we used to cultivate their favour by bits of cake, or apples and oranges—not to say an occasional pot of jam when some hamper of unusual dimensions had arrived. We used to call them by their nicknames. One, I remember, was known as "Yorkshire Pudding," and another as "Gooseberry Jam," and a third as "Irish Stew."

It was Miss Porchester, whose

emerge from a doorway in the house communicating with the upper storey of the new wing. She would gird up the folds of her dress and pick her way along the temporary platform, and venture as far as possible among the skeleton walls; and, if haply she espied any boy engaged in the exercises which caused her alarm, she would call upon him to desist—as anxious for our safety as an old hen who sees her brood of ducklings take their first paddle in the pond.

On this particular occasion Jack Spratt was comfortably seated in the basket, his head and shoulders protruding on one side, and his legs hanging over from the knee downwards on the other. He had the rope in his hands,

\* See "Boy's Own Paper," vol. vi., page 7, et seq.



and, being a youth of active habits, he was hauling himself up into the aerial regions.

Just as Hercules came round the corner Jack had caught sight of Miss Porchester, treading the plank causeway above; and he was meditating rapidly what course to pursue in prospect of the near approach of the enemy. Therefore, he was by no means pleased at hearing himself accosted in a loud voice, which would certainly draw more attention to his person than he desired. Hence his ungracious reply.

Miss Porchester came on, and in less than ten seconds she would be in full view of Spratt. But he was equal to the emergency, for he slackened the rope, and before our lady-superior caught sight of him, his descent was accomplished, and he had alighted with a solid flump on firm ground. Then, turning over on his hands and feet, with the basket on his back, like the carapace of a tortoise, he executed some rapid movements on all fours, much to the amusement of the workmen.

Hercules wanted to speak to Spratt on a matter of importance, so without much ceremony he soon put an end to these frolics. He caught hold of the basket and pushed it over, so that Spratt was laid upon his side, and crawled out without more ado.

Miss Porchester seemed to be satisfied that danger was averted, for she did not appear as the two boys sauntered off with occasional glances upwards.

"I say, Jack," said Hercules, taking him by the arm, "I actually asked the Doctor yesterday if he would mind my training Cacus to ride on. It was rather cheeky, but he did not seem to mind; in fact he was rather jolly about it."

"Well, did he say you might?"

"He said he would speak to Miss Porchester about it. That was the worst part of it. She's sure to think I shall be kicked off and break my neck. But I wrote home first, and they don't mind. The governor says it does boys good to be kicked off and break their necks—it hardens them—so perhaps she will let me try."

Miss Porchester was certainly reluctant to give her consent; but when the letter was produced, and her brother said there was not any serious risk, she finally consented to the proposal, on condition

that she and the Doctor should witness the first performance, and if she considered that the proceedings were likely to be dangerous, they should be discontinued at once and for ever. Cacus was to be bridled, and Dr. Porchester was to be close at hand to render assistance if required.

Two days after this conference, during the first lesson after breakfast, Hercules was sent for out of school. He found the Doctor and Miss Por-



Miss Porchester.

chester waiting to attend him to the paddock. Miss Porchester stood outside the railings, while the Doctor and the boy entered the enclosure.

The result was satisfactory. For some unexplained reason Hercules had an influence over the great donkey which no one else could claim. The animal was generally pronounced to be vicious and vindictive. Probably that opinion was a libel on his true character, and accounted for by the fact that those who had dealings with him often teased and bullied him.

On this occasion Cacus proved as tractable as even Miss Porchester could wish. Far from resenting the prospect of servitude, the great donkey trotted up to Hercules and rubbed his head on his shoulder. Then followed a little coaxing, and the ass found the halter round his neck and the boy on his back;

and then, as if conscious of the honour conferred on him in being permitted to support the person of his friend, Cacus moved off with stately paces, and walked and trotted round the field as if he had been accustomed to such exercise from the cradle.

Miss Porchester's expression of alarm gradually gave place to one of comparative assurance. The Doctor said, "Bravo, my boy, you certainly understand the animal. I hope it is not because he recognises in you one of his ownkith and kin under disguise. Jupiter himself once took the form of a bull. The Weaver in the Midsummer Night's Dream wore a donkey's head. Can it be that the transformation has ever been reversed? I will not make invidious insinuations, but sometimes in class, you know—well, never mind. You had better get back to your lessons."

Hercules dismounted and set free his steed, rewarding him with a large carrot which he had pocketed beforehand.

After this there was no objection to the course of training. Every day, when fine, Hercules found opportunity to exercise the donkey, who never showed any tendency to vice or obstinacy under discipline. Sometimes the halter was discarded, for a tuft of mane was found to answer the purpose; while a stroke of the hand on the right or left side of the neck sufficed for steering his course, and a gentle application of the heels was enough to accelerate the speed when desired. Verily the poet was right when he said that by gentleness even fierce bulls are made submissive to the yoke, and he might have said the same of donkeys.

Now before Cacus could be considered to have completed his education, it was necessary to instruct him in the art of jumping. This proved also to be merely a matter of patience and practice. At first a branch of a tree was the obstacle; then a fairly respectable hedge was extemporised; until at length Hercules felt confident of being able to follow the harriers on the back of his steed.

Dr. Porchester was wondrous pleased at the success of his ass-trainer, and promised Hercules that some day, when the hounds met in the neighbourhood, he should join the glad throng. But the promise was never destined to be fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

## THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

### A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—(continued.)

BARNWORTH was right. In less than five minutes Munger appeared, half-dressed, and decidedly uneasy in his manner.

"What do you want me for?" he demanded, with an attempt at bluster.

"What do you mean by not coming when we sent for you, when you

know perfectly well what you are wanted for?"

"What am I wanted for?" asked Munger, glancing nervously round.

"You know well enough, Munger."

"How do I know, till you tell me?" snarled the boy.

"If he doesn't know," said Barnworth

to Ainger, significantly, "we must do as we proposed. I'll go and get my papers and be ready for you in a minute."

This meaningless speech had a remarkable effect on Munger. He stared first at one prefect, then at the other; and when Barnworth rose as if to leave the room, he said—



"Wait—don't do that. What is it you want to ask?"

"You know that as well as we do. Are you going to say what you know, or not?"

"I don't know how you got to know anything about it," began Munger; "it's a plot against me, and—"

"We don't want all that," said Ainger, sternly. "What we want to know is, did you do it yourself, and if not who else was in it."

"Of course I couldn't do it myself. You couldn't, strong as you are."

"You helped, then?"

"I had nothing to do with the—the scragging," said Munger. "I—Oh, I say Ainger, you aren't going to get me expelled, surely? Do let us off this time."

"I'm not the head master, you'll have to ask him that. Your only chance is to make a clean breast of it at once. What was it you did?"

"I only opened the door of the boot-box, and helped drag him in. I had nothing to do with the scragging. Branscombe did all that himself, and Clipstone hung to his legs."

It needed all the self-control of the three prefects to refrain from an exclamation of astonishment at this wonderful disclosure.

"Are you telling the truth?" demanded Ainger.

"I am—I swear it—I never even knew what they meant to do till an hour before. It was Clipstone's idea, and I—owed him money for betting, and he had a pull on me, and made me do it. But I swear I never touched Bickers except to help pull him in."

"Now, one question more. Was there anyone else in it, but just you three?"

"Nobody, as sure as I stand here."

"Very well, you can go now. We shall have to tell the Doctor of course, and there's no knowing what he will do. But it's been your best chance to make a clean breast of it while you had the opportunity."

The wretched Munger departed to his bed, but not to sleep. He could not conceive how Railsford first, and then these three prefects, should have discovered his deeply hidden secret. Not a word about it had escaped his own lips. Branscombe was away, and Clipstone scarcely any one in Railsford's house ever saw. But the secret was out, and what kept Munger awake that night was neither shame nor remorse, but fear lest he should be expelled, or perhaps worse, arrested!

The three prefects sat late, talking over their wonderful discovery. "It's good as far as it goes," said Barnworth. "But it doesn't clear up the question how Railsford got to hear of it, and what his motive has been in shielding the criminals. It can't have been on Munger's account, for the two have been at war all the term; and I don't suppose since the affair he has exchanged two words with either Branscombe or Clipstone."

"Don't you think," said the captain, "that now we do know all about it, we might go and ask him?"

It was a brilliant suggestion, and they went.

But Railsford was in bed and asleep; and his visitors, important as was their business, had not the hardihood to

arouse him, and were reluctantly obliged to postpone their explanation till the morning.

Even then they seemed destined to be thwarted; for Railsford had gone for a bathe in the river, and only returned in time for call-over; when of course there was no opportunity for a private conference.

But as soon as breakfast was over they determined to catch him in his room and put an end to their suspense there and then.

Alas! not five minutes before they arrived, Railsford had gone out, this time, as Cooke informed them, to the Doctor's.

It seemed a fatality, and who was to say whether his next move might be to quit Grandcourt without even giving them a chance?

"The only thing to do is to go and catch him at the Doctor's," said Ainger; "we've a right to go—at least I have—to report Munger."

"All serene," said Barnworth, "better for you to go alone. It would only put Pony's back up if we all went."

For once in his life Ainger felt that there were some dignities connected with the captaincy of a house; and for once in his life he would have liked to transfer those dignities to any shoulders but his own.

But he put a bold face on it, and marched across to the Doctor's.

"Perhaps I shall only make it worse for Railsford," said he to himself. "Pony will think it precious rum of us to have let two terms go by without finding the secret out, and then, when it suits us to find it, getting hold of it in half-an-hour. So it is, precious rum! And if Railsford has known the names all along and kept them quiet, it's not likely to make things better for him that we have discovered them on our own account. Anyhow, I'm bound to report a thing like this at once, and it's barely possible it may turn something up for Railsford."

As he crossed the quadrangle a cab drove in, and set down a tall, elderly gentleman, who, after looking about him, advanced towards the prefect and said:—

"Can you direct me to the head master's house?"

"Yes, sir," said Ainger, "I'm going there myself. It's this way."

It wasn't often strangers made so early a call at Grandcourt.

"A fine old building, this," said the gentleman; "how many houses are there?"

"Eight," said Ainger.

"And whose do you belong to?"

"Railsford's. That's his, behind us."

"And which is Mr. Bickers's?"

"This must be the father of one of Bickers's fellows," thought Ainger. "That one next to ours," he replied.

The gentleman looked up at the house in an interested way, and then relapsed into silence and walked gravely with his guide to the Doctor's.

The Doctor's waiting-room was not infrequently tenanted by more than one caller on business at that hour of the morning. For between nine and ten he was at home to masters and prefects and ill-conducted boys; and not a few of the latter knew by painful experience that a good deal of serious

business was often crowded into that short space of time.

This morning, however, there was only one occupant when Ainger and the gentleman were ushered in. That occupant was Railsford.

"Why, Ainger," said the master, scarcely noticing the stranger, "I did not expect you here. What are you come for?"

"To report a boy."

"Which one, and for what? Is it a bad case?"

"It's Munger, sir, for being one of the party who assaulted Bickers last term."

Railsford started. And it was an odd thing that the gentleman, although his back was turned, did so too.

"How did you discover that?" said the master.

Ainger briefly explained, and the gentleman, evidently disturbed in his mind, walked to the window.

When the conference between the other two had ended the latter turned abruptly and said,

"Excuse me, but I accidentally overheard you just now mention a matter in which I am very much interested. In fact it is about it that I am here to see Dr. Ponsford at present."

At that moment the Doctor entered the room. The other two naturally gave way to the visitor, who accordingly advanced and greeted the head master.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Dr. Ponsford; I dare say you do not remember me. My name is Branscombe. You know, of course, the painful business on which I have come."

"I hope, Mr. Branscombe, your son is no worse. We should be sorry to lose him. We looked upon him as a promising boy."

The gentleman looked hard at the Doctor.

"You surely say this to spare my feelings, Dr. Ponsford. Of course I understand my son can never return here."

"Is that so? I am truly sorry."

"You would be the last to wish him to return to a school in which his name has been so disgraced."

It was the Doctor's turn to look astonished.

"Disgraced? Branscombe was always one of our model boys."

"Until last term," said the father.

"I don't understand you," said the Doctor.

"Surely, Dr. Ponsford, you know by this time my son's offence. I do not attempt to excuse it. He voluntarily took the only right step to take in his position by confessing."

"Pardon me," said the Doctor, "but I still do not understand. What confession do you refer to?"

"Has not Mr. Bickers communicated the contents of my son's letter to him, written two days ago. He must have received it yesterday morning. In it my boy confessed that he, assisted by two others, had been the author of the outrage on Mr. Bickers last term. He is deeply repentant, and wishes by this confession to put right all the mischief which has resulted from his act. But surely Mr. Bickers has shown you the letter."

"He has neither shown me it, nor mentioned it."



"Is it possible? My boy was so anxious and restless about the affair that I promised him to come down and see you; fully expecting that long before now you would have been made acquainted with everything. Would it trouble you to send for Mr. Bickers?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor. Then, turning to Ainger and Railsford, he said, "Would you two come again later on? and on your way, Ainger, will you ask Mr. Bickers to come here?"

"Excuse me, Doctor," said Mr. Branscombe, "but I should much prefer if these two gentlemen remain. I believe in fact, that—although I do not know them—they have come to see you on this same business that I have."

"Perhaps, Railsford—" began the Doctor, when his visitor broke in,

"Railsford! Is this Railsford? Why, to be sure, now I look at you. How ungrateful you must have thought me; but you slipped away so suddenly that day when Mrs. Branscombe and I arrived that in our excitement and anxiety we scarcely had time to look at you; much less to thank you. Indeed, it was only lately my son told me how devotedly you had tended him; and it breaks his heart now to think that you, of all persons, have suffered almost more than anybody by what he did. Surely, sir, Mr. Bickers showed *you* his letter?"

"No, I have not seen or heard of it," said Railsford. "But I know what you say your son has now confessed; and have known it since the time of his illness. Dr. Ponsford, I am at liberty now to explain myself; may I do so?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor, sternly.

Railsford thereupon gave an account of the boy's sudden illness, and of the accidental manner in which he had learned, from the boy's delirious talk, of his own guilt and the guilt of his confederates.

"I could not but regard a secret so

acquired as sacred," said he, "and even though by keeping it I was actually shielding criminals, I should have been a greater traitor to betray them than to shield them."

"May I say, sir," put in Ainger at this point, "that the prefects in our house last night received a confession from Munger, which corresponds exactly with what Mr. Branscombe says?"

"Except that I did not mention the names of the other two culprits," said Mr. Branscombe. "My son did not even name them to me."

"Munger was not so particular. He says Clipstone suggested the affair, and assisted Branscombe to carry it out; while he himself held the light and helped drag Mr. Bickers into the boot-box. That was what I had come to report to you now, sir," added he, to the head master.

Dr. Ponsford looked half stunned with this cascade of revelations and explanations. Then he went up to Railsford and took his hand.

"I am thankful indeed that all this has happened now—in time. A few hours more and it would have come too late to prevent a great injustice to you, Railsford. Ainger, go for Mr. Bickers, and come back with him."

Mr. Bickers had a tolerable inkling of what awaited him, and when he found himself confronted with all the overwhelming evidence which was crowded that morning into the Doctor's waiting-room, he hauled down his colours without even coming to close quarters.

"Yes," said he, sullenly, "I did keep back the letter. I considered it better for Grandcourt and every one that Mr. Railsford should go than that this old affair should be settled. After all, I was the person chiefly interested in it, and if I didn't choose to do what would vindicate myself, I had a right to do so. My opinion is that there will be no peace at Grandcourt while Mr. Rails-

ford is here. If he is now to remain, I shall consider it my duty to resign."

"I hope not, Mr. Bickers," said Railsford. "Now that this unhappy secret is cleared up, why shouldn't we forget the past, and work together for the future? I promise for myself and my house to do our best."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bickers, drily. "The offer is a tempting one, but it is not good enough. Good morning."

Late that afternoon Mr. Bickers drove away in the cab which had come to take Mr. Railsford.

It was an occasion for rejoicing to nobody—for everybody agreed with Railsford that it would have been possible even yet to make a fresh start and work together for the good of the school. But, as Mr. Bickers thought otherwise, no one complained of him for leaving.

Another cab came on the following day for Clipstone, whose departure was witnessed with rather more regret, because he was a good cricketer, and not quite as bad a fellow as he often tried to make out. His expulsion was a salutary warning to one or two who had looked up to him as a model—amongst them to Munger, who, transferred, with a heavy bad mark against his name, to Mr. Roe's house, thought over his former ways, and tried, as well as a cad of his temper can do, to improve them in the future.

Jason surely was making his fortune fast. For the very next day yet one more cab drove into the square, and, after a brief halt, drove away with Felgate. He left Grandcourt regretted by none, least of all by Arthur Herapath, who, with a beefsteak on his cheek and linseed poultice over his temple, whooped defiantly at the retreating cab from his dormitory window, and began to feel better and better as the rumble of the wheels gradually receded and finally lost itself in the distance.

(To be continued.)

## A LESSON IN LACROSSE.

BY E. T. SACHS, *Hon. Sec. South of England Lacrosse Association, President Middlesex Lacrosse Club, etc.*

### PART V.

IN Figs. 11 and 12 we have two throws at goal, which attack players do not use sufficiently. They are really very simple shots, but, simple as they are, it is astonishing how rarely they are properly executed. They are merely underhand sweeps past the body, on either side, the ball being what is known at cricket as a daisy-cutter. When the crosse is swept past the left side of the body it is better to turn the left hand so that the knuckles are outwards. This enables the crosse to be swept closer to the body, whereby a better aim is obtained. The ball should run the whole length of the gut, so as to get on all the pace possible. If a slight rise be given to the ball it will be found to baffle the goal-keeper considerably.

In making the underhand throw for distance the player must remember that nearly everything depends upon the trajectory he gives the ball. A ball which rises not more than ten feet cannot travel very far; but every boy knows this from stone-throwing,

only boys (and men, too) are apt to think that a ball thrown from the crosse acts differently from a stone thrown from the hand; but it does not.

Pass smartly to your friends, but not too hard, and in such a way as to give an easy catch. Remember that every time the ball touches the ground its pace is retarded, besides the risk run of the ground being uneven and the ball diverted from its proper course—whereby time is lost—or having a spin put upon it which will render it difficult to hold.

The reach of a player with a crosse is very great, so, in throwing over an opponent's head, be sure and throw high enough. Nothing is more galling than to see a ball meant for a friend all by himself, and a goal almost certain if he gets it, fall into the crosse of an opponent, who will, as likely as not, get a goal instead.

When the ball is passed to you take the greatest pains to catch and keep it, or you may not be passed to again all that match,

and perhaps be put off the team into the bargain. Nothing is more destructive to good passing than bad catching. The passer says to himself, "Catch me passing to that duffer again," and he doesn't.

Unless you are quite loose, always pass to a man who is nearer to the goal than you are. Never pass to a man who is farther away, unless—(1) He can clearly get nearer than you are, at once; (2) can pass to some one who is in a good position whom you cannot reach; or (3) can give it back to you after you have run into position.

As at lacrosse there is no such thing as off-side, all sorts of passing is possible. The only score that can be made is a goal, which is gained by putting the ball through the six-foot-square goal space, from the front, although the ball may have been first passed through from behind it. The players stand all down the field, from goal-keeper to goal-keeper, a defence man watching one of the opposite attack as a cat watches a mouse. The ball is fought for in the centre by the



two "centres," whose object is to work the ball down the field, from crosse to crosse, and so through the opponent's goal. Speed is a very great advantage, but of little use unless the player plays the strict "game," which is the passing game. No matter how strong or speedy one's opponents may be, they are to be beaten by quick and intelligent passing, each player backing the other one up. Some players, when they have passed the ball, think they have nothing more to do with it, and stop to admire the scenery, whereas they should be on the look-out for future events. The ball travels so quickly that it is in all parts of the field at once, apparently. Although the ball may fall thirty or forty yards away, the player should be on the alert, for he may, by the position he takes up, if not directly help his side, at least embarrass the other, who will not allow him to go wandering about by himself.

It is no use whatever boys beginning trying to play before they can catch and throw decently. They need not throw very far, so long as they throw with precision, and catch with ditto. One bad man in a team spoils it, no matter how good the others are, for the ball always goes to one of the other side when it is intended for him. Let no boy eat his heart out because a dozen others can throw twenty yards farther than he

goal) should practise throwing at goal. The most difficult shot for a goal-keeper to stop is one that rises suddenly from the ground four feet in front. A "long hop" or a full

out for occasional thunder-bolts, all of which have to be stopped. It is, of course, a good thing to have a good eye; but I filled the position of "goal-keeper" for some



Fig. 12.- Underhand Shot (A).



Fig. 11.-Underhand Shot (B).

can. That is more often than not a question of a natural gift of strength. Long throws are all very well in their place, but they do not often win matches, the shorter accurate throws from one player to the other being what do the harm.

The three men nearest the opponent's goal (they are called the "homes," first, second, and third, first being nearest the

pitch every decent goal-keeper can stop nine times out of ten. The two players next nearest are called the "attack fields," and these and "centre" should also be able to take goals, as they often get in close. These three should be the fastest players in the twelve. The "defence fields" want to be fairly fast, and should be very patient players, content to get in the way of the opposite "attack fields" all the afternoon. They often have a chance of passing the ball to "centre," and to the "attack fields;" but when there is the least difficulty about this the ball should be thrown high towards goal, so as to drop in amongst the "homes."

The three men in front of goal, whose duty it is to prevent the "homes" from getting a shot, are called "point" (in front of goal), "cover-point," and "third man"—i.e., third man out from goal. These should be sturdy players, with a determination to get the ball away somehow. In cases of difficulty they should first of all work the ball to the side, and there pick it up for throwing down-field. They must never, if possible, allow a "home" to get the ball on his crosse, and must always take care to keep on the goal side of the homes, for an opponent inside, with the ball, has the goal at his mercy.

The position of "goal-keeper" is, of course, a vital one, since every ball which gets past him scores. The attack may throw as hard as they like, so he has to look

years in very important matches, and I am naturally decidedly short-sighted. I would rather have a sharp-sighted man in goal; but the chief quality wanted is *nerve*. There must be absolutely no shadow of fear of the ball. Properly made balls do not hurt (that is, not seriously), as they "give" if thrown hard; but, nevertheless, one whizzing at one's head at a terrific pace is likely to prove disconcerting. "Goal-keeper" must play safe, never performing dexterous feats of catching, etc., unless he has much more time and room than I ever had in good matches.

"Point" can be a very great help when "first home" leaves him to worry "goal-keeper;" for, if he puts himself in the proper place, "goal-keeper" can pass the ball to him, whilst, if "first home" is a good player, he could prevent "goal-keeper" from getting a throw down-field.

Now is a splendid time to practise lacrosse. All that is wanted is an hour or so in the evening three times a week. The Irishmen and Yorkshiremen show their good sense in playing in the summer instead of the winter, when the ground is soft, the light bad, and only matches can be played, because business prevents people who have left school or college from playing on any day but Saturday. Lacrosse is a fine-weather, and not a winter game. The first school that plays it in the summer will beat every other team in the field.

## PRACTICAL ETCHING.

BY ALFRED WITHERS AND FRED MILLER.

### PART VII.

#### 6.—THE CONTINUOUS PROCESS.

THIS is the only satisfactory method by which an artist can etch direct from nature. "The requisites are—a drawing-board of pear, cedar, or any light wood, eighteen

inches long by fourteen inches wide, and an inch and a quarter thick. In its centre a shallow trough of the shape and size of the plate to be engraved, formed by removing the wood to the depth of an inch. Through the middle of the floor of this trough a

small wooden waste-pipe, closed by a peg; outriggered from the sides of the board two spring clips to hold an etching-needle and a camel's-hair brush; on the under-surface of the board holes to receive a tripod support to convert it into a table. A sketching-



stool of sufficient height from the ground to enable the etcher to look well into the trough.

"A piece of cedar wood sixteen inches long by two wide, shaped like an ordinary paper-cutter, but flexible like a harlequin's wand, to serve as a mahl-stick."

"A point formed of a faulty diamond, or a colourless sapphire, or a piece of chalcidony or rock-crystal, or any primitive stone having a natural cleavage, or cutting edge, firmly fixed in a pencil of ebony by a gold or platinum band."

And, in a waterproof bag, two bottles, one containing a solution of common etching-ground, dissolved in chloroform or highly-rectified turpentine; the other the following mordant, ready prepared: Chlorate of potash, two parts; hydrochloric acid, ten parts; water, eighty-eight parts. This is known as the Dutch mordant, of which a further account is given among the receipts.

If the etcher prefers it, he may varnish his plate before he starts, but it is liable to damage, especially in hot weather. "If he has not varnished his plate before coming out, he will do so now by pouring first upon its back, and that having become hard, upon its face, a sufficient quantity of the chloroform-ground to coat it, inclining the plate to allow the superfluous fluid to run back into the bottle by one of its angles, after the manner of photographers. By the evaporation of the chloroform the ground soon hardens."

Mr. Haden supposes the etcher to be seated on the banks of some beautiful stream towards sunset.

"He is now ready. He has filled the bath with the mordant, and placed the prepared plate face uppermost in it. Point in hand, and harlequin-wand laid obliquely across the trough as a rest, he will probably begin by considering the scene before him. How is he to render it? Which are the strong points in the composition? Which, and where, and how to be expressed, the great planes which lie between him and the extreme distance? Which on each of these planes are the objects which he thinks essential to give force, grace, or balance to the work? Which the obtrusive ones which mar its effect, and which he will on no account allow a place in his picture? The diamond in his hand, which is to be the exponent of his best thoughts, and whose lustre he is not to sully by commonplace expression, how is he to use it? The idea that he is going to express freehanded, in single, positive, and ineffaceable characters, not merely the lines which compose the scene before him, but the foreshortening of that row of barges in the middle distance, and the compound curves which their up-turned bulwarks present; that he has not merely to express those tall, half-stripped poplars, but to incline them by ever so delicate a bend before the breath of the evening; that he proposes, always with the fine point in his hand, not merely to render that solemn-looking wood, but to clothe it with the gloom that tells of coming night, and to suggest the mysterious and hidden windings of the silent river which he feels to be stealing through it, but the emergence of which only he actually sees, and can repre-

sent. Nay, he may even, if this be his first essay in etching—cunning draughtsman though he be—find himself putting up the apparatus, which is so provokingly simple that it will do nothing for him, and going home without venturing a stroke. Or it may be that, engrossed by what is before him, and unconscious of the difficulties of his task, and of the exact means by which he has overcome them, he may find, at the end of his sitting, that he has transferred a something to his plate which is no unworthy interpretation of his two-hours' dream.

"His mode of procedure will have been this. His point lightly poised, and with only just enough pressure to displace the varnish, he will draw in with all the truth of which he is capable the principal objects in the foreground, or rather the principal parts of the principal objects, feeling that what he is now doing will turn out to be the strongest parts of the picture. This done, he will put in the secondary markings, articulating them well with the first, and looking for their insertions and attachments as jealously as an anatomist would those of a muscle the action of which he desired to understand. The strokes he did first are still biting, the last, of course, in a secondary degree, but to this he pays no attention; and, as with the mordant he is now using, there is no ebullition to frighten him, he soon loses the uncomfortable sensations which arise from that phenomenon. Drawing on with the greatest deliberation, he may now think it well to attack the more prominent objects in the middle-distance, or to indicate by markings here and there the great lines which principally compose it. In any case he will take, in this early stage of his work, care to proceed broadly, and to leave ample space everywhere, not merely because the continued biting of each stroke is always tending to bring it nearer its fellow, but because he has in view some subsequent painting, and wishes to leave clear room for it. This laid in, he will attack the plane in the next degree of remoteness, treating it and its members in the same way, and so on from plane to plane till he comes to the extreme distance and to the sky. It may be that by this time the sun of that day has well-nigh set—that the trees in the foreground, whose every angle shot off an arrow of light when he began, now detach themselves in dark masses against the picture beyond them—or that the curtain of night has fallen upon some sleepy hollow, the details of which were at first visible; or that some considerable part of the landscape on the far horizon, which was before in half-tone, has been changed by magical agency into a sea of light; or that the river, which was a silver thread in the low-lying land, is now no longer to be seen there. Has our etcher then been working in vain? By no means. He has up to this time been no more than the prudent, conscientious, painstaking selecting draughtsman. Now we are to see to what extent he is a poet and a painter.

"His instrument, which was before a point, has now to become a brush, and with it he is to proceed to suppress, as it would seem, but in reality only to colour, and 'that still in the broadest way,' not only the objects which he took so much pains to define,

but whole mountains and plains, the shining river in whose tender reflection he saw such cunning imagery, he has now ruthlessly to cover it and all the wood that slopes down to it with a pall of velvet. Let him not hesitate, or he is lost. With somewhat more rapid, but yet with intelligent and more painter-like work, let him deal as before, first with the foreground and so onwards, from before backwards, till he reaches the horizon, and thence the zenith. Maybe a slight streak of light is all that remains there. Let him leave it. It is the death of the day, the promise of a morrow. He has now finished. His plate has been all this time and is still in the bath; he has not to take it home, and by biting it the next day, or a fortnight after, paint at second-hand the impressions of that calm evening. It is already bitten, and that as it should be, in manner and in cadence with the thoughts that prompted it. That very night he may have a proof; and let him rest assured that if that proof should convey to him but a frail image of the glories he has seen, it will speak eloquently to those who were not there to see them—months and years after—words of sweet remembrance even to him."

#### 7.—RECEIPTS.

##### *Dutch Mordant.*

Chlorate of potash . . .	20 grammes.
Hydrochloric acid . . .	100 "
Water . . . . .	880 "
Total, 1,000 grammes = 1 litre.	

The way to make it is as follows:—First heat the water by putting the bottle containing it into a pan also containing water, and keep it on the fire till that in the pan boils. Now add the chlorate of potash, and see that every crystal of it is dissolved. Shake the bottle to help the solution. When no more crystals are to be seen you may add the hydrochloric acid. Make a good quantity of this mordant at once, so as to have a plentiful supply by you; but remember that freezing weakens it permanently. Not the common hydrochloric acid, but very pure and white, which does not smoke.

##### *Wax.*

White wax (very pure) . .	50 grammes.
Gum mastic (very pure) . .	30 "
Asphaltum . . . . .	15 "

Put a pan of water over a clear, slow fire, and in it a clean porcelain pot. Put the white wax in the pot and let it melt. Pound the gum mastic in a mortar till it is in very fine powder, and add gradually to the wax, stirring with a clean glass rod. When thoroughly melted and mixed, pound the asphaltum and add *gradually*, stirring all the time, taking care there are no lumps. When *perfectly* blended stir a little longer; pour into cold water, and when hard break and keep in a stoppered bottle. It should break clear and bright.

##### *White Wax.*

White wax is made in the same manner with the following ingredients:—

White wax . . . . .	50 grammes.
Gum mastic . . . . .	30 "

For these receipts we are indebted to Mr. Hammerton, in his charming book of "Etching and Etchers."

## THE HERO OF CORUNNA.

(See Coloured Plate presented with the Monthly Part.)

"I AM trying all I can to make myself good for something. I will do whatever I am fit for, and papa and yon please." So wrote John Moore, aged eleven, to his

mother, in 1773. It was an observation in accordance with the tenor of his life, and it gives the keynote of his career. At the time of his retreat Moore was the

greatest of our generals, for Wellington's European triumphs were yet to come. British soldiership had sunk much under a cloud after the death of Wolfe. A long



line of incapables.—of “the cocked-hat on a pole” order of architecture, described by Carlyle—had left our armies to command themselves in a truly remarkable manner; and it was not till much trouble had been passed through that a worthy leader of men was found in Abercrombie. After Abercrombie came Moore, after Moore came Wellington; and it is noteworthy that Wolfe, Abercrombie, and Moore, each our best general of his day, should have died on the battle-field in the hour of victory. Wolfe and Abercrombie, in leading a successful advance, Moore in the far more difficult task of leading a successful retreat. Moore is our Xenophon; he is the only British general who has gained lasting fame by a retrograde movement.

He was born in Glasgow, on the 13th of November, 1761, the son of Dr. Moore, who wrote “Zeluco,” a book famous in these days chiefly for the influence it had over Lord Byron. Had there been no “Zeluco” there would have been no “Childe Harold.” Dr. Moore was the Duke of Hamilton’s tutor, and on his accompanying that nobleman to the Continent, took his son John as one of the party. John Moore, then in his twelfth year, found travelling to strange places very much more to his taste than the High School of Glasgow. He was a tall, hazel-eyed, brown-haired lad, with an amount of fire and enterprise in his nature that occasionally brought him into trouble. At Paris he found the duke’s pistols on a table, and, in playing with one, succeeded in discharging it, with alarming consequences, for the bullet went through the wainscot wall and lodged in a maid-servant in the next room. Fortunately, the wound was not serious; but the lesson was not lost on the youthful John. A few days afterwards he was in trouble again—tit-for-tat, as he called it. The duke was fencing with him, when suddenly he slipped, and received his Grace’s sword in his flank. The terrified duke rushed for the father, who found that, though the ribs had been grazed, the wound was only awkward to look at; but henceforth John fought shy of firearms and cold steel as playthings. But circumstances were against him; he sought not battles, but they came.

He was in the garden of the Tuileries when some French lads came along, dressed like French boys, just as little men; with hair powdered, and frizzled, and bagged; with stiff skirted coats, and gorgeous smalls, and tiny swords, and et ceteras. The perfervid Scot looked grimly at the mannikins; the mannikins smiled contemptuously at the free and easy outfit of the Scot. “They stood still,” we are told,

and “chattered together,” and invited the Briton to *le boxé*. “It ees well. Com ong!” And French boy of noble birth No. 1 handed his cane to French boy of noble birth No. 2. What was poor John to do? The memory of the High School of St. Mungo was too much for him. He flew at the irritating exquisite. With a one, two, he had doubled him up, knocked him down, and made the powder fly in clouds; with three he sent the caneholder full sprawl on the challenger; with four—But there was no four, for the angry Dr. Moore appeared on the scene, and caught his son by the collar. “That is a dangerous game, Jack, for you to play here!” And Paris was left soon afterwards for Geneva, where serious study began. Young John’s progress was satisfactory. The Doctor writes home to Glasgow, in September, 1774:

“You may enjoy all the pleasure that a mother ought to feel in the certitude of having a most promising son. Jack is really a pretty youth; his face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong, and his figure very elegant. He dances, fences, and rides with uncommon address. His mind begins to expand, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence. He is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition. He draws tolerably; he speaks, reads, and writes French admirably well. He has a very good notion of geography, arithmetic, and the easier parts of practical geometry. He is often operating in the fields, and informs me how he would attack Geneva, and shows me the weak part of the fortification. The duke and everybody are fond of him; and he is distractedly fond of his mother and sister, and never tires talking of his brothers.”

The duke and his tutor, and his tutor’s son, went on to Germany, where great friends were made with old Field-Marshal Sporken, and a little training in the use of arms administered to the two lads in a proper way. A Prussian sergeant was engaged, who drilled them in the Prussian manner until they became expert enough “to fire and charge five times in a minute.” This was in 1775. The same year the travellers went on to Berlin, where Frederick the Great welcomed them and invited them to his reviews. From Berlin they went to Vienna, where the Emperor Joseph wished to take the youthful Moore into his service, an honour that was declined. Then they went on to Venice, and Rome, and Naples. And from Naples Mrs. Moore at Glasgow hears from her husband that Jack has had another adventure.

“We ascended Vesuvius together when that mountain was in a very angry mood, and his eagerness led him a little too near the mouth of the crater, when it happened to vomit up a great quantity of lava and burning stones. A gentleman in company called to Jack to run, and showed him the example. As they were running away upon the glowing cinders, Jack fell and wounded his knee and thigh so much as to be laid up for some days. But he was well quit, for the lava and stones fell in such a quantity that in all likelihood they would have been destroyed had they remained.”

When Moore was fifteen, the Duke of Hamilton, who remained his friend through life, brought his influence to bear to get him into the army, and through the Duke of Argyll he was appointed ensign in the 51st Regiment, then at Port Mahon in Minorca. As he was so young, however, leave of absence was obtained in which he could finish his studies, and the boy-ensign availed himself of the respite to acquire Italian. This did not take him long, and in 1777 he joined his regiment. He did not stay with it long, for in 1779 the Duke of Hamilton raised a regiment of his own for service in America, and to this Moore was transferred as lieutenant and paymaster.

The regiment went to Nova Scotia, and then, under General Maclean, formed part of the expedition to the Penobscot. The British built a fort; before they had finished the Americans attacked in force. Moore was with the outlying picket when the surprise came. The captain ran away and left him with ten men to keep the enemy at bay, which he did till relieved and taken into shelter to the fort. The siege was not a long one. The American fleet of twenty-four sail, with three thousand men on board, was caught in the river, as in a trap, by a much inferior force under Sir George Collier, and not a vessel escaped—for details of which famous day’s work see any of our naval histories, the date of action being August 12th, 1779.

Returning to Halifax, Lieutenant Moore obtained leave to visit New York, and there a strange meeting befell him. His brother, an army surgeon, had, unknown to him, just returned from Cornwallis, in Virginia, and, wandering about New York in search of a bed for the night, entered a coffee-house, and there found John seated at the table! The brothers came home together; the ship was chased by a French privateer, and they prepared for action. But when the Frenchman overhauled them, and found them ready, he asked them “a few frivolous questions” and sheered off.

(To be continued.)

## COMMON SENSE ABOUT HEALTH AND ATHLETICS.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of “Health upon Wheels,” “Rota Vitæ,” “The People’s A B C Guide to Health,” etc., etc.

### PART IV.

“ROUND-BACK” comes next, complaining of an inclination to stoop. Several other boys write about the same thing, while others have troubles in the shape of knock-knees, bow-legs, etc. Now, if either of the two latter malformations have gone to any extent, and the boy is not very young, cure is impossible; the legs can only be prevented from getting worse by attention to the general health. In all these cases there is a tendency to greenness of the bone. By this I mean that the calcareous matter which constitutes their strength is not deposited in sufficient quantity; the bones, therefore,

whether it be the legs or the spine, cannot stand the weight of the body, they bend under it, and, as the lad gets older, and the osseous tissue is deposited, they retain the bent shape.

The mechanical appliances used for leg-malformation can only be recommended by the surgeon who sees them; but no time should be lost in paying a doctor a visit.

Stooping habits come from general weakness, added to a slovenly way of leaning the body. Braces or stays should be worn, and the general constitutional treatment I shall now mention adopted at once. I

cannot recommend any particular brace without being unfair to other makers. But get a peep at the advertising columns of the “Lancet” or “Medical Times,” in any reading-room, and see for yourself.

The constitutional remedies are those which tone and strengthen the blood and system generally. But I may as well tell you here, that in all such cases dumb-bells and athleticism of all kinds are out of the question. Well, suppose you had a young tree that the wind was blowing about anyhow, but which you wished to grow up very straight and very strong, what would



you do? Why, you would do two things, of course: you would brace it to a pole, and you would supply it with plenty of growing manure. Verily, young man, thou art the tree. Wear the braces; sleep on a hard mattress, with a low pillow. Sit straight at table and at your books. Walk straight, wherever you are. Study the form and gait of the smartest drill-sergeant you know. Eat plain food; take the cold bath. And as to medicine, if over eighteen you may take a small teaspoonful of Fellows's syrup of the phosphates in a wineglassful of water, twice a day, after meals, for a fortnight at a time. If under eighteen use Parrish's Chemical food in doses suited to your age. And, whether above or below eighteen, take cod-liver oil for six months. Milk, cheese, meat, etc., and plenty of moderate exercise. If you do all this with great regularity you will get all right, and live to thank me. But, mind this, it is no good carrying on the treatment *irregularly*. If you miss days; if you forget one day and remember the next, you are only fooling yourself. You will grow up delicate, and repent when too late.

We are frequently asked by boys to give advice about skin complaints. When they really are of any account we are willing to do so; but when lads exhibit all the anxiety as to personal appearance of boarding-school girls, we object. Freckles, for instance. Why, they are a healthy, hopeful sign. A boy across whose nose a band of freckles never appears, will never set the Thames on fire, and will never find the North Pole.

But redness and roughness of the skin is another thing. We believe this is mostly caused by a weak circulation. Boys grow out of it when the moustache appears; and we could not advise anything except attention to the general health, with now and then the application of a little glycerine diluted with rose-water.

Here is a letter from a boy who signs, "Miserable," and he has my sincerest sympathy. He suffers from Dyspepsia; perhaps he is not of a strong constitution. He is a clerk, confined to his desk nearly all day long, and having very little time for exercise.

I should advise him to give up tea and coffee entirely, to take ten drops of dialysed iron three times a day, in water; to take cod-liver oil regularly, with now and then a Cockle's pill or two, to gently open the system. Once a week would be often enough for this. Let him and all such boys have hope. Time is the *edax rerum*, good or bad.

I cannot close this article without a word of solemn warning to all young men who may have acquired habits that are prejudicial to health. The struggle to get free will be a terrible one; but if they do not succeed there is only unhappiness in store for them.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

### IV.—Fretwork and Carving Competition.

ON page 42 of the present volume, we thus announced this competition:—

"Experience has proved that many of our readers are skilful at fretwork and artistic designing who would hardly shine in such a contest as that presented by the carving competition. We, therefore, offer TWO PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best PICTURE FRAME suitable, as to size and style, for framing the coloured presentation plate issued with our current monthly part—'The Albanian.' The *interior* size should be a page

of the B. O. P.; the *exterior*, and also the choice of wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own selection, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into consideration. The work may be wholly in carving—whether sunk or in relief—or fretwork may be combined with it. The divisions as to age will be precisely the same as in the Viking Competition."

Our Award is as follows:—

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

Prize—*Two Guineas*.

ARTHUR MINTY (aged 24), 6, Robins Lane, Frome, Somerset.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

CHARLES J. ELSE, Bullbridge, Ambergate, Derbyshire.

SIDNEY FORD, Union Workhouse, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

HERBERT ADLARD, 10, Ouseley Road, Balham, S.W.

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

Prize—*One Guinea*.

ARTHUR STANLEY HATCH (aged 15), "Abercorn," Boliugbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

HORACE VICTOR DUNCAN, 15, South Grove, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.

ARTHUR LINDSAY, Woodbine Cottage, Pity Menare, Durham.

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 592.)

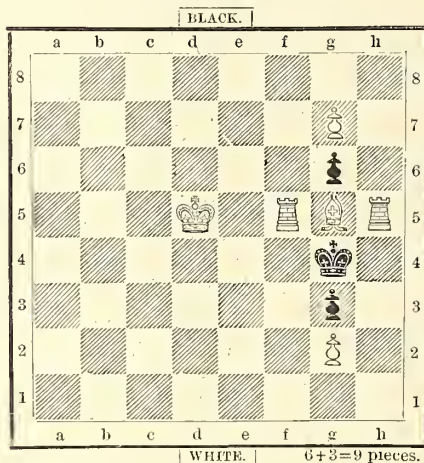
### Problem No. 210.

THE KINGS' CHESS CROSS

IN MEMORY OF

THE LATE EMPERORS WILLIAM I. AND  
FREDERICK III.

By H. F. L. MEYER.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

CESKE ULOHY SACHOVE.

This is the title of a collection of 322 problems by 43 Bohemian composers. Some of these composers have only one problem in the book, whilst five are represented by more than two dozen problems each, namely J. Drtina by 28, K. Kondelik by 30, J. Chocholous by 32, J. Pospisil by 32, and J. Dobrusky by 36 problems. Our favourite strategists are Pospisil, Dobrusky, Kondelik, Chocholous, Drtina, and Pilnacek, but there are also a few masterpieces of composition by A. König, J. Paclt, J. Kotre, K. Kober, E. Mäzel, S. Pajkr, K. Makovsky, K. Traxler, L. Cimburek, F. Kollmann, K. Fiala, A. Kvicala, K. Slavik, B. Hrozek, and others; indeed, almost all the stratagems are clever and entertaining. We cannot mention another collection of about 300 problems which throughout contains problems of greater beauty. There are 20 two-movers of simplicity and elegance, but the highest art is displayed in the 200 three-

movers and the 76 four-movers, whilst one five-mover, No. 302, by Karel Kondelik, surpasses all the others in difficulty and complication. The self-mates, Nos. 304 to 320, are all interesting. There is no stratagem in more than 5 moves; in fact, for very long problems we must go to American composers. We have the finest problems from Austria, Germany, Denmark, and England; there are also a few good ones from Italy, Spain, France, Greece, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia, and New Zealand.

(To be continued.)

### To Chess Correspondents.

D. S. M.—The games show only a slight improvement in your play.

D. H. W. C.—Correct, but too easy.

"WHITE PAWN."—Solutions to 199, 200, and 201 correct. A "dual" means a choice of moves; there should be only one move for White in a perfect problem.

P. L. A. and G. P. B.—Your problems contain superfluous pieces.

A. J. H.—The K cannot take a defended piece, for it must not go into check, although the checking piece is pinned.

JESSIE T. (Leeds).—Key moves to 200 and 201 correct, but not to 202.

P. G. L. F.—Solutions to 199 and 200 correct. The two problems not received in Oct. last; the three-mover is incorrect through 1, Q—R 3, etc.

S. S. bei Wien.—Freundlichen Dank für das Selbstmatt in der Gestalt eines Oster-Eies.

## Correspondence.

CANARY.—Stop the hemp. Read DOINGS.

JACK TAR.—It requires great influence to be appointed cadet in the Royal Navy. Age 12. You would not pass. Writing is bad, and spelling awful. Fancy Royal Navy!

DAVY GRIMSHAW.—Our writers on technical subjects are all experts; and *men*, not boys.

H. E. W.—Any bird shop.

C. CATLEY, G. R., G. F. W., and Others.—Read our monthly DOINGS. They tell all about feeding everything.

M. A. D.—Collie dog too fat; should have very little flour-food; plenty of meat, and plenty of exercise, and a dip in the water every day.

W. H. WORTH.—Consult a surgeon, and do so *soon*.

IMPATIENT.—Depend upon it, if your queries were not answered, it was because they contained nothing of interest to the general reader, or were such as have been answered a score of times.

HOTSPUR.—You cannot safely treat rupture yourself.

MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—Write to Mr. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London.

QUEER JACK.—If your fowls suffer so, something must be very radically wrong with the feeding and general treatment. You give us no cue. Get Spratt's Patents' little threepenny book on the management of fowls.

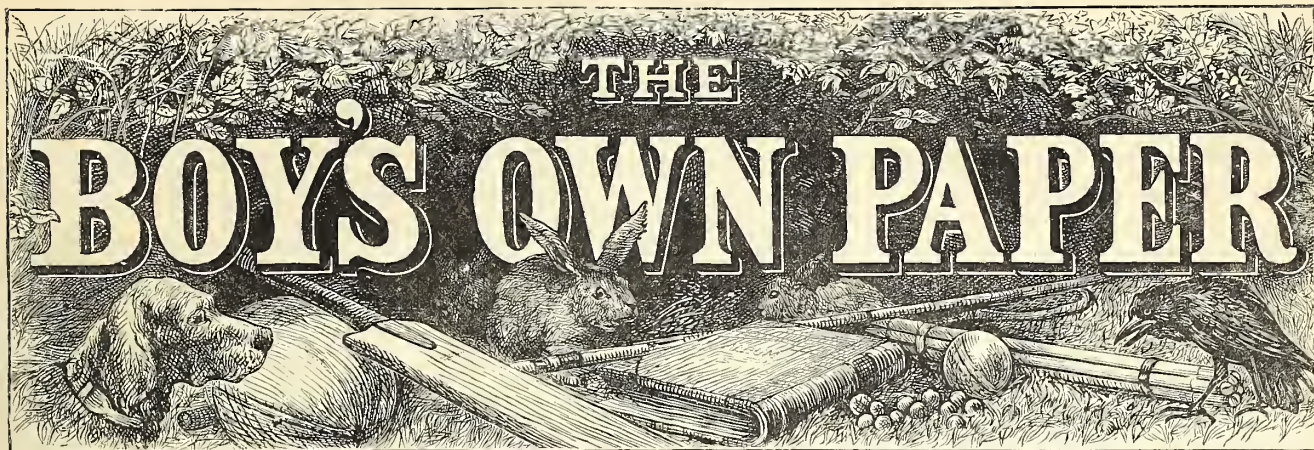
E. WARRICK.—Pimples are usually caused by poverty of blood. Take ten drops of tincture of iron in a little water three times a day, and a cold bath every morning.

COLUMBA.—Have your pigeons a healthy place, and do you give clean water every day in a clean fountain? Were they paired too soon? You must try again.

KAISER.—1. The secretary of the show will send you particulars on application for an entry form. 2. It is better to know the dog's pedigree. 3. Every part of the country is mapped, but any one map showing the whole distance between London and Glasgow would have to be on so small a scale as to be practically useless. Get the sheets of the Ordnance Survey through which the road runs.

A. SOPER.—For articles on Tobogganing see our second and third volumes, and our first Christmas Number. We cannot repeat.

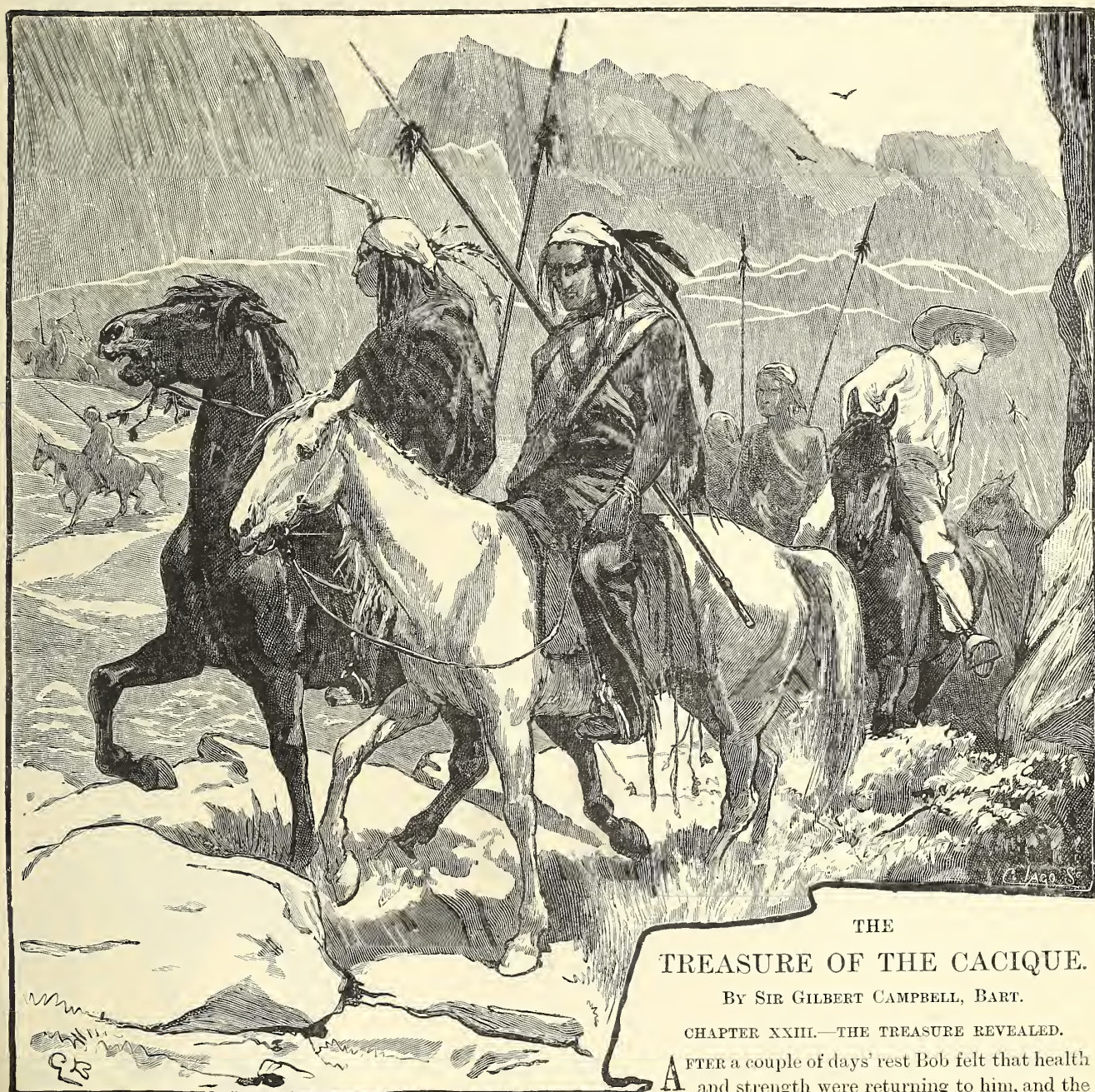




No. 498.—Vol. X.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883.

Price One Penny.  
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



Leaving the City of the Sun.



wound in his head was progressing favourably under the simple remedies applied by the Indians.

The brothers and sister were sitting together discussing their future, when the old chief entered the apartment.

"Prince," he said, with a deep obeisance, "it is time."

"Time for what?" exclaimed Arthur, springing to his feet.

"To take possession of the treasure, and to leave the City of the Sun," was the reply.

"Are you in earnest?" asked Bob.

"My tongue is not forked," answered the old man, with some dignity. "And my words are the words of truth. If the White Prince is ready, the treasure awaits him."

"Stop, chief," cried Arthur, as the old man was in the act of leaving the room, motioning them to follow him. "There is another kind of treasure that I require—the Fair-haired Priestess must come with me."

The old Indian gazed half contemptuously upon Lily.

"Are we not all at the disposition of the Prince?" he answered. "And will not the City of the Sun soon be a thing of the past? Let the Prince take the Fair-haired Priestess if it seemeth good to him, but now let him follow me."

He led the way into a hall in a remote part of the building, and there the boys saw more than fifty Indians engaged in packing in bales of green hide ingots of virgin gold, strange barbaric ornaments, collars, bracelets, and rings, which were scattered about the floor in the wildest confusion.

Gazing through the archway which led into a wide courtyard, the brothers could see more than three hundred mules awaiting their burdens under the escort of Indian drivers, whilst a guard of picked men, with their crimson head-dresses waving, and their slung lances glittering in the sun, sat motionless upon their horses, like so many bronze statues.

"Be speedy, my children," said the old chief. "In an hour we must be away. Is my Prince satisfied with the labours of his slaves?" he added, turning to Arthur.

"Satisfied? Yes, and doubly satisfied," replied the boy. "But is this treasure really mine?"

"Yes, Prince, we have, in reliance on old prophecies, kept watch and ward over these treasures. We were bound to watch and wait until the White Prince should come, and then we could pass away from our servitude and seek other lands. The time has now come."

"Is the White Prince ready?" asked he, after a short pause.

"Ay, ready and willing," replied the boy.

Soon they were mounted, and the boy could discover long trains of mules passing up the numerous mountain paths that led over the hills.

"What?" cried Arthur. "Is it then a general exodus?"

"In half an hour," answered the chief, "the waters of oblivion will have closed over the City of the Sun, and no traces will be left of it."

Fast up a hill path, which seemed to have been preserved for their cavalcade alone, were the mules hurried, and

faster, with a vague, undefined dread, the boys and their sister followed.

As they reached, after a toilsome journey, the summit of the mountain, to their astonishment they heard a loud wailing cry, and perceived a halt amongst the inhabitants of the city.

To their surprise the white-headed chief sprang from his steed, and with a loud shout called the attention of those who lined the hilltops to him.

Then was heard a low, muffled roar, and a few dark forms could be seen striking eagerly at certain barriers at the side of the lake.

Hardly had a moment intervened than the pent-up waters rose, and with one tremendous surge swept away tower and temple in their resistless course; a few clinging forms struggled up the mountain side, but by far the greater number were whelmed in the rushing torrent.

"Now, White Prince," said the old chief, "our city is destroyed, our weary watch ended, and we are at your service to escort the Treasure of the Cacique. How far are we to go? Will Puebla be near enough?—for the warriors of the City of the Sun are not to go nearer the haunts of the pale-faces than are necessary."

"That will do for us," cried Arthur, with a glance at his brother; but before they arrived there they were destined to encounter some strange adventures.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—OLD FRIENDS REFOUND.

As the long cavalcade wound through the narrow defiles of the mountains, and at last emerged upon the open plains, it presented a strange and picturesque appearance.

In the van rode a strong body of Indians, carefully scouting and searching every coign of vantage in which a foe might perchance find a secure ambush, whilst an equally strong party surrounded the White Prince and urged on the lagging mules.

Suddenly a slight commotion was seen amongst the advanced guard as their foremost files pushed through a thick coppice which stood upon the left-hand side of the track, and the crack of a rifle was heard. Then a dash to the front was made by the Indians; another report was heard, and the advanced guard fell back upon the main body, bringing with them two white prisoners, with their hands securely bound behind them.

Before Bob and Arthur could push forward, a well-known voice saluted their ears.

"Why, bless my heart, if it ain't the young masters a-cavortin' about with a heap of redskins."

"Joe!" cried Bob and Arthur, in a breath. "What, Joe, whom we thought dead and buried under the rapids of the St. Jacinto, alive and well!"

"Ay, alive, sure enough, but as for well, even this child, who is used to all the ways of the redskin, can't say as how he's well, with his elbows nearly meeting behind his back, 'cos of a painted Injin's lariat (lasso)."

Explanations followed. A couple of horses were soon found for the late

prisoners, and the cavalcade was again set in motion.

"But you haven't told us how you got clear of the rapids, Joe," said Bob; "for you were in a tight place when we saw you drifting down stream in that old ferry-boat."

"We just were that, Master Bob, and if we hadn't got into a twist of the current that took us right under the bank, where an emigrant train that was on trail picked us up and tinkered the shot-holes we had, I guess we'd have had more of St. Jacinto than is reckoned good for a nat'ral born Texan stomach, let alone a Spaniard's inside."

"But how was it that you never joined us?" asked Arthur.

"I guess we followed you to the Alcalde's a fortnight after you'd left, and we might have struck your trail again if we hadn't come across those murdering thieves, Simon and Cifuentes."

"Did you really come across the villains?" asked Bob, his face flushing.

"We did, indeed, señor," replied Lopes, "and have followed them for more than a week, but to-day we have missed the trail altogether."

"Close up to the escort, my Prince," said the old chief, "riding up at this moment, 'I see a cloud of dust upon our right, and the glint of weapons through it; it may be Apaches for all we know.'"

Nearer and nearer grew the cloud of dust, when suddenly there emerged from it the gay uniform of the lieutenant of Lancers.

"Lanceros," cried Lopes, "what are they doing here?"

A few words of explanation satisfied the lieutenant as to the array which accompanied the boys, and he informed them in return that he and his troop had been sent out in quest of a body of Apaches who were committing great havoc for many miles round.

"Have you any news of them?" asked Bob.

"They are, from all accounts, not two miles away," replied the lieutenant.

Arrangements were soon made; the treasure with the escort were to advance some four miles, where a halt was to be made and a camp formed. Lily was handed over to the charge of the old chief, and after a brief leave-taking the brothers, accompanied by Indian Joe, Lopes, and some fifty of the children of the Sun, started off with the lieutenant and his Lanceros in pursuit of the band of marauding Indians.

(To be continued.)





## THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXX.—"DULCE DOMUM."

THE great 20th of July had come round at last, and Arthur Herapath was in an unwonted flutter of excitement. For was not this speech-day, and were not Mr. and Mrs. Herapath and Daisy due by the 9.40 train?

Ever since, a week ago, Arthur had heard that he had run a dead heat for the Swift exhibition with Smythe of the School House, he had not known which end of him was uppermost. He envied neither Smedley his gold medal nor Barnworth his Cavendish scholarship. He consoled patronisingly with Ainger on not having quite beaten the captain of the school, and virtually hinted to Wake, who had won the first remove into the Sixth, that, if he cared to come and sit at his feet, he might be able to put him up to a thing or two for Plumtree medal next Christmas.

Sir Digby was scarcely less elevated; for he had won the Shell History prize by a deal of tremendous hard work. And as he had never done such a thing in his life before, he scarcely knew what to make of it.

Fellows told him there must have been an awfully shady lot in against him; but that didn't satisfactorily explain the great mystery. Railsford told him it was the reward of downright work; and he inclined to think such was the case himself.

Arthur of course giped at the idea.

"All gammon," said he. "It's a lucky fluke for you, and I'm glad for your *mater's* sake. But I wouldn't say too much about it if I were you. It'll make the fellows grin."

"Why should they grin at me any more than you?"

"Well, you see, I was in the running for the Swift. They put it down to me last term, so I was bound to pull it off."

"You only pulled off half of it, you know," said Dig.

Arthur looked not quite pleased at this reference, but laughed it off.

"Oh, of course I can't object to go halves with young Smythe. If I'd known he was quite so hot on it, I might have spurted a bit more. But I'm glad I didn't, poor young beggar. He'd have been precious cut up to miss it."

"What about that boat on the river?" asked Dig, who did not swallow the whole of this. "Are you going to buy the front or back half of it?"

"Young Oakshott," said Arthur, with all the dignity of a Swift exhibitor, "don't you make a bigger ass of yourself than you can help."

The term had ended well for Railsford's house. Although restored to their equal rights with the rest of Grandcourt, the spirit of enterprise and achievement which had been born during the troubles

of last term survived, and begot an equal spirit in the other houses, who felt their *prestige* in danger from the bold challenge of these latest aspirants.

The match of Railsford's against the school did not come off; for the Athletic Union, of which Railsford had been chosen president by acclamation, decided to limit the contests to house matches only. But though deprived of an opportunity of asserting themselves against all Grandcourt—which might have been of doubtful benefit—the house beat successively the school house, Roe's and Grover's houses, and, as everyone had foreseen, ended the term as the crack cricket house of the school.

How they would fulfil their other and more ambitious scheme of becoming the "cock house" for studies, remained much longer a doubtful question. No one of course supposed for a moment they would carry off all the prizes they entered for; and, after the removal of the ban upon the house, it was pretty generally calculated that they would do a good deal less than they would have done under the old order of things.

But Railsford was not the man to allow the house to rest on their oars because of a single success. Surely, he represented, it was not to go out to all the school that Railsford's fellows could only work when they were in a bad temper? Glorious as it would have been to clear the prize list when they were isolated and sulky, it would be still more glorious to show that not less could they do it when they were in good cheer and shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the school. Besides, if they won all the athletic events and none of the scholastic, people would be sure to say any fools can excel in sports if they let all their books go by the board.

Thus Railsford whipped up his house to their great effort, and the result was that to-day's prize list showed that nearly half the honours of the examinations had fallen to Railsford's boys. Not a few there were who looked gloomy that the result was no better. They grugged the school the other half. But there was no gloom on the master's face as he read the list down and saw the reward of his labours.

He was proud, but his pride was not on account of Mark Railsford, as six months ago it might have been, but of every boy, senior and junior, who had put his back gallantly into the work and made a name for the good old house.

But this is a tedious digression to make, while Arthur and the Baronet are putting on their Sunday "togs" and brushing up their Sunday "tiles" preparatory to going down to meet the 9.40 train from London.

They were up to the business; they had done it before; they knew how essential it was to engage half-a-dozen cabs off different parts of the rank, so as to be sure of getting one; and, not for the first time in their lives, they "bagged" three or four porters in advance with a similar object.

The platform, as usual, was full of "Courtiers" waiting for their "people," and many was the passage of arms our Shellfish engaged in to beguile the time.

"Hullo! here's a lark," said Arthur, presently, when the arrival bell had just sounded, "here's Marky—do you see him? I say! won't he blush when Daisy goes and kisses him before all the fellows!"

"Look out," said the Baronet, "here comes the scrimmage." The train was steaming into the station, and as usual the boys all along the platform began to run; and woe-betide those who either did not run too, or were not lucky enough to get a perch on the footboard.

Our young gentlemen were far too knowing to suffer disadvantage through neglect of one or another of these simple expedients.

"Here they are!" yelled Arthur, waving to his chum; "spotted them first shot! Go on, Simson, cut your sticks off this step, these are all my people in here. How are you? Dig's here; we've got a cab. Fetch up some of our porters, Dig, I say."

Amid such effusive greetings Mr. and Mrs. Herapath and Miss Daisy Herapath alighted and fell into the arms—or rather, civilly shook hands with their son.

"Hullo, Daisy! Marky's here. There he comes. Here she is, Mr. Railsford, here's Daisy! I say, Daisy," added he, in a confidential whisper, "you'd better not kiss him before all the fellows. Wait till you get up to our study."

Railsford arrived before this piece of fraternal counsel was ended, and solved the difficulty by quietly shaking hands all round, and asking Mr. Herapath if she had had a comfortable journey.

Arthur had the mortification of seeing five out of his six cabs drive gaily off under his very nose with other fellows' people inside; and his temper was also further ruffled when all his porters waited on him at the door of the sixth for their fee; however, he had the presence of mind to tell them to wait till he came back in the evening, and then, slamming the cab door, hopped up on the box beside the driver—no Grandcourt boy had ever been known to ride inside a four-wheeler with his people—and drove off.

(To be continued.)

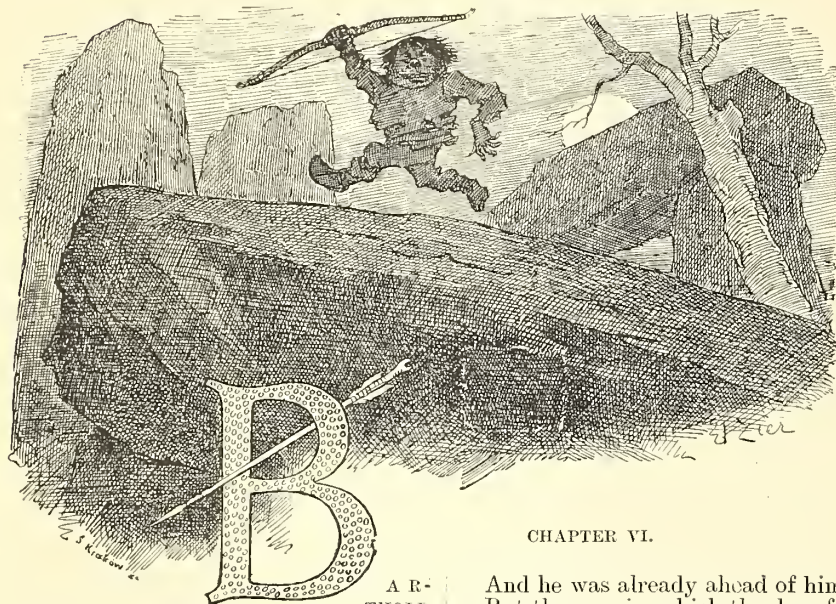


## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART III.



CHAPTER VI.

and his companions sought for Morgana in vain in all the haunts to which Ragnar led them. For three weeks they persisted in the search, and were about to abandon it, when Landrik arrived completely cured, and accompanied by Count Robert, bringing to Amaury the sad news of the death of his brother, and to all the order to rejoin the army at Laval immediately.

New dangers were threatening the old emperor. Count Lambert had mustered an army, the Normans and Gascons were marching to join him, and Lodwig on his way to the Loire would be caught between two forces of equal strength if their junction were not prevented.

The knights agreed to set out to the king's help, and Nomenoe offered to go with them, but they delayed their departure for a few hours until the return of Romarik and Bugh, who were away still seeking for the captives.

Landrik was talking in a corner with his master. He told him he had become Jehanne's husband, and entrusted her to him in case he should die.

Suddenly a few yards to the left of them there arose a terrific barking, and immediately Romarik was heard shouting,

"Help! Help! They are killing Bugh!"

Count Efflam was the first to rush to the rescue.

As he passed by a huge upright stone in a sort of ravine, down which he ran, he saw and recognised Cormoran.

The dwarf was running away waving his bow over his head.

"He has shot Bugh," shouted the count. "He is Morgana's dwarf."

And he ran after him.

"Wait, master," said Landrik. "Am I not the fastest runner in Brittany?"

And he was already ahead of him.

But the way in which the dwarf ran, hidden every now and then behind some menhir, leaping across spaces lighted by the moon, was truly marvellous.

And Landrik, finding he could not catch the hideous gnome, took up a big flat stone and hurled it on to him. So true was the aim that it seemed as though the dwarf would be crushed. But he made a curious leap to the left, as if he had been a stag, shot like a flash of lightning through a group of menhirs standing closely together, and with a strident shout of laughter, disappeared.

A few minutes afterwards Landrik and his master stood with others among a pile of stones not far from the chief dolmen. In the centre of the group lay poor Bugh struggling in convulsions of agony, with an arrow through his body.

"Adieu, my last hope!" said Count Efflam.

"But," exclaimed Nomenoe, "the arrow itself, and the appearance of Cormoran, prove that Morgana is close by, and with Morgana—"

"Tell me not so," said the count, quickly. "Do not let me think of the probability of a success I shall never attain. Clothilda has nothing to fear from Morgana. I have promised to go away to-night—and here is the day—let us go!"

"Let us go!" said the son of Morvan; "but I will leave here one who will continue the search, and when he has found Clothilda will bring her to us, wherever we are. Let that be your task, Ragnar."

At the name Efflam could not hide a start of repugnance, which did not escape Nomenoe.

"Trust me," he whispered in the count's ear. "Clothilda is my sister."

"This errand you accept?" he con-

tinued, to Ragnar. "You promise to accomplish it faithfully?"

"Faithfully," said Ragnar. "But, on your part—"

"Have no fear," said the Breton. "Bring us the Countess Clothilda, and the day you do so, whatever you may ask, even if it be a sacrifice that may ruin one of my friends or horrify me, I promise you again, justice shall be done to you."

As he uttered the words, on which he seemed to dwell in a strange way, it seemed as though the astute leader had read Ragnar's secret, and was speaking deliberately with it in view.

Ragnar answered readily, "I accept the errand, and I will succeed."

He was given a few men to help him in his search, and with them he rode off towards the west.

The companions of Count Efflam and the army of Nomenoe, after a frugal meal and a touching adieu to poor Romarik, started for Laval. And when the sun rose there remained among the stones of Karnac but the body of poor Bugh, and the blind man, with a boy charged to take care of him.

For a long time Romarik remained silent.

"Master," said the boy to him at last, "tell me, where shall I take you? Ask me if there is anything I can get for you."

"We will go to-morrow to the ruins of Glay. Till then I want nothing."

The boy did not seem to welcome the order, and not long afterwards returned to the attack.

"The sun is almost overhead. This is generally the time we have something to eat!"

The blind man felt in the pouch that the count had given him, and took out a small piece of silver.

"Go to the nearest village and buy something."

The nearest village was some six miles away, and it was not till nearly evening that the boy got back.

"Here is our supper," said he, putting it on a stone close by.

"Eat," said Romarik; "I am not hungry."

It was not so with the boy, who soon set to work, and, with his mouth full, remarked, "Here we shall have nothing to eat or drink. Before you go away will you not bury the dog? I have got a pick and spade I borrowed from my mother."

"Good!" said Romarik, gratefully. "You are a good boy. Give me the tools. But tell me, does your mother live in the village you went to?"

"Yes, and so does my father."

"Why did you not stay with them till it was time for us to go?"

"Because you did not tell me to."

"I tell you now. Go home, and do not come back till to-morrow morning."

"Can I not help you?"

"No, I can do what I want. Go, I tell you; but leave me some water, I may be thirsty."

Putting a bowl of water by his side, the boy left him.

Romarik began to dig the grave.

It was a long, difficult task for one who was blind.

Night had fallen when the grave was



ready. Romarik came out of the hole, and with his hands felt about for the dog.

"Bugh," he said, with tears in his voice, "Bugh, my defender, my guide, my friend! My poor Bugh, we must bid each other good-bye for ever! Ah, I feel more lonely now. I seem to be blinder than I was. Good-bye, poor Bugh, good-bye!"

Suddenly a plaintive moan came in answer to him. Romarik felt the dog's body. He still breathed.

Bewildered with surprise and joy, he searched for the bowl of water. He bathed the dog's head, and got him to swallow a few drops. But, alas! when he tried to wash the wound he found that the arrow had gone right through, and that the stroke was mortal. The dog might suffer for a few hours more, but he must die.

"Ah," exclaimed Romarik, in despair, "if during your last few hours of life you could recover a little of your clever-

ness and strength, you might lead me to where your mistress is a prisoner, and make me the deliverer of Countess Clothilda."

At the name the dog gave a deep growl that was almost a bark, and he turned and crept along towards the spot from which he had come to call his master.

"You have understood me!" exclaimed Romarik, "and I understand you! Courage, courage, brave dog! Keep on, I will help you!" and together they crawled on slowly in the darkness of the night, leaving a trail of blood as they went.

(To be continued.)



## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—PHILIP DEAN'S REVENGE—MUTINY AT SPITHEAD—"THE FLEET OF ENGLAND IS HER ALL-IN-ALL"—BLACK DICK TO THE RESCUE.

THE brothers had been talking together for some time.

"Well, Robert," the young officer was saying, "I verily believe the old man, our father, would forgive you yet, if he were to see you; for you were always, as a boy, a favourite. His pride would volt against that blue uniform, though."

"Ah! Jack, my dear brother, it is an honest uniform, and one I'm not ashamed of, and shan't doff it for some time to come, I hope. And the old manor house and estate is not changed, you say?"

"Still the same, Robert."

"How lovely the woods must look now, Jack, in their coats of spring green. D'ye remember our bird-nesting exploits when boys?"

"Am I ever likely to forget them! But come, I'm sorry you are in grief, and I sincerely hope your friend may be pardoned; from all you say he must be a splendid fellow."

"Oh! yes, indeed he is; but how to break the awful news to his poor lass and her father puzzles me."

"She does not know all yet?"

"No," replied Robert, "only that he is confined to his ship for a quarrel that was forced upon him."

"But now," continued the sailor, whom we know as Dean, "this very Captain White that I have been telling you about, who presided at the court-martial, and condemned my friend to death, is all but bankrupt, and is engaged to the young and beautiful Miss Steyne, of Steyne Hall. There can be little love on her side, for he is old enough to be her father, and if she knew what he is, she would, I think, loathe him."

"Well, Robert, I don't know. Women are creatures I have never studied. But as you want revenge—and though the word is an ugly one, in this case I must admit it is honest—I'll take you with me to the Hall on the evening of the dinner-party, and leave the rest to you. A few guineas Robert—you'll want them. And now I must be off. Good-bye, lad. Take care of yourself."

"I will. Good-bye. Bless you, Jack."

So the brothers parted.

\* \* \* \*

The time ran on. A whole week passed, but there came no respite, far less pardon, for the unhappy Allan Gray. Meanwhile, the day before the dinner-party at Steyne Hall came round. The place lay some miles to the east and north of Portsmouth. Its owner was a man of undoubted wealth, with an only daughter, Leonora. He had bought his estate with money made in a pushing business. It was money, nevertheless, and more than one suitor of good family had been in love with Leonora. Captain White, however, seemed the father's favourite; he was capitally connected, the brother of a baronet, and had, moreover, an estate of his own, though Mr. Steyne knew not that it was, truly speaking, in the hands of the captain's clients. Moreover, the gallant gentleman was not so old by any means as Dean would lead us to fancy, though, probably, on the shady side of forty.

A general and an admiral were to be at the party, and many officers, so all were in uniform, and the rooms looked gay, indeed.

Jack was lieutenant in one of the

Scottish regiments, and a great favourite at the Hall, and when he introduced a tall, graceful young man, dressed in the uniform of an Austrian lieutenant, as his brother, Miss Steyne looked surprised, but welcomed him at once.

"How handsome your brother is!" she said, confidentially, to Jack, in the course of the evening, "but you never told father or me you had a brother in foreign service."

"Truth is, Miss Steyne," was the reply, "we Forbeses are one of the old Scottish fighting families, and it has pleased my young brother to be a free lance. He has seen service in almost every country under the sun, and, let me whisper it, he has been before the mast."

"No need to whisper it," said the beautiful Miss Steyne. "I can admire a hero in any garb."

"Now then," said Captain White, sauntering up, holding General Tomlinson by the arm, "what conspiracy are you two hatching?"

Several other officers joined the group about the same moment, and old Mr. Steyne himself was really in it, leaning easily back in a rocking-chair, behind which stood Miss Steyne, her face wreathed in smiles.

"By the way," said General Tomlinson, "is there really any danger of a conspiracy, or outbreak of any kind, taking place in the navy?"

"There is some little truth in it," was Captain White's answer. "Something is smouldering; fact is, most of our naval commanders are far too lenient with their men. I'd flog—"

"Ah! Captain White, you wouldn't,"



said Miss Steyne, laughing; "you are far too good-natured."

"Well, well, well, perhaps: but, really, my dear, discipline must be maintained, and the law upheld."

"All honour to the law in every land," said Robert, Jack's brother, who had just joined the group. "But the captain of a ship who flogs for trivial offences is—a coward."

"You seem to know a deal about the matter, young gentleman," said Captain White, with a sneer on his lip. "Who are you? I could almost say we have met before."

"This is my brother, sir," said Lieutenant Forbes. "You *may* have met him; he is a kind of paladin, knight-errant, free-lance, call him what you please, Captain White; but he is my brother."

"I do know a little about the tyranny of the lash," said Robert, calmly, only addressing himself to Miss Steyne. "May I give you one instance? I could adduce a thousand."

"If it be not too dreadful, yes," replied Miss Steyne.

All eyes were turned towards Dean as he spoke.

"It is two years ago," he said, "since a certain captain, whom we are safe to call Smith, commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean fleet.\* She was a happy ship before he took charge. She was more like a prison ship a month afterwards. Never a Monday passed without one or more men and boys being lashed. Captain Smith was a tyrant to his officers as well as to his men. They were constantly getting invalided home; but one was driven to an act of open mutiny, and that very night committed suicide. There were in the ship two brothers, both in the same watch."

"One stormy day one of the brothers was at the wheel, when the other in his watch was ordered up to reef topsails."

"Smartly is the word, men," yelled Captain Smith; "and I'll flog the last man to descend."

Well the poor fellows knew he would keep his word. Alas! in his excitement and hurry, one poor sailor fell from the mizen-yard end, and was picked up dead on the quarter-deck.

"Pitch the lout's body overboard," was the command, "and I trust it will be a lesson to this lubberly crew."

"No, no, no!" cried the man at the wheel; "it is my brother. Oh, it is my brother!"

"Clap that mutinous dog in irons, and he'll have four dozen to-morrow morning."

"I will draw a veil of silence over the rest," said Dean.

"Oh, Captain White," cried Miss Steyne, "was that not shocking?"

"Really, really," stammered the officer in reply, "I fear I was not attending. I—I—"

There was a moment's silence, and then these words fell from Dean's lips, slowly and solemnly:

"And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man."

It is impossible to describe the effect those few words had on the assembled

company. Captain White started as if an adder had stung him, his right hand thrown rapidly to his left side as if in search of side-arms. Mr. Steyne sprang to his feet, his daughter moved slowly towards the door—the other ladies following—but with her eyes steadfastly fixed on her suitor. He could not help feeling that gaze, but he dared not return it. Dean alone retained his presence of mind, but Captain White found voice at last.

"My friend, General Tomlinson, and I," he said, "crave permission to retire, Mr. Steyne. Lieutenant Forbes," he added, "my friend will see you later on."

"Just a moment," said the young Scottish officer, "it will save trouble. No one who knows my brother would dare to question his courage; but, Captain White, he objects to duelling. He will not, *cannot* meet you."

"And I commend your brother for his *moral* courage," exclaimed Mr. Steyne. "I am but a plain business man, and have a plain business way of talking. In one sense I am sorry that anything has occurred to disturb the harmony of the evening. In another sense I am not sorry. Allow me, Captain White, to wish you good-night."

About a week after this, this same gallant officer, Captain White, sat in the waiting-room of the Admiralty, PORTSMOUTH. He had come to ask for a ship, a sea-going ship that would be on some foreign coast for years to come.

The Admiralty were always willing to oblige deserving men, and Captain White got his appointment to a large frigate bound for the South Seas. Yet, as will be seen, *he never sailed*.

But why was the seat of naval government removed to Portsmouth? For a very weighty reason indeed.

The whole fleet then lying at Spithead and Portsmouth Harbour had mutinied!

Such a state of affairs had known no parallel in the history of England, and the news of this naval revolt struck all classes of society dumb with amazement and terror. It brought people to their senses, too, for every one knew that the navy had not been well treated. It had been used not as a respected servant, but simply as a slave, and now the hour of retribution had come.

What would be done?

What could be done?

What would the French think?

What would the French do?

What would the mutineers do?

These were some of the many questions that anxious men in high places asked themselves and each other.

Some of the sterner and more despotic of the powers answered offhand,

"Hang the French! Who cares for them? As for those scoundrelly mutineers, why, hang them too!"

But calmer counsel prevailed, and even the fire-eaters were won over to reason.

The Admiralty had not been without good warning that mutiny on a large scale might be attempted, so we find them about the 14th of April telegraphing word to Lord Bridport, who was about to hoist his flag in lieu of Black Dick, to get ready for sea, and to sail at once.

The Admiralty never doubted that their orders would be obeyed.

Now, as it happened, the ringleaders, who doubtless had friends behind the scenes, knew almost as soon as Lord Bridport himself the purport of the message that had been signalled from headquarters. It saved *them* the trouble of giving a signal for the revolt to commence. Accordingly, no sooner had the tell-tale flags been mounted on shore and on the flagship than, instead of obeying orders and preparing to "up-anchor and away," the crews of every ship mounted the rigging and gave back to the Admiral's signal three wild cheers of defiance.

Alas! that the wild hurrahs of our British tars should ever be heard except from joyful hearts, or hearts beating high with the hopes of a glorious engagement.

Hardly had the officers recovered from their first surprise ere armed and determined men rushed upon them.

The very sentry at the door of the gun-room of the *Blazer*, taking that as an example, turned his fixed bayonet sternly towards the young officers. In their fire and fierceness of despair they ran upon him and disarmed him.

Barry Hewitt proved himself a hero, phlegmatic and ill though he was.

"Let us sell our lives dearly, boys!" he shouted.

"Stay!" cried Dean, rushing up to save bloodshed; "resistance is folly, young gentleman! The ship is already in the hands of the delegates of the crew. Lay down your arms and submit to the powers that be, and not a hair of your head shall be touched. Resist, and I will not be accountable for even your lives!"

Although kept prisoners for a time, nearly all the officers of the *Blazer* who gave parole, were free to move about the ship as they pleased. So they walked about the quarter-deck laughing and chatting gaily enough.

Big Dr. McNab had somehow been overlooked. He had heard the cheering, and said to himself, "I wonder what's up this morning? The King's yacht passing, maybe."

He had heard the running and rushing about, and high angry words, and something that sounded almost like words of defiance; but he was a man of easy mind, and troubled himself about nothing except his duty.

So, about ten minutes after he went swinging along the main-deck, singing to himself, as was his wont, on his way to the sick-bay, knowing as yet nothing of all that had occurred.

Now it so happened that he had a marine ill with chronic lumbago, a man who acted as his servant, and whom he could not afford to place on the list.

He had told Mullins, the new surgeon's mate, not an hour before, to make a fine large pitch plaster, and bring it to his cabin, and he would put it on the poor man's back with his own hands.

As, however, no Mullins appeared, McNab, after a quiet growl at his junior's disobedience, determined to melt and make the plaster himself.

Before going to the sick-bay, then, he went straight to the cook's galley.

"Good mornin', cook."

"Good mornin', doctor."

\* It is but right to say that Dean's story is founded on fact, and had many a parallel in the service in the old flogging days.



"I'm not in the best of tempers."

"I don't really wonder, sir; things have come to a pretty pass."

"Indeed they have, when the chief surgeon has to make his own Burgundy pitch plasters. You haven't seen Mr. Mullins, my mate, have you?"

"Oh! he's a prisoner, sir."

"The young scamp," growled McNab. "I thought his shoregoin' would end in something."

"You're on parole, I suppose, sir?"

"On patrol, eh! Indeed, cook, I am. Heaven help you all if I wasn't always on patrol. Morn, noon, and night, it is Dr. McNab this, or Dr. McNab that. If it's no' a leg you want whipped off, it's a tooth ye want whipped out. However, my back's broad enough to bear it all."

The good doctor had thrust the great galley poker into the fire as soon as he came, and it was now red-hot, blazing, almost.

"It's rather hot, but the blood\* will cool it."

"Blood!" cried the cook; "for the love of goodness, sir, do nothing rash. Resistance is vain."

The doctor eyed him steadily a moment.

"You've been drinkin', cook. I'll dose you presently."

And away he swung, with the lordly poker in his hand.

To his surprise he found an armed sentry at the sick-bay door, who presented his bayonet.

"This is past a joke," roared McNab, his Highland blood now well up. One blow with the galley poker broke the bayonet into three, while a well-planted left-hander laid the marine on his back.

Four armed sailors rushed to the man's assistance.

"They're all mad together," thought McNab; but he got into a corner and into a position of defence at once.

Most Highlanders of those days were good swordsmen, and it was a treat to see the business-like way he kept the men at bay with his blazing poker.

"Stand back!" he yelled, giving a

\* Dragon's-blood was referred to by the worthy medico, this being a principal ingredient in the roborant plaster of ships.

touch here and a touch there that made the men dance and jump. "Stand back, I say! I dinna want to hurt ye, but by my song I'll put ye all in straight waistcoats before I'm a single hour aulder!"

Dean himself ran up now to the surgeon's rescue with two more of the ringleaders, and all the mystery was swept away.

"Of course you'll give your parole, doctor?" said one of the new-comers.

"Fiddlesticks, mon!" was the stolid reply. "Give my parole, indeed! I'll give ye a black-draught, it'll do ye more good! Look, see, if I'm wanted I'm in here, or in my cabin, or mess, or ashore, but I'll not neglect my ship, lads, nor my sick men, for a' the mutinies that ever were raised!"

There was a hearty laugh at the surgeon's speech, and a hearty cheer as well, and away went McNab to make his plaster, and perhaps ponder over the vicissitudes of life, and the ups and downs of a surgeon's life in the navy.

The regular, not to say orderly, way this all but bloodless mutiny was conducted by the delegates, and carried to a successful conclusion; how they kept many of the officers on board as hostages—among them were Lieutenants Spencer and Peniston Fairfax of the Blazer—and sent the rest on shore; how the delegates kept order and discipline in the fleet, threatening to hang any one who infringed commands, and ducking all the drunkards; and how the Admiralty and Parliament complied with all their just demands, Lord Bridport himself bringing pardon to all, are matters of history—a history which I trust will never have to repeat itself.

But, the sailors being still suspicious, about the 10th of May who should return to the fleet with the King's own signature to a general pardon in his pocket but Black Dick himself.

Never, perhaps, was an Admiral better loved by English sailors than this gallant veteran.

His presence among them at once restored order, and the mutinous flag was hauled down for good and all, the fleet putting out to sea about the middle of the month.

The seamen had returned to their duty with a will, and, to a large extent, tyranny was expelled from our service. That the Admiralty did their duty by the sailors is evident from the fact that the names of many officers who had been accused of cruelty and oppression were taken from the navy list. The King had no further need of their services.

Among these were Admiral Colpoys, four captains (Philip Dean's friend—Captain White—was one, that is the reason he did not go to sea), thirty lieutenants, about ten marine officers, and nearly fifty officers of junior rank.

Before he left Portsmouth Black Dick called to say good-bye to Captain Dawkins of the Blazer, who had only an hour before resumed command.

As he stood on deck he handed a paper to Lieutenant Spencer.

"Thank God," cried that spirited officer, on reading it. "Midshipman of the watch," he bawled, "send Allan Gray here."

"I hold in my hand, Gray," said Spencer, when the man appeared, "your pardon. You can go to duty."

The deck reeled before poor Allan, he reeled himself, at all events, staggered and clutched a stay, but soon recovered sufficiently to bow his thanks—speech was denied him.

"Duty?" said Black Dick, "yes, but I must beg his services on shore till the Blazer returns."

And on shore sure enough went Allan Gray in the Admiral's gig, and straight to the Fountain Hotel went the two of them.

"I've a pleasant surprise for you," said Lord Howe.

Allan's eyes brightened.

"Peggy's here?" he cried. "May God bless your noble lordship."

Peggy was there, and her father, too.

Lord Howe stayed just long enough to see the now happy lovers united in loving embrace, then he quietly withdrew, and if those were not tears in his eyes, they were something very like them.

That is the sort of man Lord Howe was—bold Black Dick, the seaman's friend.

(To be continued.)

## A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.;

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER II.

THERE was a rule at Highfield House concerning Hampers, which (on looking back) I am bound to admit was an excellent rule, though, at the time, it was far from meeting with favour among the boys. All hampers were to be brought to the storeroom, to be unpacked in the presence of Miss Porchester. The storeroom was a commodious apartment well furnished with cupboards and drawers, in which the various eatables were deposited; and at set times in the day Miss Porchester was "at home," and prepared to receive such of her young friends as might happen to possess property therein, and might

wish to enjoy its use. Furthermore, she would only deal out pots of jam, etc., on certain nights, and then only permit a limited number to appear on each table. And there were other details in the working of that rule added from time to time, as experience might suggest or expediency demand; for example, a clause was inserted to the effect that not more than one species of jam was to be seen on any plate at tea-time; which clause was necessitated by the fact that on one occasion Miss Porchester was horrified to see a boy gloating over his plate, which contained no less than three separate strata of

jam—black currant, apricot, and gooseberry—with a sardine floating on the top. This was too much for Miss Porchester's nerves, hence that clause.

Now this law, though intended to be as vigorous as those of the Medes and Persians, was not always obeyed to the letter. There were occasional evasions of it practised with more or less cunning and success. A species of smuggling was carried on at times, and not every hamper found its way into the store cupboard. Sometimes one might be secreted in the box-room or in the boot-house. I remember one being buried in the ground, and most of its



contents were ruined by a thunderstorm. The boy Jack Spratt was performing the acrobatic feat recorded in the first chapter with reference to a hamper which he had good reason to expect would shortly arrive.

He had formed the bold project of raising it by wheel and pulley to the



"It was too much for her nerves."

upper storey of the new wing, and secreted it in one of the future studies under a pile of boards intended for the floors. He was nearly floored himself by the sudden appearance of Miss Porchester. For had that lady caught sight of him suspended in mid-air, she would have put pressure upon him to exact a promise never again to risk his life in that way. And had he been liberated on parole from the fatal consequences of being reported to the Doctor, he would have had to keep his word and find some other hiding-place for his hamper.

However, although he was not caught, yet none the less did circumstances arise to prevent his carrying out his scheme, as the subsequent pages of this veracious history will explain.

The fact was that Spratt had been promised a hamper from home as soon as ever he should be at the top of his class by a week's marks. He was doing his best to achieve that grand distinction, and reap the promised reward. The other boys in his class were quite astonished at the change which had lately come over him. Till now he had been more or less of an idle seapegrae, getting kept in to do impositions almost every half-holiday, because he would not exert himself to work at the proper time.

But now he had changed all that. He ground at his translations, and made "word-lists" which gladdened the master's heart. His exercises were models of care and neatness; his fingers habitually ached with rapid penmanship in the weekly examinations; in fact, it was clear to every one that Spratt had turned over a new leaf. The other boys could not understand it until he told them, with a grin, one day, and then they were amused right royally.

I need not insinuate that this sordid motive was the only inducement which prompted Spratt to work harder than usual. It certainly was the fuse which ignited the powder of his energy. But when he had once tasted the pleasure

of rising above the dull drudgery of impositions and detentions, then ambition added influence, and he stuck to his work, because it gradually became a habit which brought him more genuine satisfaction than he had ever realised under his former course of idleness.

But this condition was not matured until a period rather beyond that covered by this story. Then he was only in the first stage, working and striving to amass marks with a view to earning the promised hamper.

The progress of his enterprise was far from discouraging, and its final success seemed within measurable distance. He had started 9th at the beginning of term, and gained three places the first week. The second week found him 5th, and the third found him actually 2nd.

On the morning when the marks of the third week were read out, Spratt was in a high state of excitement. He felt sure of his hamper at last. He thought he must be top next week, and that very afternoon he wrote home announcing his place, and begging that the hamper might be got ready without delay, as it was almost certain to be wanted the following week.

His father and mother both wrote back, congratulating him and commending his diligence; and he was assured that the hamper should be dispatched as soon as ever they heard that he was really top for the week.

Two days passed of the fourth week, and Spratt felt that his work was going on at full speed; though at times he found himself let a question pass in class, through the fact that his mind was so preoccupied with thinking of the reward in prospect. In addressing his Sunday letter home he actually wrote "Hamperia" instead of "Hampshire," and said something in class about the "garden of the Hamperides." Trust Mr. Fields not to let such a slip of the tongue pass unnoticed.

"Ah, Spratt," said he, "a very poetical idea—the Garden of the Hamperides! What sunny vistas and cool glades open to our enraptured gaze! where through the swooning heat of endless summer days the Sons of the Hamper enjoy perpetual bliss. Methinks I see a group of joyous lads reclining under the shade of the barren plane or dark hohu-oak. A hamper is before them, towards which with lazy dalliance they stretch forth their arms for tarts and cakes. A limpid stream of raspberry vinegar flows babbling through the glade, from which anon they quaff refreshing draughts. No need for them to pluck golden apples from the tree; no fear of being gobbled up by a sleepless dragon. The golden apples lie safe in the hamper's depths. Oh, thrice and four times blest are those happy youths!"

Spratt underwent this "roasting" with what good grace he might. He got very red over it, and the merriment was loud and exuberant. Mr. Fields' eye twinkled as he went on, and he concluded by setting as the subject for our weekly Latin verses—"the Garden of the Hamperides." Following the line marked out by his facetious commentary upon that blissful region, we managed to turn out some effusions

which we thought might fain rouse Ovid's ghost to envy.

One good effect of Spratt's sudden devotion to his studies was to wake up other members of his class. More than one was put upon his mettle. The uninterrupted upward march of a fellow who hitherto had been wont to flounder in the mud at the bottom, was not to go for ever unchallenged. There were Giles and Dodson, who in the first two weeks held undisputed possession of the first two places. There was Phillips, otherwise called "Popsy," who ran them close. (He was a boy with a parrot-like nose, and his hair had a curious way of curling forwards over his forehead, whence his name, since "Epops" was found in the dictionary to be the Latin for a "hoopoe.") This trio had never anticipated any serious interference in their feudal rights from Spratt, and when they found him bent upon getting top, they were equally bent upon preventing him. The consequence was that they also put on more steam, and the tone of general energy thus imparted to the work gave the master of our form much satisfaction. He declared it would turn his grey hairs black once more, and save him the expense of chemical preparations for giving back the bloom of departed youth.

The long and short of it all was, that when the marks for the fourth week were read out amidst breathless excitement, Spratt, to his inexpressible disappointment, found himself no higher than fourth! Poor fellow! he was woefully crestfallen. *Vae victis!* In a moment his visions of Hamperia faded like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. All his anxious hopes were dashed to the ground. He could not do anything that day but indulge in melancholy despair. He wrote home in the afternoon to announce his failure. He said it was no use trying, that other fellows were much cleverer than he was; and he begged that the hamper



"He was woefully crestfallen."

might be sent in spite of his place in class, for he had so set his heart upon it.

But Spratt's parents were firm, and said that he must not despond, that perseverance would eventually be rewarded, and that he must not expect the hamper until he achieved the proud success of being top for the week.

(To be continued.)



## "MAN OVERBOARD."

BY WILLIAM C. METCALFE,

*Author of "Frank Weatherall," etc., etc.*

THERE is no cry more startling to the ears of the small community aboard a ship than that of "Man overboard!" Penned together within the narrow limits of shipboard, sharing in the same daily labour, and participating in the same daily fare, men very naturally become knit together, if not always by bonds of amity, at least by that of fellowship, and the sudden loss of one from the midst of their little circle causes a gap which never seems to be entirely healed for the remainder of the voyage. There are so many little things to remind one of the departed.

During my career at sea I have several times heard the thrilling cry of "Man overboard," have been away in the hurriedly-lowered boat propelled by stalwart, eager seamen, and sometimes, when almost within reach of the drowning man, have seen him throw up his arms in wild despair, and sink before our very eyes; at other times have pulled round and round fruitlessly in quest of our shipmate, only to return to the ship saddened at heart, and with a deeper sense of the dreadful uncertainty of life.

Once, and once only, have I myself been the cause of this thrilling, much dreaded cry, and I owe my deliverance under Providence to the extraordinary coolness and courage exhibited by as gallant a sailor as ever walked a ship's deck, namely, the chief officer of the vessel I was serving in as an apprentice at the time.

We had left Sydney, homeward bound for London, with a full cargo of wool, tallow, and hides, and at the time I write of had been six days out, and passed the Snares Rocks off New Zealand. The wind, which had been favourable for us since leaving port, had increased to such a terrific gale that we dare not "run" any longer before it, and were compelled to heave the ship to under a lower maintop sail.

In company with us, and likewise "hove to" and to windward of us, were two other well-known Sydney traders, the La Hogue and the Maid of Judah, both of which vessels had left the day before we did.

It was about half-past three in the afternoon, when the second officer, who was on watch, ordered me to make some "stops" of the weather-cloth fast outside the rigging. "Mind you don't fall," said he; "hold on tight." "Ay, ay, sir," I replied, and jumped outside of the rigging and into the chains. I had completed my job satisfactorily, and was preparing to climb aboard again, when the ship gave an unusually heavy dive, and as her head rose her after-part up to the mizen chains was placed under water and I was torn from my grasp and fell.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" I heard the cry distinctly as the dark waters whirled me astern. Mr. Williams had doubtless seen me fall. "Who is it? Where? Heave over a hen-coop. Can you see him? Clear away the quarter boat!" These were the cries that followed each other in rapid succession, accompanied with the hurried tread of feet, which rose even above the sound of the breeze and of the roaring water in which I was immersed. At first I sank plump, as if tied to a shot, but in a few seconds began to ascend. When I reached the surface, however, it was to find myself whirling from the vessel's side, with a confused noise of the roar of the wind and the bubbling waters in my

ears, yet over all rose the shouts of my shipmates.

I was so blinded by the water that I could not immediately see. I spun round and round as in a whirlpool, for I had been caught in the eddies under the stern. I looked to windward, too, for the ship, forgetting that a heavy vessel would make more leeway than my light person. Just as I sank in the trough of the sea, however, I caught sight of the tall spars pitching a short distance to leeward, and when I arose on the next wave I took care to keep my eyes fixed in that direction.

I could now behold the men in the rigging on the look-out, and hear again distinctly their eager and excited cries. They were all gazing to leeward, and consequently could not see me. "Where away is he? I can't see him, can you? There, he has just sunk in the trough; no, it was not he. Hilloa! Hil-hil-loa!"

While these cries were following each other, I saw Captain Seaborn spring on to the taffrail and cast a rapid glance around the horizon. I thought his eye had lighted on me, for, unlike the rest, he turned to windward; but after a hasty glance in the right direction, he, too, looked away to leeward. How my heart sank within me! Was I to perish, and within hearing too, in consequence of this mistake of my shipmates?

I raised my voice and shouted. I could still hear the answers. "Ahoy! ah-o-y! There, that was his voice, certainly: can't you see him yet? Ahoy, ah-o-y, ah-o-y!"

I repeated, straining my lungs to the utmost. "Hilloa!" replied the deep stentorian voice of the skipper, the words struggling faintly against the wind.

The ship was rapidly drifting down to leeward, and I knew that if not soon discovered I was lost, so I shouted again, "Ahoy, ah-o-y!" The last word was frantically prolonged, and I waited its effect with intense anxiety. It was evident from the manner in which my comrades aboard glanced anew around the horizon, as also from the shouts which they uttered in reply, that my cry had reached them. I could not, indeed, hear their hail, but saw their hands to their mouths as when persons shout loudly. Alas! the same fatal error of still looking in the wrong direction prevailed amongst them; not an eye was turned to windward.

My heart died within me. "Oh God!" I cried, "they do not hear me, and I am lost. My father! my poor father! My sister Kate! oh, my dear sister!" I forgot to mention that upon hearing the cry of "Man overboard" old Snowball, the black cook, who had been cleaning knives in the galley, had mechanically flung the board he was using into the sea. Providentially it floated close to me, and catching it, I placed it end up under my chin, and thus supported my head above water without difficulty. But for this in all probability I should have been wearied out already, good swimmer as I was, by the surge, which would have broken over me continually, yet over which I now safely rode.

After giving way for a few minutes to despondency, as I saw the ship drifting off, I rallied myself, and reflecting that hope never dies while there is life, I began to consider my situation more calmly. The comparative buoyancy of my dress (I had

on an oilskin coat and cap), added to the board which I had so fortunately obtained, would enable me, I thought, to keep afloat for an hour, or perhaps for even a longer period, and in that time what chances might not turn up! I had noticed the La Hogue lying to windward just before I fell overboard. The direction in which I was drifting would carry me near her, when I might be more fortunate in attracting attention. I cheered my heart with this reflection, and began to look out for her.

My first object in this new frame of mind was to get rid of my boots, which, being full of water, had begun sensibly to drag me down. With great difficulty I succeeded in pulling them off, for I had to retain hold of the board with one hand whilst I worked at the boot with the other. At last I was rid of these dangerous encumbrances, and, floating more lightly, had a better opportunity to look around. My vision of distant objects was, of course, cut off every moment of my being carried down into the trough of the sea. No one who has not been in a similar situation can realise the awe with which I gazed on the dark glistening sides of the immense billows as I saw myself sinking away from them as if to the bottom of the very ocean.

Suddenly, when I was at the lowest, I would begin to ascend as if by magic from that gloomy gulf, my velocity increasing every instant, until at last I would shoot upward above the crest of the wave, like an arrow propelled from the abyss. A toss of the head to shake off the water, a long-drawn breath to recover myself, a hasty glance around, and then I was whirled downward again, half smothered in the wild abyss.

I had been overboard half an hour before I caught sight of the La Hogue. When at last I beheld her I could not restrain a cry of joy. She was drifting rapidly towards me, and would pass within hail. How beautiful she looked! Her symmetrical hull that floated so buoyantly, her tall spars unrelieved by a single bit of canvas save the close-reefed maintop sail under which she was "lying to." These pencilled against the horizon formed together a picture of grace (beauty unsurpassed). Now she would pitch head-foremost into the sea, now slowly rise dripping from the deluge. As she swung, "pendulum-like," the wild and whirling clouds, that rapidly traversed the distant sky, seemed one moment to stand still and then to speed past her with accelerated velocity. Suddenly I reflected, What if I should miss the La Hogue? There was one vessel in sight, the Maid of Judah, but she was not in my track, for by this time I could calculate with some approach to accuracy the direction of my drift. Again the thought of my loved ones at home came before me. Perhaps even now they were thinking of me. I seemed to see my dear old father's face and hear his rich voice once more. Then the vision of that dear familiar face, bowed in grief, arose. I beheld him in deep mourning, bent in body and prostrate in mind. They had told him that his son had been lost overboard months ago. I groaned audibly. God knows, even in that awful moment, it was less of myself than of my father and sister that I thought.

The La Hogue was now rapidly approaching me. "Hilloa! hilloa!" I cried wildly, raising my arm above my head as I rose on



the crest of a wave. I had but an instant to watch the effect of my cry before I was submerged again. But there was time enough to assure me that I had not been heard. I noticed with terrible misgivings that my voice was much weaker than it was half an hour before. Was I so soon becoming exhausted? At this rate another hour would finish my life. This idea filled me with alarm, and as I gained the crest of the next billow I made a desperate exertion to shout both louder and quicker. "Hilloa! hil-o-aa! hill-ilo-o-aa!" I frantically cried. I was still prolonging the sound when the comb of a wave went over me, and half blinded as well as smothered I was tumbled headlong down into the trough of the sea, which I reached more dead than alive. I was still so exhausted when I rose on the next billow that I could not speak.

With agony inexpressible I now saw myself nearly abreast of the La Hogue. Another descent, another mad whirl upward, and I found fier shooting from me. I was now almost delirious with despair. How I cried! I fancied I saw a look-out turn towards me. I knew he must have heard me. If I could have remained on the top of that surge just one instant longer his eye would have fallen upon me, but the insatiate gulf demanded me, and, seized in the embraces of the pitiless waters, I was hurried downward to darkness and death.

When I next rose to the light of day the La Hogue was fast receding. I was so breathless from being nearly smothered that I could not raise my voice above that of a child, and hence failed to attract the attention of the "look-out," whom I still saw gazing in search of me. May Heaven grant that none who read these words ever experience feelings similar to mine at that moment! In another instant I had recovered my voice, but the La Hogue was out of hearing. My only chance of rescue seemed gone. I was alone—alone in the illimitable ocean—alone whilst night was drawing on! Far, far away to leeward, just visible occasionally over the distant surges, I saw my own vessel, but except this and the La Hogue the horizon was without a speck. I burst into tears, the tension of my nerves had been unnatural, and as I now saw nothing but death before me I wept. Yet still it was the thought of my father and sister that mainly affected me. My whole past life rushed in review before me; I saw myself at my mother's

knee, looking and wondering as she taught me to pray. I was a boy going to school—dear old Biggleton Grammar School. I thought lovingly of my two great friends, Verner and Whittaker. I thought of the ill-fated day I left my comfortable home, my dealings with the wretched Jew, my being smuggled aboard ship. Alas! was I never to see my happy home again?

The dreaded night began to close in. Darker and darker the shades of evening fell around the waste of waters, and the wind as it went by seemed moaning my requiem. Occasionally a flash of lightning would throw a ghastly radiance across the water. I was cold and half stupefied; my senses began to desert me. No longer able to buffet against fate as I had done, I took in each moment larger draughts of water. In fact, I was drowning! Things actual and things visionary, the present and the past, began to commingle in my brain in a wild phantasmagoria. The face of my dead mother seemed to look at me from the sky above, whilst hideous ones—the countenances one sees in fever-dreams—grinned out from the spray around. Confused noises too, were in my ears. There was music as if from celestial spheres, then notes as if demons laughed in the gale.

Gradually all things seen or heard became more and more indistinct; a dead blank swam before me, leaving only, as it were, a sensation of blankness, and then followed utter forgetfulness, the stupor of the dead, or rather, that trance between life and death when the body is exhausted, but the vital spark not yet fled—that one dread pause between this world and the next.

I have no recollection of anything further until I was partially roused from my insensibility by a hand being laid upon me. The next instant I was dragged violently through the water and thrown on my chest across some hard substance, which I concluded must be the gunwale of a boat. I felt with such force as to eject from me, as from a force pump, most of the water that I had swallowed. The excessive pain roused me to more complete consciousness. I languidly opened my eyes. I thought I recognised familiar faces. The doubt was settled immediately by a well-known voice, "Easy there, Jack! Poor little fellow, he is well-nigh gone. Now, my hearties!" The words were spoken in the kind tone of the chief officer, Mr. Hardy.

I knew now that I had been picked up

by our ship's boat. She was lying head on to the waves, to prevent her being swamped whilst she took me up. Obeying Mr. Hardy's directions, the men, with a second effort, lifted me completely out of the water and laid me in the stern-sheet of the boat. "How do you feel?" asked the chief. "God help us! we were looking for you in the wrong direction until, all at once, I remembered you ought to have been to windward, and so at last made you out, a mere speck upon the horizon. We had a hard pull to reach you, too. At first I thought we should be swamped. But here you are, safe! Now, lads, give way, lustily!"

The crew at these words put double strength to their oars, and away we sped towards the ship. Oh! what a sensation of comfort and security came over me as I felt the planks once more under me. I heard the waters, which, cheated of their prey, followed roaring in our wake. I looked up towards Mr. Hardy, who, steering with one hand, was covering me with his jacket with the other. He was doing it, too, as tenderly as a mother wraps her babe. Oh! how full my heart was! I tried to raise myself on my elbow and speak. "No, my boy," he said, placing his hand on my shoulder gently, as if to press me down; "not a word, you need rest; you have been three hours in the water." Even this little exertion had made me dizzy. I heard his words as in a dream, and sank back, while all things seemed to whirl around me. I closed my eyes, and presently, in a whisper, I heard Mr. Hardy say, "He sleeps; I don't think he could have stood it five minutes longer. Who could have told his father?"

From this time until I awoke in my berth, a comfortable one in the saloon, I lay in a state of profound insensibility. They told me afterwards, that on reaching the ship they thought me gone, but that by chafing my limbs and employing stringent restoratives, they recovered me. I soon after sank into a refreshing sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, seemed well, though very weak.

It was quite dark, it appears, when we reached the ship, so that if my discovery had come a few minutes later, it is extremely doubtful whether I should have been saved.

Years have passed since then; yet I always shudder to recall those terrible hours when I fell overboard.

## THE HERO OF CORUNNA.

### PART II.

THE peace made Moore a half-pay captain, and, under the Hamilton influence, Member of Parliament for the Lanark boroughs. Then he was appointed to his old regiment, the 51st, as major, and on his promotion to the lieutenant-colonelcy abandoned Parliament for his regimental duties. In 1792 he sailed with his regiment for the Mediterranean, and took part in the capture of Corsica, which was won by Sir Charles Stuart and lost by Sir Gilbert Elliot. At Calvi he was by Nelson's side when the rubbish was dashed up by the shot and destroyed the sight of Nelson's eye. Owing to a dispute with Sir Gilbert Elliot, Moore was dismissed from Corsica—kicked upstairs, so to speak, for no sooner did he reach home than he was sent off to the West Indies as brigadier-general. Here he became Abercrombie's right-hand man, and distinguished himself greatly, more espe-

cially at the capture of St. Lucia in 1796. Of St. Lucia he was made governor, but, attacked by the yellow fever, he came home invalided. In 1798 he was again under Abercrombie, this time in Ireland during the absurd rebellion, and it was entirely owing to his efforts that Wexford was saved from pillage by the rebels. Next year he was ordered off with the expedition to the Helder, under the Duke of York. Here Abercrombie was superseded by his royal highness with anything but satisfactory result. At the head of a combined force of British and Russians, the Duke attacked the Helder. "The Russians," their commander boasted, "would sweep everything in front of them." So certain was the royal duke of victory, that Abercrombie's division was sent off to Hoorn, and had to be recalled in haste, for the attack was delivered and failed, owing to the Russians being

routed and their commander captured—a reverse atoned for soon after by the hard-won victory of Egmont-op-Zee, where Moore was wounded. It was from Egmont that Abercrombie wrote home to Moore's mother: "The general is a hero, with more sense than many others of that description, in that he is an ornament to his family and to his profession." Abercrombie's confidence in him was to be even more fully borne out in Egypt, where Moore commanded the reserve. When the old general died at Alexandria, Moore, as we have said already, was the only man worthy to take his place, and in 1808, after a spell at Sandgate, watching against invasion and drilling his men in the new tactics of his own invention, which were to meet with such glorious triumphs under Wellington, he was ordered off to Sicily, and then to Spain.

He landed in Portugal in August, 1808,



and, after the recall of the generals who had negotiated the Convention of Cintra, was appointed to the command of an army of some 35,000 men, intended to co-operate with the Spaniards in the north against the French. Part of this army was to arrive direct from England under Sir David Baird, and the rest, then in Portugal, was to be led to the scene of operations by Moore. He started from Lisbon in October, but as soon as he entered Spain the defeat of the Spaniards at all points rendered a successful campaign impossible. What he did was chivalrously to advance so as to draw the French forces on to him, and thus save the south of Spain from conquest. Napoleon had over 335,000 men, mostly veterans, with over 60,000 horses, and such a train of artillery, ammunition, and provisions as had never before been gathered together in Europe. Moore had barely 20,000 men, young and untrained to privation, with an inexperienced staff, and a wretched commissariat; without the means of obtaining information or supplies, in a country most difficult for warfare; and he had to work with a nation boastful, presumptuous, and ignorant, and led by rulers of appalling imbecility and treachery. In short, his task was a most thankless and difficult one.

As soon as Napoleon heard of the British move to the Douro, he remarked, "Moore is the only general now fit to contend with me. I shall advance against him in person." The country was covered with snow, but the emperor had roads cut through the drifts, and at the head of 100,000 men came full speed from Madrid to cut off the British retreat at Benevente. But Moore had divined his scheme, and was too quick for him. When, then, the French reached the Esia, they found the British safe on the other side of the river. Some cavalry of the guard crossed the stream into Benevente to be charged by the 10th Hussars and driven back, with their leader, Lefebvre-Desnoettes, left behind a prisoner. From Benevente Moore retired to Astorga, fighting a battle every day, and always with success. He left Astorga on December 31st, 1808. Napoleon reached it on New Year's Day, 1809, to hear the news of the alliance of Russia and Austria, and to leave it hurriedly for Paris, entrusting Soult with the task of driving the British army into the sea, and postponing the conquest of Spain till the allies were destroyed. At first Moore had intended making for Vigo, but on the 5th of January he decided for Corunna, and sent orders off to Baird, who by private dragoon forwarded them on to Fraser. But the man got drunk, and the despatches were never delivered, and the fleet, with its three hundred transports, re-

mained inactive in Vigo Bay. At length, on the 9th January, an officer, half dead with fatigue and anxiety, who had come across the mountains of Galicia, appeared before Sir Samuel Hood with a memorandum, written by Moore on a drum-head, praying him to start for Corunna; and in less than half an hour the fleet and its convoy were under sail. Meanwhile, the horrors of the retreat had begun. In the snow and sleet, over the mountains, pursued and pursuers took their way, losing heavily. At one place the road lay for fifteen miles up a mountain zigzag, amid the most romantic scenery, with peaks in front and precipices on either hand, where hundreds found a grave. Only 15,000 men reached Corunna on the 12th of January; the rest had fallen in the arduous rush from Benevente. The French were only ten hours behind; and, as Hood's fleet had not yet arrived, a battle was unavoidable. But as Soult was not ready to attack, there came a welcome respite, during which the horses were sacrificed and the military material destroyed. On the 13th, on a hill three miles from the town, four thousand barrels of powder were blown up at one discharge. It was as though a volcano had broken forth, the flame rose in the air, the ground shook for miles round, and the waters in the harbour rolled as if with an earthquake wave. Two days after Moore's arrival Hood's fleet came in and the embarkation began. It seemed as though Soult would let the English go quietly away.

But on the 15th, during the night, he established a battery of eleven guns on the rocky height at his left; and next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he made his attack on the British position. Moore had made his arrangements to retire that night, but he welcomed the battle, as giving him a chance of wiping out any stain that might be on his retreat. He was 14,500 strong; Soult's force had been reduced to 20,000.

The French came down in three solid masses, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven in, and the village of Elvina carried. When the battle had developed, Moore ordered Paget to turn the French left; and, with the 50th and 42nd, he met the enemy, recaptured Elvina, and, fighting fiercely, drove Soult back along the whole line, with a loss of over 2,000 men. The loss of the British was 900. So severe was the reverse that Soult made no move to enter the town until two days after the British had gone.

It was while watching the last struggle round Elvina that Moore was struck by a cannon-ball, which knocked him off his horse and shattered his left breast. He was laid on a blanket, and, by a Highland

sergeant and three men, carried into Corunna. As they lifted him, the hilt of his sword ran into his wound. Hardinge would have removed it, but the general checked him.

"It is as well as it is," said he. "I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

And then, as he was following, "You need not go with me," he said. "Report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear."

Meanwhile, surgeons had been sent for. Two were dressing Sir David Baird's arm, and Sir David instantly ordered them to leave him to attend Sir John; but the wound was mortal, and they could do nothing.

Often, as Sir John lay dying, did he ask if the French were beaten; and, from the reports coming in every few minutes, he was answered "yes." In fact, the British had advanced considerably, and at nightfall were far in advance of their positions in the morning.

"Anderson," said the dying general, "you know that I have always wished to die in this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice!"

And soon afterwards he died. And that night, as the army was embarking, he was buried on the ramparts. Who does not know the ballad of his burial?—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sod with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

## BOYS WHO HAVE RISEN.

SCHLIEMANN.

IT is many long years since we first heard the names of Hector and Priam, Paris and Helen, our cheeks glowing as we listened to the exciting tales, our eyes moistening over the touching parting of Hector and Andromache, our hearts swelling with indignation at the trap into which the Trojans fell after so many years of brave endurance.

How often we asked ourselves if nothing was left of the wonderful city, whose history has thrilled the hearts of young and old for so many centuries!

While we were indulging these useless speculations, a lad was growing up in a

North German parsonage, whose dreams on the same subject, when realised, were to be the means of throwing open to us, and those who shall follow us, grand stores of information.

The boy of whom we write was Heinrich Schliemann, born the 6th of January, 1822, in New Bucklow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, but whose father removed to Aukershausen, in the same province, when the child was only a year old, a village whose legends and mysteries would have been the delight of Hans Andersen or the Brothers Grimm.

In such an atmosphere Heinrich's natural inclination towards the strange and mystical

was inflamed to a real passion. He never doubted the stories he heard—that the ghost of his father's predecessor wandered about the church and parsonage garden, or that any one fortunate enough to be awake at midnight would see a lovely maiden, bearing in her hand a silver dish, rise from the tiny brook which flowed by the garden gate.

In the centre of the village there was a grassy hillock, probably a grave of heathen days, but where legend stated a robber knight had buried his favourite child in a golden cradle; and so firm was the boy's belief in these fables, that he always won-



dered, when his father complained of money difficulties, why he did not dig up the cradle, or search in the brook for the silver dish.

There was also close to the village an ancient castle with secret passages and subterranean roads, through which frightful ghosts with flaming eyes were said to wander, and which had been the property of a robber knight, named Henning Von Holstein, whose lawlessness and cruelty caused him to be held in terror throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Tradition states that it had displeased him not a little when the Duke of Mecklenburg gave letters of safe conduct to the merchants who were to pass his castle; and he swore to have revenge. So he invited the duke to visit him. The invitation was accepted, and the duke started on his way with a large escort. The knight's cowherd, who knew of his lord's murderous intentions, hid himself in a thicket by the roadside, and, as the duke came by, revealed to him the plot against his life. The duke returned home, and the hill has ever since gone by the name of "The Hill of Waiting," on Wartensberg.

When the knight discovered who had caused the frustration of his plans, he had the poor fellow slowly roasted over the open fire, and not content with this, he gave the wretched man a kick as he struggled in the agonies of death.

Shortly after the duke came with a regiment of soldiers, and Von Henning, after burying his treasures under the round tower of his castle, took his own life. A long row of smooth stones in the village churchyard is still pointed out as the knight's grave, out of which, for many years, the left leg, which had kicked the cowherd, clad in a black silk stocking, continually grew. The gravedigger and churchkeeper both declared to Heinrich that, when boys, they had often cut it off, and used it to beat pears from the trees, but that quite suddenly, in the first year of the present century, it had ceased to grow.

Heinrich's father was a passionate lover of ancient history. He told the lad tales of Pompeii and Herculaneum, counting those who had time and means to visit these cities as most enviable among men, and he fed the child's imagination with narrations of Greek heroes and heroines.

It was with positive grief that Heinrich heard of the total disappearance of the famous city of his heroes, and he insisted that it was impossible such walls as history gave to Troy could ever be swept away; they *must* be hidden somewhere under dust and rubbish.

His father not agreeing with him in this opinion, they finally resolved to go together some day and dig for the ancient city; and from the day the father promised this in jest, the boy's whole heart was absorbed in the thought. Laughed at by most of his playfellows, he had two friends who listened to his projects with keen sympathy, one of whom, Minna Meineke, was a little girl of about his own age.

A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, babies as they were. They would marry when they grew up, and then they would first unravel all the mysteries of Aukershagen, the silver dish, the golden cradle, Henning's buried treasure and his grave, and these accomplished, they would go on their search for Troy.

These dreams were unfulfilled, but through all the trials and discouragements of life the boy remained firm and true to his last and best dream—that of finding the city of which the blind poet sang his immortal song.

Heinrich's mother dying while he was a mere babe, he was sent for some time to

an uncle in Kalkhorst. There he made such progress in his studies that he was able to send his father a Latin composition upon the chief incidents in the Trojan War as a Christmas present, in 1832.

At the age of fourteen he was obliged to leave school, because of his father's poverty, and was apprenticed to a grocery shop in Fürstenberg. Those were weary days and months through which Heinrich fought his way, selling herrings and butter, salt and oil, candles and potatoes; scrubbing floors and cleaning windows, his mind all the while thirsting for knowledge.

Occupied from five in the morning until eleven in the evening, there was not one moment left for study. But one evening a young man came in the shop, and, asking for spirits, he recited verse after verse from the *Iliad* as he drank. Although Schliemann understood not a word, the harmonious rhythm made a deep impression upon him, and from that hour he never ceased to pray for an opportunity of learning Greek.

He remained five years in Fürstenberg, until he so injured his chest by lifting weights beyond his strength that he had bleeding of the lungs. In perplexity as to his future, he went to Hamburg on foot, where he obtained another situation. But the spitting of blood returned after a few days, and he was again without employment.

He then sought a position on shipboard, and, through the intervention of a friend of his mother's, who was a shipbroker, he was taken as cabin-boy on a vessel bound for La Guayra. Never in the course of his sorrowful and anxious youth had Schliemann been so utterly forlorn and without means as at that time, when he was compelled to sell his only coat to buy a woollen blanket, without which he could not go to sea.

In November, 1841, the Dorothea left Hamburg with favourable winds, which after a few hours changed, so that they were unable to make any headway until December, when they passed Cuxhaven and reached the open sea. Suddenly the wind again shifted its course, and there was another dull calm for twelve days, during which the ship scarcely changed its position. But on the twelfth a frightful storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked.

After nine hours in an open boat in this inclement season all the crew were saved; but, strange to relate, while the rest of the ship's company lost their all, Heinrich's chest was found floating on the waves, and was taken ashore.

The Consul at Texel, where they had drifted, gave the youth seventy-five cents with which to pay his fare to Amsterdam, where he proposed to enlist as a soldier, as he saw no other way of supporting himself.

Winter set in, and, having no coat, Heinrich suffered keenly from the cold. His admittance into the army taking more time than he had expected, in order to keep from starving he feigned illness to gain entrance into a hospital. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

The broker in Hamburg, who had received a letter telling of Heinrich's misfortune, made a collection for him and sent it with a letter of recommendation to the Prussian Consul-General in Amsterdam, who speedily obtained employment for him in a counting-office.

Having his evenings for study, he first took lessons in writing, then in modern languages, for which he paid out one-half his salary. His home was a cheerless attic room, where he shivered with cold in the winter and scorched in the summer. His breakfast consisted of oatmeal porridge, his dinner never cost him more than twopence.

He began his study of languages with English. In order to have a good pronunciation, and learn as quickly as possible, he went to the English church twice each Sunday and repeated softly each word after the clergyman. He never went out without a book, so that every spare minute might be utilised. So diligently did he work that in three months' time he could recite twenty pages of English every day to his teacher.

His brain was kept in such a state of excitement that he slept but little, and his wakeful hours during the night were spent in going over in memory what he had read in the evening. In this way he obtained a thorough and accurate knowledge of English in six months.

He then took up French, which he mastered in much less time. Dutch he acquired in six weeks; as also Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. He began Russian also, but could find no teacher in Amsterdam; and the only books attainable were an old grammar, a lexicon, and a translation of *Tele-machus*, which he soon learned by heart.

The acquirement of Russian proved to be a turning-point in Schliemann's course. When twenty years old he was sent to St. Petersburg by the firm which employed him in Amsterdam, and with the privilege of trading on his own account.

Jubilant over his good fortune, he wrote home to ask about Minna, his "little bride," as he had always thought of her; but what was his dismay to find she had just been married to another. A serious illness ensued, but his buoyant spirit helped to carry him over this rough place in life, and he returned to business and dreams of Troy.

He was greatly prospered in Russia. A few years of mercantile life, and his fortune was larger than he had ever dared to hope in his wildest flights of fancy. During his residence in St. Petersburg he had kept up his studies, mastering Swedish, Polish, and modern Greek, besides renewing his acquaintance with Latin, which he had laid aside for twenty-five years.

In 1868 and '69 he made his first journey of discovery in Ithaca, the Peloponnesus, and Troy. His life since then has been so fully open to the public that we need not say anything about it here. May all of us who have worthy dreams see them fulfilled as has Heinrich Schliemann!

## THE BOY'S OWN BOOKSHELF.

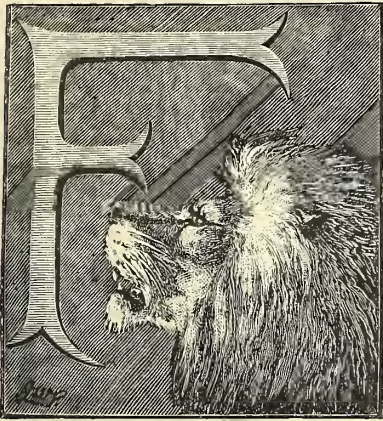
(Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON, Editor of the "Boy's Own Paper," etc.)

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## A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE IRRAWADY.



EW but those who have visited the country can form any idea of the difficulties of transport in Upper Burmah.

Unlike the Romans, we did not immediately begin to make roads in our newly-acquired country, but were content to use only that great natural thoroughfare, the Irrawady river, for all the purposes of occupation, and simply established our posts along the banks of the great waterway. When it became apparent that the occupation of Mandalay in no way pacified the country, but, on the contrary, unsettled the minds of every Burman throughout the villages of the land, and caused many to go off and swell the bands of dacoits, or brigands, as they might be called, we found it necessary to push our way inland. Here and there all over the country, in places most advantageous for its pacification and retention, we established posts, strongly stockaded, held by garrisons consisting of one hundred, or even fifty, to sometimes four hundred troops, European and native. These posts are always in or near a village.

It was to one of these posts, situated about twelve miles from the river banks, that I was ordered to proceed with two hundred men, during the rainy season. Twelve miles through a dense and swampy jungle is no easy march where there is no road of any kind, but a badly defined track—on all sides surrounded by a cunning enemy, whose tactics are generally to fire at troops on the march and then, having delivered a volley or two, to flee into the almost impenetrable jungle before the surprised troops have time to return the fire, or even, perhaps, to make certain of its direction. The same band may often meet you again farther on, and give you another hot welcome to their jungle haunts. This is a mode of warfare particularly harassing to all troops, whether Europeans or natives.

Although warned before I started that I should very likely be attacked on the march, the journey proved uneventful, with the exception of a few shots fired upon the rear guard of my little column, and I arrived safely at the post of P—, then occupied by three hundred European and native troops, where I remained one month.

The harassing duties of flying columns, marches and counter-marches, soon broke up an already shattered constitution, and I found myself under orders to return to Rangoon. I was reluctantly compelled to retrace my steps to the river-bank to wait for a passing steamer going down to Rangoon. Starting early in the morning, before the sun had attained much power, we reached a small post, situated about three miles from the banks of the Irra-

wady. Our party consisted of a strong escort of sepoy, a few European troops, and one British officer, not including myself. Nine miles being considered enough for me for one day's march, we determined to stay the night at this post.

Next morning, having sent back our escort, at five o'clock we started again, a much smaller party than the previous day. Lieutenant A—, myself, six European soldiers, and eight sepoy, was not a strong force; but then we felt pretty sure that no dacoits would be met with in the jungles between us and the bank. They had never up to that time been known to come down in that particular direction. So certain did we feel our safety from attack, that I rode on alone to a small village, in which we intended to wait in the shade till a steamer should pass.

The village, consisting of about forty houses, built on wooden piles, appeared to me to be deserted. My curiosity being aroused, I rode in and out of the bamboo fences, my horse at times struggling up to his girths in the mud. While thus hopelessly floundering between two houses, I heard a cry of "Sahib! Sahib! Dacoo! Dacoo!" and coming towards me were two Mohammedans, natives of India. There are many of them who have come over from India and settled down as shopkeepers in the villages of Burmah. As they approached nearer, I perceived that they were both badly wounded, and streaming with blood. One poor fellow had a bad dah, or sword, cut deep into his shoulder, and his companion had also received two very ugly wounds.

"Who wounded you?" I asked them, in Hindustani.

"Dacoo, sahib," they replied (meaning dacoits).

"Dacoits! Where are they?"

"Here, sahib, in the village; those two houses are full—they fled in there to hide when they saw you come in. They have taken all our money, and when we resisted slashed us with their dahs."

"Come with me out of this, quickly," I said, "and I will tie your wounds up;" and, digging my spurs into the sides of my poor charger, he floundered through the mud, out of range of the houses occupied by the dacoits. They did not, evidently, wish to discover themselves, fearing I might be the advance party of a large body of men. Being cowardly creatures, they did not shoot me, a solitary horseman, for this reason. Their refuge, the jungle, was nearly four hundred yards from the village; they would thus have had this open space to run over had they made themselves known by firing. They would not have ventured to stay to fight those who might be coming behind me; and they thought, perhaps, to creep off to the jungle unseen by us.

Thankful for a whole skin, I rode back, to warn A— and his small party of fourteen. He had diverged some way from the track, so it was nearly half an hour before I found him. We immediately held a short council of war, and decided it would be the best plan that we should push on to the river-bank, and there defend ourselves as well as possible in a little wooden shed a short way outside the village. We thought it very improbable that we should have to remain long on the banks of the Irrawady without getting a passing steamer to take us on.

The Mussulmans, whose wounds I had bound up, came to inform us that the dacoits were running from the village for the jungle. And as we saw at least a hun-

dred armed Burmans running with astonishing swiftness for the cover of the jungle, we sent a few volleys after them, but with unknown effect, for the range from that point was considerable.

Our little force, consisting principally of invalids bound for Rangoon, was not sufficient to attack such a large body of dacoits. We were content to fortify ourselves as well as possible in our little shed, keeping a good look-out lest the dacoits should recross the open space and attack us during the day, which they certainly could not have done without a warm reception.

After a short time the unfortunate villagers began to creep back to their houses, and the head-man of the village, the *Thoo-gye*, came and told us he was certain the dacoits would return and attack us when it got dark.

"We are not going to stay the night," I said.

"Then," said he, smiling, "how are you going to get away from here? The dacoits have cut you off, and are now between you and the stockade you have just come from. You cannot get back," he continued; "and I could not even get a messenger through, even if I could find one willing to go."

"A steamer is coming down," I said, "and we can take care of ourselves till its arrival."

There was a doubtful expression in the *Thoo-gye's* face as he looked across to the great Irrawady and walked away.

It afterwards struck me that he knew better than we did how often the steamers passed down the river.

The little shed in which our party was posted was about three hundred yards from the edge of the river-bank, the intervening space being an expanse of deep wet mud, into which one's legs sank nearly up to the knees.

Having eaten a little breakfast, I lay down on my blanket and endeavoured to get some sleep, while A— said that he would go out and reconnoitre our position, that we might know a little better how we were situated. It seemed that I had not slept but a few minutes when A—'s voice awoke me.

"Look here," he said, "I don't half like this; we are in a regular trap. I have had a good look round, and if those fellows can summon up enough courage to creep round here unseen by us, they can just do what they choose with us."

"All right," I replied; "they could not possibly creep up in the daylight. If it was dark I must confess I should not like it at all. But we shall see a steamer coming down in an hour or two."

"I don't know about that. Look at the river!"

I looked, and there, to my dismay, saw a thick mist beginning to rise over the water. If the mist increased in density I knew that any steamer might pass without being seen by us.

The day wore slowly on. An anxious look-out was kept upon the river, the mist just permitting us a chance of seeing a passing steamer.

Evening came, but no deliverance for us. The shed was open on all sides, incapable of being defended for any time. Yet there was no other place we could occupy.

The *Phoongye* Kyoung, or monastery, to be seen in every Burman village, was too large for our small force to occupy, besides which, it was built on posts twelve feet off the ground, and would therefore have allowed the dacoits to creep underneath, in the darkness, and fire upon us through



the bamboo floor, as they had done on a previous occasion, wounding many poor sepoys while they slept.

The sun went down, and with it all hope of deliverance that day. At sunset every steamer on the Irrawady anchors for the night, to proceed again at sunrise next morning.

"It is all up now, A—," I said; "we are in for a hot night of it. Here we are, and here we must remain, anyhow, till to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Let me see now," said A—; "they can fire on us during the night, almost as near as they choose; if they are all provided with guns, we shall swallow more than enough lead during the night; no, I say that to-morrow morning we are not likely to be here, my dear M—. You and I will each have received, say, a couple of dozen of bullets; and, if these beggars are true to the cruel traditions of their race, to-morrow morning there will be sixteen crucifixions on those hurdles over there."

We both laughed, although neither of us felt inclined to make a joke of the critical position we were placed in.

"We must tell the men," I said.

"Yes, parade them," A— responded, "and make a little speech about dying like British soldiers."

As it got dark, however, our spirits went down somewhat. The soldiers and sepoys, on the alert, determined to let the dacoits know they would not thus be caught for nothing, and had plenty of light still in them, although sick with fever.

The atmosphere became close and heavy. A— lay down, and was soon asleep. I undertook to keep the first watch. The men were all lying down with their arms in their hands, some awake, some sleeping. The sentry on guard was peering out into the darkness, listening for the slightest sound. It was an anxious time—expecting every moment a shower of lead in one's body. It seemed about four hours had passed, and I began to think that the dacoits were afraid, after all, to come near and attack us, so I ventured to strike a match to see the time. Nine o'clock. I had watched for three hours only. Eight hours to daybreak. I thought—there is time yet. After another hour I woke A— for his turn of guard, and was soon myself sound asleep.

"What is it?" I asked, for I felt myself being roughly shaken.

"What is it?" I asked again, for A— was shaking me vigorously by the arm.

"They are coming—I can hear them plainly."

I knew then at once what A— meant. It was certainly a rude awakening from

pleasant dreams of home and other tranquil scenes to the reality of our dangers. There was nothing for it, however, but to fight and die, as many a good man had done before us; yet there was certainly something unpleasant in being butchered in the dark, dying perhaps without the satisfaction of even knowing that you have accounted for one of your foes.

Our little garrison was lying down flat upon the floor of the shed, with their rifles loaded, ready to pour in a volley at the place in which the dacoits might discover themselves, in any number, by firing upon us.

The heat had become more oppressive; it was a still, pitch-dark night—not even a rustle in the leaves of the great tree overhead. We lay still, expecting every moment a shower of bullets to come tearing their way amongst us.

A— was lying close to me, so that we were able to converse in whispers.

"Do you think they will attack?" I asked.

"They cannot well make out the position of the shed in this darkness," A— replied, when—

Bang—bang—whirr-r-r-r, and some bullets passed high over our heads.

"Don't reply! No man is to fire!" I ordered. "They want to draw our fire and find out our position."

All was still again; we remained quite quiet, straining our eyes into the darkness.

Another volley—this time from at least forty or fifty muskets—came whizzing over our heads. They were firing too high to harm us; but we saw, from the blaze of their fire in the darkness, that they had well surrounded us in front.

Judging the direction from which their fire was hottest, we gave them a volley from our fourteen rifles. It showed them our position, for their fire came now dropping down amongst us, and I expected every moment to hear a wounded man cry out. We replied to their fire as well as we could judge their position in the darkness. Suddenly there was a lull in the fight, and we ceased firing on both sides, as if by common consent.

The atmosphere became even more oppressive in the little shed. It was as much as I could do to restrain my men from rushing out into the darkness to find out and grapple with our hidden foes. Then there came through the branches of the great tree above three or four splashes. I heard them, and knew well they were those enormous drops of rain which precede a sudden and heavy downpour in the tropics.

"Did you hear that?" I whispered to A—

"What, that last volley?" he replied, smiling.

"No, man, of course not; I meant, did you hear those big drops of rain splashing through the trees?"

At that moment, before A— had time to reply, the roar of the enemy's renewed fire was almost drowned by the sudden splash of the mighty deluge, which came flooding down, drenching our foes, their arms, and powder-bags.

A— and I both jumped to our feet and congratulated one another on our lucky escape, for we knew that as long as the mighty downpour lasted no dacoit, with an old muzzle-loading musket, could do us much harm. The rain increased rather than abated, and continued steadily throughout the remainder of the night. As soon as it was light enough we rushed out with fixed bayonets, intending to clear the vicinity of our position from the dacoits, and to punish them for their treatment of us during the night. But, alas! the wily Burman had fled, leaving no traces behind. Thus we passed a night on the banks of the Irrawady.

The mist upon the river had not lifted; the mud now between us and the bank had become almost impassable from the rain. No signals would be seen that we might make, so we waded above our knees in the mud to the edge of the river-bank.

Presently, round the bend of the river, through the vapour of the mist, we saw the outline of a large steamer, with its flats attached on either side.

With a pocket-handkerchief for a flag, I signalled, "Stop."

Down came the steamer, carried by the current at a double speed. Anxiously we gazed from the shore to see if they made signs of stopping. We waved and shouted. Could it be possible that they would not notice us, and that we must spend another night in the shed? But without food, for our rations were expended! No, she was turning, for she had passed us some way down; slowly she came on towards the bank, and soon our exhausted little party was transferred from the dangers and hardships of their position to the safety and comfort of the large steamer.

I asked the captain of the steamer how it had happened he did not pass down the day before, as we expected. He replied, the steamer had gone ashore higher up the river, which had delayed him a day.

"Yes, and us a night," I replied, and told him of our adventures.

A refreshing cold bath, the delicate attentions of a Hindustani barber, and after a substantial breakfast, eaten from a white tablecloth (a luxury to us), a peaceful smoke, and we almost forgot our troubles of the previous night.

(THE END.)

## THE SCIENCE OF NAUGHTS AND CROSSES.

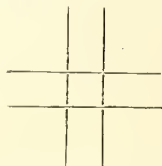
BY A WRANGLER AND LATE MASTER AT HARROW SCHOOL.

THAT "anybody can play Naughts and Crosses" is the opinion of most boys. Will it greatly surprise these presumptuous ones to learn that their belief is false?—or, as we have heard it put more mildly, "a hasty and misleading generalisation illogically deduced from the inadequate premises afforded by a too restricted series of observations."

In this recreation, as in most others, to play the game and to play it well are two perfectly different things. There is, in fact, a science of Naughts and Crosses, the knowledge of which is power, and of which every

boy can make himself master by studying the following observations:

### THE SYMMETRY OF THE BOARD.



It will be seen that the board contains

nine spaces. If each of these were regarded as distinct, there would, of course, be nine ways of opening the game, and to each of these, eight ways of replying; this making in all seventy-two distinct combinations according to which the first two moves could be played. It would further follow, on the same supposition, that the number of possible games is 362,880—an inconveniently large one if we had to study and analyse each separately; but fortunately we have not. The nine opening moves are not, as we supposed, distinct; they group themselves, in fact, under three heads. If,



for instance, one of the four corner spaces is selected to move into, it plainly makes no sort of difference to the play whether this corner be the left-hand top one or any of the other three. The mathematical way of expressing this is to say that the board is *symmetrical* with regard to its four corners. Likewise, of course, it is symmetrical with regard to its four side-spaces. The matter will be made clearer by one more example.

1		
X	1	

If the game had been opened by X in the left-hand bottom corner, and O wished to reply by moving into *one* of the two numbered spaces, it would not matter into *which*, for both the spaces 1 and 1 are *symmetrically* situated with respect to the board and to X. Similarly 2 and 2 and

2	3	5
1	4	3
X	1	2

3 and 3 are equivalent spaces from the point of view of X, who occupies the bottom corner, but 4 stands by itself, and so does 5. This consideration of symmetry saves much labour in classifying the possible games, for it now only becomes necessary to give one out of four equivalent moves as a type of the others.

#### THE FIRST MOVE.

Although there are nine available spaces on the empty board, we can see that there are only three distinct first-moves (marked

in the figures 1, 2, 3 respectively). One is

3	2	3
2	1	2
3	2	3

into the middle square, four are into the side spaces, and four into the corner spaces. In what follows, only the *left-hand* side space and the *left-hand* top corner space

B	A	B
A		A
B	A	B

(these being shaded in figure) will be taken as types of the classes to which they respectively belong. It will be an excellent exercise in all such cases (after reading the examples we shall give of these representative openings) to play all the other openings through. Thus, instead of opening with A (shaded), vary with one of the three A spaces (unshaded), and so too with B.

THE MIDDLE-SQUARE MOVE.  
(We shall always suppose X to begin, for the sake of uniformity.)

	X	

Correct replies—

O		
X		

		O
X		

	X	
		O

		X
	O	

There are only four correct replies (equivalent to one)—namely, into one of the corner squares. Whatever X plays for the third move the game should be drawn.

Ex.—Show that if both play correctly the following game is a draw:

1st. Move.	2nd.	3rd.																											
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Incorrect replies—

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If O makes one of these replies he *must* lose, unless his opponent plays with both eyes shut. X would play thus to win—

1st. Move.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	5th.																																													
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and, as there are now two ways in which he can complete his row of three, the game is in his hands.

Ex.—Show that at the fifth move X could have gone elsewhere than in the right-hand bottom corner, and could have won equally surely.

Ex.—Show that after the second move X has six ways of playing which enable him to win. (In fact, the only way in which X can fail to win after O's incorrect reply is by finishing the row thus—

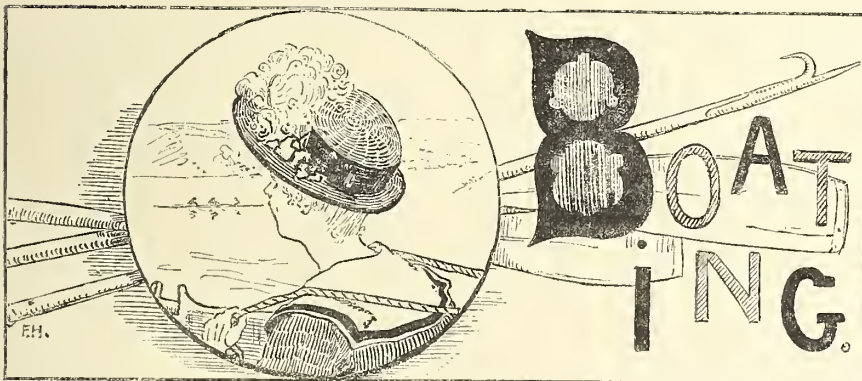
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A drawn game.

(To be continued.)

## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.



"SMALL CATTLE."—If we are to judge by the queries we receive every week, a good many of our boys go in for rats and "mice, and such small cattle." We willingly devote a few sentences for their particular benefit, and begin with *Rats*. No one who has not kept them as pets can have any notion how nice and agreeable they are, as well as beautiful. On showing a boy for the first time a good specimen of a white or piebald rat, the first question invariably is, Will it bite? The answer is, Certainly not if it has been properly treated, not constantly confined to its cage, but permitted to run about the table, and caressed and made much of.

Once assured that it does not bite any more than a frog does, our young friend lifts it up and lays it

across his arm, and is at once struck with admiration at the softness and beauty of the creature's pelage. It is something between fur and hair—in other words, it is a straight, somewhat resisting sort of fur, very thick, and extremely glossy. Is it a cleanly animal? Yes, in every way, if properly attended to. It is clean in its habits, particular in its toilet, and nice in its diet. Why, the Rev. J. G. Wood has used the ordinary brown rat for food, and finds it in flavour far before the rabbit. But it is as pets we advise our readers to keep white or piebald rats.

The *show points* of white rats are as follows:—1. Length of body and grace of action. 2. Length of tail. 3. Sharpness and character of features, large

beautiful eyes (crimson, of course), and not too large ears. 4. Thickness, length, and depth of coat. 5. Glossiness and purity of fur, which should be snow-white, with a faint tinge of yellow, like some tea-roses.

Rats may be taught any number of amusing tricks. There is really no end to their cleverness. Before you can teach a rat tricks there must be the most perfect confidence between you and your little pet; and its home—cage—must be in every way a comfortable and happy one. The tricks it performs are based on its shape, and form, and cunning ways. We can only give here one hint: place the cage on the table of an evening, when you are reading or working. If, after a few nights, its own ways and manners do not suggest to you what it can do and perform when educated, you must be singularly destitute of imagination. Mind, put plenty of toys on the table, such as coins, spoons, an egg, small apples, feathers, bits of wood, etc.

The *Cage*.—Avast that wheel arrangement. It is stupid and cruel, and we won't have it at any price. Let the cage be big. Make it yourself, if possible. Plait it out on paper first. Its essentials are *size*, a dark retiring-chamber in one corner, a tower with a climbing stair, perches, and a lining of tin round the edges and inside.

*Feeding*.—Have an old tin box in your sanctum or garret filled with sawdust well mixed with Sanitas sawdust; and have plenty of hay, soft and dry, and tow as well. Fine straw would do for the bedding. Put the sawdust in the bottom of the cage.

We will speak of the feeding next month. Keep everything very clean, and give milk and water both.

Mice next month, with a word or two about the hedgehog.

THE POULTRY RUN.—The weather will still be warm, though gloomy, wet, and muggy days may be looked for about the end of the month. This is pre-



cisely the kind of atmosphere that is favourable to the generation of disease.

Here is a hint worth remembering, and we beg to recommend it to the notice of fanciers in other departments as well as poultry. Whenever, then, you notice the midges extremely numerous and busy above lawns, or hedge, or pond, be sure that miasma is rising, and it will be your time to clean and disinfect your premises. Jeyes's Perfect Purifier is cheap and good. Spratt's we have not seen, but have walked over their manufactory, and found all perfect. Clean water (hot), and some of the disinfecting soaps, should be freely used on all painted woodwork.

Whitewash now, or about the end of the month. Give a look to the roofs, and see that there is no leakage. Keep the dust-bath well up; and, after heavy rains, never forget to wash out the water-pans—unless, indeed, you do so every morning, as you ought to.

Still beware of overcrowding. Your cockerels will be growing up, and requiring more room and food. Well, those you do not intend to keep for breeding purposes fatten and kill, or send to market, as soon as they are any decent size.

See that all in the run share and share alike as to food. If there be any unfairness about the matter, feed those that are bullied separately. Let the soft food you give in the morning have consistency enough to be easily scattered about, so that each bird gets enough, and nothing is either wasted or left.

We will give hints in next month's DOINGS for the treatment—if anything but care and good food be needed—of moulting.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—Weed out now. We do not suppose many of our boys have overmuch room or extra lofts to spare; and, even if they had, we could not counsel the keeping of many birds. So, sell or kill for pies.

No thoughts of breeding after this month should be entertained. This would be as bad as too early pairing, though both faults are very often committed. Continue to pay the greatest attention to birds that are sitting. Do not get weary in well-doing even towards the end of the season. We hope you have kept a note-book, in which to enter your expenditure and experience. This latter, if it has been your first summer's pigeon-keeping, should be of greater value to you than money, and ought to stand you in good service next season. Some boys may have birds that will be good enough to show. Well, the very greatest care in feeding will be required, as well as in looking after the plumage.

Immediately after you have cleared out all the stock you do not require to keep, it will be well to go in for a thorough cleaning and scrubbing. Let this be done on a fine day, and do it yourself. You do not want to scare your birds more than is necessary. Whitewash and disinfect. Use carbolic acid in water, but not where grain may fall on it.

Next month we will give hints about the moulting season.

**THE AVIARY.**—Breeding is over, or ought to be. So, as soon as possible, turn your birds into the ordinary flight or singing-cages. These latter must have had a thorough cleaning first, and remember that the breeding-cages must be scrubbed, washed, and thoroughly disinfected and sun-dried before being stowed away. Cover them carefully over with brown-paper or newspaper, and tie or gum this up so that dust will not get in.

During the month some egg and bread-crumbs should be given, and a little cayenne will do no harm, whether you mean to go in for cayenne-colouring or not. Be careful to guard against draughts.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Good feeding is essential now, and will continue to be. Collect bedding on fine days, and let your bunnies have plenty of exercise. Clean out and disinfect your cages. But they need not be put under cover yet. They are best out of doors for another month and more.

**THE KENNEL.**—Many dogs lose their coats about this time of the year. We refer more particularly to long-haired animals. Change the diet frequently; give abundance of exercise, and wash about once in ten days with some very mild soap. Be sure to dry thoroughly, and take for a run. If there be any red spots, rub in freely compound sulphur ointment, and give a little sulphur internally twice a week.

**THE BEE WORLD.**—Guard the skeps from enemies, such as wasps. This is the season of such gentry. Seek for their nests in banks and hedges, and destroy them. Clear away all weeds from near the hive, for these harbour toads. Remove supers, but see that the hives do not suffer from want of food.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Get your onions up on a dry day, and store them. Earth up celery. Plant greens. Get mushroom-beds ready at once. Keep down weeds, and see that no crops suffer from want of water.

**THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.**—Keep everything neat and tidy; let the earth be loose around flowers. Remove dead leaves and fading blooms. Roses may still be budded. Sow spring flowers.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

### V.—Illuminating Competition.

IN announcing this subject, we wrote:—

"We offer now FOUR PRIZES, of *Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea* respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of any of the sayings of the Lord Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels. Either the Authorised or Revised Version may be followed. Competitors will be divided into four classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 19 to 24; second class, from 15 to 19; third class, from 11 to 15; fourth class, all ages up to 11. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors."

As in previous years, this competition, if we may judge from the numbers taking part, has proved a very attractive one, and much of the work is most creditable to those who have sent in. Our Award is as follows:—

SENIOR DIVISION (*ages from 19 to 24*).

In this class two of the competitors ran each other so closely, though in different styles of work, that we are induced to increase the money value of the prize from Two to Three Guineas, and divide it between them.

*First Prizes—One Guinea and a Half each.*

FRANK ERNEST WOODHEAD, 7, Sixteenth Avenue, Toug Road, New Wortley, Leeds.

A. RICHARDSON, Park View, Tonbridge.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

[*The names are arranged in order of merit.*]

WILLIAM KNOWLSON, 57, Russell Street, Scarcroft Road, York.

VICTOR WYATT BURNAND, Parade, Poole, Dorset.

W. C. YOUNG, Chapmanslade, Westbury, Wiltshire.

EMMA CHRISTABEL READE, 30, Portland Road, South Hornsey.

ALBERT E. MORTON, 30, Delph Mount, Woodhouse, Leeds.

EDWIN FANSHAW, 30, Daniel Hill, Upperthorpe, Sheffield.

ROWLAND FREDERICK OXLEY, 24, Westbourne Terrace, Barnsley.

MAY FULLER, Shelburne Villa, Lansdowne, Bath.

MARY EDITH DUNGEY, St. John's Vicarage, Mount Hawke, Scorrier, Cornwall.

JAMES HARRY BAKES, 68, Micklegate, York.

JAMES WILLIAM DEEK, Ottawa House, Anerley, S.E.

A. C. REMNANT, 116, Wood Vale, Honor Oak, S.E.

H. EVERSFIELD, 7, Cow Cross Street, West Smithfield, E.C.

WALTER GEORGE HODGE, 1, Courtney Road, St. Thomas, Exeter, Devon.

THOMAS KEMUEL BEVAN, Park House, Herbert Road, Birmingham.

ERNEST F. VOWLES, 69, York Road, Montpelier, Bristol.

WALTER MITCHELL, The Cloisters, Wantage.

HENRY MACKRELL, Bushey Paddocks, Hampton Court, Middlesex.

WILLIAM E. SCRIVENNER, East Street, Helens Street, Abingdon, Berks.

WILLIAM SHAW, care of Mr. Hall, No. 6, 7, Court, Ingleby Street, Birmingham.

THOMAS HAY BERTRAM, Coldstream, N.B.

ALBERT HILL, 4, Clifton Road Villas, Norbiton.

THOMAS NEVILL FITT, The Manor House, Hockliffe, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.



## Correspondence.

C. G.—The word "cañon" is pronounced "canyon," and there is really no reason why it should not be printed so, the twirl over the n being equivalent to a y. Our sixth volume can still be had through any bookseller. "The Silver Cañon" has been published in book form by Sampson Low and Co., and is now issued in a half-crown edition.

NASO.—1. You could not adopt a safer way of spoiling your bat, as by this time you have doubtless discovered. Put a little oil on the blade occasionally; the object is not to sodden the wood, but to keep it from getting too dry. 2. Use vaseline as an ointment, and leave off biting your lips.

P. W. H.—There are seven manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and they are known, like the notes in music, as A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. A, the Winchester version, is at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; B, the Canterbury version; C, the Abingdon version; D, the Worcester version; F, the second Canterbury version; and G, the second Winchester version, are in the British Museum. E, the Peterborough version, is in the Bodleian. Of G, only a few leaves escaped the fire of 1731, but fortunately it had been printed in full in 1643. The first translation of the Chronicle into modern English was printed in 1819.

T. APPELEY.—1. To make blacking, dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in half a gallon of vinegar and a quarter of a pound of vitriol, and add to it a pound of treacle, eight tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, and a pound of ivory-black. 2. A shilling a pound, at the outside.

SOUL, T. H.—The coins are Maundy Money, not currency, and are worth about three times their nominal value. The date is of no importance; a batch is coined every year.

H. A. BURNHAM.—1. To get grease out of paper place the spot between two sheets of blotting-paper, and pass over it a hot iron. If any grease remains after this press on to it powdered fuller's-earth, which will soak it away. 2. We have no intention of publishing an *édition de luxe* of the BOY'S OWN PAPER at an increased price. The present paper will stand any strength of binding properly applied. Try what Messrs. Smith and Son can do for you at the station bookstall.

F. J. HOPKINS.—You had much better get planks and build the boat bread-and-butter fashion. The carriage of the wood from London will cost more than the wood is worth.

INKPOT.—A "Guide to the Profession of Chartered Accountant" is published by Gee and Co., 34, Moor-gate Street, E.C.

F. EDMONDS.—1. We are not sure of the colour of the South-Eastern Railway carriages. The paint is rarely visible owing to the thick covering of dirt by which it is concealed. The best plan would be to get a porter to wash a panel or so for you. We have some recollection of once seeing a new carriage painted plum-colour—but would rather not commit ourselves. One carriage on the line is unmistakable; it is of the colour of German silver, and has doubtless been presented as a testimonial. 2. "Cricket" in the Bookshelf series costs two shillings; "Football" eighteenpence. 3. Use Indian clubs.

W. T. (Walsall).—1. When we said "The Wanderers" we meant "The Wanderers," and not one of the clubs that have appropriated the name with additions. See any Football directory. 2. "Whatever interests boys is what this book contains."

CASPAR.—A slide rule is made by Aston and Mander, of Old Compton Street, Soho, which at one operation gives you the actual and racing tonnage of yachts.

TOUCHSTONE.—Yes; touchstones for assaying gold were formerly used in the Royal Mint. The method was based on the fact that the greater the amount of gold contained in an alloy, the brighter is the gold-yellow colour of a streak drawn with it on a black ground, and the less is it attacked by pure nitric, or test, acid. In ascertaining the richness of the alloy, the streak was compared with marks drawn with alloys whose richness was accurately known.

F. LEE.—"Salt cake" is commercial sulphate of soda, containing about 98 per cent. of real sulphate, and is made by decomposing common salt with vitriol. "Salt cat" is the mixture we have often described used by pigeon-fanciers.

A. T. G. L.—Make an ice-stack, not an ice-house. It will act just as well. Form a large conical heap of well-broken pieces of ice on such a slope that the water can drain away. Cover the heap with three inches of sawdust. On the sawdust lay a thick layer of leaves, and then some loose straw, and then some boughs, to prevent the straw being blown away.

J. MACE.—Address your letter to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Company, 1, Lime Street, E.C.

E. W. STEVENS.—The flower was all smashed, notwithstanding the box. It is an althea, or tree mallow.





NOTE.—The above is an excellent likeness of Mr. Leith, taken from a photograph sent us in connection with the following testimonial:—

CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.  
T. MILBURN & Co.

DEAR SIRs.—In regard to my case, I would say that I was in very bad health for about eleven years. The disease, my physicians said was Chronic Dyspepsia. I suffered with a violent pain in my stomach nearly all the time, especially after eating, and often had flashes of heat like hectic fever; my skin became very yellow and sallow, and night sweats often troubled me. Considering my condition serious, I consulted several doctors, but failed to find any permanent benefit from them. Finding no cure, as a final resort, I resolved to try B.B.B.; before I had finished three bottles, I found myself greatly relieved. I now consider myself cured, and for two years have enjoyed good health. To any person troubled as I was, I would recommend your Burdock Blood Bitters, as I think it a sure cure for Dyspepsia, and all kindred diseases.

I am,

*Yours Truly*  
*Dr. Leith*

Coulson, Ont.

January 8th, 1887.

#### OVERWORKED.

My husband strained himself by heavy lifting about four months ago, and went to the doctor but could find no relief. At times he would roll in the bed in awful agony. He could neither eat nor sleep for several days. He had a lump in his groin about half as large as a hen's egg. His mother advised him to try B.B.B., which he did. He commenced using it on Friday, and strange to say greatly to my surprise, he could walk all around the orchard on Monday following, and could eat and sleep after that as well as ever. I told him a short time ago, that it was a great blessing he ever used the Bitters. He replied "Yes, I never got such a quick relief in my life." We intend always keeping a bottle, and feel that we can never thank the contriver and maker of this blessed medicine enough. I will always recommend it in preference to any other.

MRS. GEORGE BOAK,  
August 30th, 1886.      Cooksville, Ont.

## OUR ELEGANT PREPARATIONS.

### THE BUST.

No. 19 is a combined internal and external treatment which speedily develops or restores the female bust to the proportions of voluptuous nature. Is entirely harmless and certain in results. Price \$9.

### HAIR REMOVER

No. 40. The first, the original and only genuine Hair Solvent known, permanently removes all superfluous hair without pain, discolouration or injury. Price \$2.00.

Office: 343 Spadina Avenue.

## What the People Say -- ABOUT -- NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELTS

WALKERTON, ONT.

MR. NORMAN,  
Dear Sir,—You will find \$10.00, balance of payment for my wife's Belt &c. She likes it very well and would not be without it now. There has not been a very rapid change in her health, still she has improved since she began to wear it, she has not had cold feet since using the soles, wishing you success, I remain,  
Yours truly,      T. KENNEDY.

YORKVILLE, ONT.

A. NORMAN, Esq.,  
Dear Sir,—I got one of your Belts about three or four months ago for Indigestion from which I had been suffering for many years and it completely cured me, and at the same time took away my rheumatism which I had had in my hands for ten years, also it cured my lame back and piles. I am very thankful I found such a cure.  
Yours truly,      WM. MACEY.

PERTH ROAD, P.O. ONT.

Dear Sir,—I have been wearing Norman's Electric Insoles for six months and I am greatly benefited by them. I would recommend them to any person suffering from rheumatism.

MRS. JOHN GUTHRIE.

ORANGEVILLE, ONT.

MR. A. NORMAN,  
Dear Sir,—The Belts are doing me good as my nerves are stronger and I sleep better, I do not find it necessary to use internal remedies to move my bowels, I think the Belts will completely cure me.  
Yours truly,      C. FISHER.

## NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION

4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

ESTABLISHED 1874

N.B.—Baths of all kinds.

**PURE GOLD**

**FLAVORING EXTRACTS**

**BAKING POWDER**

BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA. FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

**301**

**F. MOSES**

FAMOUS COMBINATION

PAINTS  
OILS  
GLASS  
PUTTY  
&c

STOVES  
&  
RANGES

LAMP  
GOODS  
COAL  
OIL

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

301 F. MOSES 301

YONGE STREET

## THE EMPRESS

Is the Machine to Buy.

LIGHT RUNNING,  
NOISELESS — DURABLE  
CONVENIENT.

Woodwork Elegant in Design, Beautiful in Finish.

Artistic Bronze Stand.

ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

Whether the Lightest Running and Quietest Sewing Machine is not the one you should use above all others.

Empress Sewing Machine Co'y

Head Office, 49 King St. W., Toronto.

**BICYCLES**

**120**

Second-hand Bicycles.

SEND FOR LIST.

New Catalogue ready early in April.

**A. T. LANE, MONTREAL**




THE PROPRIETORS OF  
**Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY**

# \$500 WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS  
50 CENTS.

*The Only Guaranteed Cure*



[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

## CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

**SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.**—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

### COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a thorough and persistent internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

### CHIEF RELiance.

In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific

effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

### LOCAL AGENT.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

### PERMANENT CURES.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is permanent.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery \$1.00, six bottles for \$5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles \$2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,**  
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



**DR. PIERCE'S  
PLEASANT  
PELLETS**

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
25 CENTS A VIAL.

SIZE OF PELLETS.



**PURGATIVE  
PELLETS**

THE ORIGINAL  
**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**BEING PURELY VEGETABLE,**

Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or active purgative, they give the most perfect satisfaction.

**PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!**

As a **LIVER PILL**, they are Unequaled!

**SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.**

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **ONE PELLETT A DOSE.**

**SICK HEADACHE,**

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pellets**. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

Manufactured by **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,**  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**





"There is no Remedy known that can be substituted for MALTINE, with Equal Benefit, in cases of Debility and Nervous Prostration."—FOTHERGILL.

# MALTINE

A Powerful Digestant.

Brain and Nerve Food, and Bone-Producer.

"Tissue-forming" and "Force-producing."

# MALTINE

A Valuable Constructive.

Rich in Phosphates and Albuminoids.

Relished by Young and Old.

# MALTINE

Delicious as Honey.

Nutritious as Cod Liver Oil.

Assimilable as Mother's Milk.

# MALTINE

Endorsed by Medical Profession throughout the World.

Endorsed by Leading Chemists of Europe and America.

The Malt Extract which all Physicians prescribe.

MALTINE increases both weight and flesh in persons of thin habit.

MALTINE is particularly recommended for delicate females, and for weak and debilitated Children and Infants.

MALTINE is especially recommended for Mothers whilst nursing.

MALTINE will be found an important agent in Chronic Constipation.

MALTINE is very palatable and pleasant, and will be readily taken by the youngest child.

For sale by all Druggists. Pamphlet on application.

**Maltine \* Manufacturing \* Company**

10 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

"If it be a 'queendom to be a simple wife,' the MOTHER is a Lady of Kingdoms the bane or blessing of whose dominion will outlast the stars."

# CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD

— FOR —

## INFANTS and INVALIDS

The season of Cholera Infantum, stomach and bowel ailments of children, is at hand. The fact that one-fifth of the human race die before they reach the fifth year, should stimulate us to vigilance in the case of our little ones, especially during the hot weather. We are positive that a large percentage of infants and children, who die from these summer complaints, could be saved by the use of

## CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD.

The reasons why we are so confident are as follows:

FIRST.—Infants can digest this Food in many cases where they cannot digest human milk.

SECOND.—It is the only Food that thoroughly nourishes the child without the addition of cow's milk.

THIRD.—It is the only Food that is sufficiently digested to render it as soluble in the infant stomach as human milk.

FOURTH.—It is the only Food that practically agrees with all children.

### Important Letter from Marion Harland.

HER GRANDCHILD RESTORED BY THE USE OF CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD.

August 4th, 1887.

Messrs. Reed & Carnrick:

Dear Sirs,—My little granddaughter was seriously ill when but a week old, and remained so feeble for a fortnight that she could not draw the mother's milk. Then began a trial of "substitutes" the recollection of which is distressing. Milk and water induced colic; peptonized milk, constipation that became obstinate; more than one "artificial food" was used, with similar and worse results. She was three months old, a fragile sufferer who required continual care, when Dr. Wood suggested "CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD," and gave me the analysis of the preparation. She has now been fed on this for five weeks. It agrees with her perfectly, and has regulated the bowels as well as stomach.

She is a plump, merry and well baby, so unlike the pain-racked morsel of humanity of a month ago, that I am, in sheer justice, constrained to subscribe myself, gratefully yours,

MARION HARLAND.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A copy of the elegant Pamphlet, "Our Baby's First and Second Year," will be sent on application.

**REED & CARNRICK**

10 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.





# NESTLÉ'S FOOD

— IS —

The only Infants' Food that has ever received 12  
Diplomas of Honor at World's Expositions.

The only **SOUND, SAFE, NUTRITIOUS** Food that is prepared with water alone.

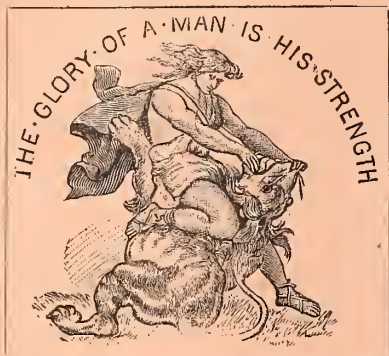
The best Safeguard against Summer Complaint and Cholera Infantum.

"THE BEST OF ALL FOODS FOR INFANTS."

See River's Handbook of Therapeutics, 11th Edition.

SEND FOR SAMPLE TO THOS. LEEMING & CO., MONTREAL

## JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF



### SUMMER DISORDERS

Which prove so **Fatal to Children** at this season  
of the year, have to be fought largely  
by supplying

### HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS FOOD

that the **Weakest Stomach** can retain and that will  
sustain the strength against the drain upon the system.

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT

### Johnston's Fluid Beef

claims **to be and to do.** The most **delicate infant** or  
**invalid** can take it and **thoroughly digest** it,  
and its wonderful strength-giving properties  
have been verified in the experience  
of thousands.

It is **easily prepared, palatable, highly nutri-**  
**tious, readily digested,** and is the best food for young  
and old during the **hot weather.**

## COAL AND WOOD

### OFFICES & YARDS:

Corner Esplanade and Princess Streets.  
Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.  
Fuel Association, Esplanade Street, near Berkeley Street.



### OFFICES:

20 King Street West. 769 Yonge Street.  
409 Yonge Street. 552 Queen Street West.  
244 Queen Street East.

## ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

# EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.



JAMES EPPS & CO.. Homœopathic Chemists.

# SEE

QUA & CO'S  
adv't of

## DONKEY PARTY

on 2nd cover page of this Magazine. The most amus-  
ing Parlor Game ever published for old and young.